April 18, 1962

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Aristotle said that personal beauty was a better introduction than any letter, write American beauty expert Candy Jones as the opening lines to "Finishing Touches," from which our four-page Beauty Book (pages 33 to 37) is taken.

MISS JONES, mother of three young sons, has made three successful careers for herself — as a model, beauty expert, and in television.

In her book she has a comforting thought for all women.

She writes: "Few are born with perfect facial features.

"In my two decades in the fashion and beauty world, I have never yet seen a face that could not be made more attractive through the use of cosmetic skill and hair styling."

She has a warning, too: "Those females who consider themselves hopeless facial misfits — or those who are content with a passable facial exterior — are simply women who won't take the time to learn how to improve themselves. The lazy lady's life often passes her by."

★ ★ ★

NOT all millionaires have lavish retreats in foreign countries (pages 64 to 67).

American brewer Mr. August A. Busch takes inspiration from the past.

Once Diamond Jim Brady courted Lillian Russell in a private railway carriage that had 27 Japanese houseboys and a separate section for Miss Russell's gold-plated bicycle.

Today Mr. Busch has one of the world's most luxurious private railway carriages. The 86ft. of chrome splendor are sitting-room, four conference rooms, kitchen, bar, baths, and sleeping quarters for 11.

★ ★ ★

IT would seem that Merle Constiner, who wrote the short story "Last Resort" (pages 38, 39), knows a lot about boys' boarding schools and must have been a teacher in one.

But it isn't so. He was, however, brought up in a teaching atmosphere. His three sisters and his mother were teachers; his father was a headmaster.

Merle, too, was to carry on the family career, but went to sea, "intending to become another Joseph Conrad."

Our cover

● You mightn't think it, but only the leaves are real. The red-hot pokers arranged so effectively with arum lily and gladiolus leaves are plastic. The arrangement was done by Mr. Arthur Pickett (pages 10, 11). Picture by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

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Kookie's wedding

● When Edd Byrnes ("Kookie" of TV's "77 Sunset Strip") married Asa Maynor at All Saints' Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills, California, last month, the cast of the private-eye series turned up to support the groom and kiss the bride.

Roger Smith was best man; groomsmen were Efrem Zimbalist Jnr. and Louis Quinn ("Roscoe").

Bridesmaids were the bride's sisters, Marsha and Lee Maynor.

Edd is 28; Asa, an Alabama-born starlet, is 24. They have been dating, but not going steady, for years. Neither has been married before.

Edd Byrnes (Edward Joseph Breitenberg) is a New Yorker who went to Los Angeles six years ago, got a break in TV as "Kookie," the jive-talking car-hop in "Sunset Strip," and took to life in sunny California like a duck to water.

Although he sometimes talks jive off the set, he is no blue-jeans boy. The real-life Edd is a neat, fastidious young fellow who goes regularly to the gym, likes cars, swimming, and water-skiing, and lives modestly.

Among his best friends are Roger Smith and Roger's wife, Australian Victoria Shaw.

BRIDE AND GROOM (right) outside the Beverly Hills church after their marriage, and (below) the wedding group. From left are Louis ("Roscoe") Quinn, Marsha Maynor, Efrem Zimbalist Jnr., Mr. and Mrs. Edd Byrnes, Lee Maynor, and Roger Smith.

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NEXT WEEK

THE BIGGEST COOKBOOK EVER

—230 practical recipes

● Two hundred and thirty practical recipes for soups, fish, and meat dishes, desserts, cakes, biscuits, snacks, and buffet and supper dishes are in a 40-page lift-out cookbook in our next issue.

ALL the recipes have been specially created by food experts of 12 famous-brand products stocked in Woolworths and B.C.C. Food Fairs throughout Australia.

And the recipes will be demonstrated during a 14-day Food Fiesta in 53 Woolworths and B.C.C. Food Fairs from April 26 to May 12.

Demonstrations will be daily from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. on weekdays; from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays.

Take your cookbook to the demonstrations, which will be held in the following Woolworths stores:

NEW SOUTH WALES: Bankstown Drive-In, Bankstown Shopwell, Cabramatta, Double Bay, Ermington, Fairfield Heights, Maroubra, Parramatta, Seven Hills, St. Ives, Sutherland.

"The cookbook and the demonstrations will provide an interesting and practical service for housewives," said a representative of Woolworths food division.

"When we entered the food field four years ago, we decided that a low price alone doesn't make a bargain.

"The housewife wants to know that she has bought the best value her money can buy—in quality as well as price. The objective of our Food Fairs is to provide this value.

"We feel the cookbook and demonstrations will help the housewife to obtain added value in her purchases."

Knitting for Beginners

● Next week, too, there's an eight-page pull-out knitting book to teach beginners the basic stitches and how to read instructions, choose a design, and achieve a professional finish.

TWELVE designs for beginners, some in color—from a baby's shawl to a high-fashion coat—are included.

As well, four television demonstrations, "Learn to Knit with Diana Wynne"—illustrating the advice in the knitting book—will be given next week.

Mrs. Wynne, of our staff, will introduce three of Australia's leading knitting designers, and garments shown in the section will be modelled.

Keep Knitting for Beginners by you for reference as you watch the demonstrations.

SYDNEY: TCN, Channel 9, 1.50 p.m. April 16, 17, 18, and 19.

PLUS

● Three coat patterns

For the home dressmakers all over Australia who have been asking for a plain, easy-to-make coat, patterns for three coat designs typifying a new, uncomplicated kind of chic.

Also, in Betty Keep's Dress Sense, a pattern for a dress and a suit chosen as the basis of a young married woman's wardrobe.

● Home and Family

"When the money burden falls on mother" — a mother's story

● How to ruin a dress

In Teenagers' Weekly, the wrongs and just rights of dressing. First how three perfectly good dresses can be ruined by the wrong choice of things to go with them; then the three dresses as they should be worn.

"Happy 100th

GUEST OF HONOR Mrs. Ellen Mackay with her nephew, Ken Mackay, his daughter, Margaret, and his son, John Kenneth (called Jamie), the fourth J. K. Mackay, of "Cangon," Dungog. "Cangon" has been in the Mackay family for more than a century.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Mackay talks with two friends, surrounded by other friends and relatives, on the lawn outside the homestead. In dark glasses is Dr. J. J. Gilchrist, her physician for 42 years, who became blind two months ago. Members of the Dungog C.W.A. volunteered to do the catering for Madam's party.

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birthday to Madam"

"In all my hundred years words have never failed me —until today. Now I'm overwhelmed with this wonderful gathering," said Mrs. Mackay at her birthday party.

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

ON her 100th birthday Mrs. Ellen Mackay beamed from her wheelchair at 120 relatives and friends who had gathered on the homestead lawn of the family property, "Cangon," at Dungog, N.S.W., to wish her happy birthday.

More than half the guests were relatives — four generations of them.

The youngest, John Kenneth Mackay — aged 12, and known as Jamie — travelled from The King's School, Sydney, to propose the toast to his great-aunt.

Earlier, Jamie's sister, Margaret, had bathed the dogs, Remus, Eartha, and Mrs. Mackay's own special dachshund, Brownie, and tied white ribbons on them.

Brownie, who sleeps under her bed, barked approval of the applause which greeted the three speeches.

Banks of bouquets were piled up over the verandah. The sheafs of greeting telegrams included those from the Queen, the Prime Minister and Dame Pattie Menzies, and Sir Eric and Lady Woodward.

In Wallace tartan Highland dress, employee Bert Gray, who has been with the Mackays for 46 years, piped in the guest of honor.

He led the birthday parade from the house to the grounds, followed by Brownie, frisking with happiness. Madam (everyone knows Mrs. Mackay by this pet name) was pushed in her wheelchair by her son, Bob Mackay, and her nephew, Ken, Jamie's father.

Miss Dorothy Martin, Madam's secretary and companion for 30 years, brought up the rear.

Everyone was happy about Madam's 100th birthday. Earlier in the week the Dungog Country Women's Association — which she helped to found — gave her a luncheon.

Bells chimed

When she went to church on Sunday the bells chimed a hundred times — one for each year of her life.

While the birthday party was in full swing the Grafton Daylight Express, which passes "Cangon" every day, sounded blasts on its hooter as soon as it came within sound of the property until it was well past.

Madam is an old friend. She always waves from the verandah to the train as it goes by.

Mrs. Daisy Poppleton, of Dungog, made the birthday cake, two - decker, pink, covered with rosebuds, and the figures "100" outlined with 25 candles.

Madam cut it with the dirk that once belonged to her late husband, J. K. Mackay.

From the "do you remember" sessions came a picture of Madam's arrival as a bride in Australia from Devon, England, in 1895.

She and her husband settled at Cryon Station, in the Walgett district. They lived in a galvanised - iron hut — the shearers' quarters — and Madam used kerosene tins as cooking utensils.

In 1919 they took over at "Cangon," travelling by boat from Sydney to Newcastle, a smaller boat from Newcastle to Clarencetown, then by coach from Clarencetown to Dungog.

Almost everyone present at the party had contributed to the souvenir which brought tears to Madam's eyes. It was a composite montage, a photograph of herself and her husband with a photograph of "Cangon."

From England came a tape recording of greetings from her English relatives.

During her years in Dungog Madam has taken part in all the local activities — the C.W.A., the Scouts, the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, the Dungog Hospital, and the Presbyterian Church.

She is still patroness of Wirugulla Pony Club, as well as the local pony and golf clubs and the town band.

She often visits Sydney and hasn't missed a Royal Easter Show in years. Her nephew, Ken Mackay, is the Royal's Ringmaster.

She has two hobbies — playing solo with Dorothy Martin and tatting.

Madam's happy birthday week had yet another happy event.

The day after her party she heard that her great-niece, Margaret, had been chosen one of the seven finalists for the crown of Show Princess at this year's Royal.

MRS. ELLEN MACKAY on her 100th birthday. She wore a blue floral dress with turquoise velvet ribbon choker and had a blue rinse on her soft, silver hair. To most people she is not "Mrs. Mackay," but simply "Madam."

RIGHT: Jamie Mackay's day off from school for his great-aunt's birthday also gave him the chance to swap yarns with his cousins, James (left) and Colin Gordon, of Dungog.

IN WALLACE TARTAN, Bert Gray, who has worked at "Cangon" for 46 years, pipes Mrs. Mackay into the garden for her birthday party celebrations. Behind is Madam's son, Bob Mackay. White-ribboned dachshund Brownie was never far from her.

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Coming to Australia

The amazing Miss Fuller

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● When I visited Rosalinde Fuller, I expected to find a little old lady. I knew she'd played Ophelia to John Barrymore's Hamlet 40 years ago, that she'd been directed by George Bernard Shaw in some of his plays, that she'd had acting lessons from the great Maria Ouspenskaya, of the Moscow Arts Theatre.

ON the telephone Miss Fuller's voice had been rich-toned and perky.

Even this, however, did not prepare me for the shock of the trim, bouncy figure in well-cut slacks and bright yellow blouse which greeted me at the entrance to her two-roomed flat in Swiss Cottage, London.

"Come into my workroom," she said, warmly welcoming. "Will you have coffee or a gin? As you can see, I'm not much of a housekeeper, and everything is in an awful mess."

The "awful mess" was a fascinating collection of paintings, African drums, guitars, stage costumes, masks, and model theatres scattered about among the furniture with such an eye for a happy effect that you immediately feel at home.

"I'm always travelling now. Such a gipsy that this is my only permanent anchor, so all my bits and pieces are here," said Miss Fuller.

"You CAN'T have played opposite John Barrymore," I said, looking at her bright, expressive face, which, I felt, could not possibly have seen more than 40 summers.

She had no schooldays

She chortled with pleasure.

"Oh, yes, I did, most certainly," she said.

"It was the changing-point of my career.

"It was in 1921, when I was only 17. But if you want to hear the story of my extraordinary life, it really starts long before that.

"You see, my father went bankrupt while I was still young, so I never went to school.

"With my mother and two sisters he took me off to live in a tiny country cottage right in the middle of the Hardy country. It was beautiful.

"I expect my first passion for the theatre, or at least story-telling, which is what I do now, started then.

"Each night before we went to bed, father used to read us from Dickens or Hardy or Trollope. I still love these writers and their work has influenced me so much.

"Growing up rather away from the world, my sisters and I were quite naive.

"But my parents were very brave, and when we all announced that we wanted to tour America singing folk-songs, they let us, though I was only 15."

Before long the Fuller Sisters were such a hit all over the States that they were engaged to sing at the White House before President Wilson.

By the time they were ready to return to England they could have named their own price, coast to coast.

Dorothy and Francyn gave up the footlights, but young Rosalinde wanted more.

"I got the acting bug so badly that when my sisters decided to paint instead, I had to look for some way of getting on to a stage alone.

"I saw an advertisement in the paper for girls for the Folies Bergeres. Without the slightest idea of what it was, I borrowed the money and dashed off to Paris to apply.

"Only youth and ignorance has such courage. I'd never danced in my life.

"When the man auditioning us said, 'Take off your hat and walk across the stage I did it just like this,'" and up bounced Miss Fuller to show me.

IN COSTUME for Dickens' "David Copperfield."

In a flash she was a 16-year-old, full of confidence and bursting with keenness. I could see why she was engaged on the spot.

One night some kindly middle-aged American tourists saw her on stage and were horrified. They went to her dressing-room and told her they'd seen her singing folk-songs in the States and felt she should get into some other kind of show.

"They said this was no way to become an actress and that if I went to New York they would help with introductions," said Miss Fuller.

"Of course, I didn't realise they were being protective, but I was thrilled with the opportunity, so quickly I borrowed some more money and dashed across."

Armed with an introduction to the great Florenz Ziegfeld, Miss Fuller charged into his office and burst into song. She chose "The Raggle Taggle Gipsies" (16 verses).

"Halfway through, I asked him if he would like me to stop," she said.

"'No, no,' he answered, 'I must know what happens to the old lady at the end.' So he let me finish, but, of course, I was hardly ideal for his shows."

The value of one artist

She did, however, land a job pretty quickly in a revue where lack of schooling helped: "I did an audition, and the producer asked me how much I wanted. I had no idea, but I knew my sisters and I had got 600 dollars (£A270) a week when we were singing.

"Doing an agonising bit of mental arithmetic, I multiplied this by three (well, there was only one of me) and said 1800 dollars."

When the producer had stopped laughing he offered her 100 dollars a week and she accepted with glee.

While Miss Fuller was in the revue, John Barrymore's office phoned and asked, "Have you ever played in Shakespeare?"

She hadn't, but found that he was doing "Hamlet" and rushed out and bought a 10-cent copy of the play before her audition.

"When Barrymore asked me if I had ever thought about Ophelia I nearly dropped dead," she said.

"I thought he wanted me to carry a spear. But I dashed home, worked like mad, and got the part."

When the Moscow Arts Theatre came to town for a season they invited her to their rehearsals as soon as they had seen her play.

"It was wonderful to learn from the real original Stanislavsky School. Madame Maria Ouspenskaya was particularly good to me and taught me much of the technique I use to this day."

Miss Fuller stayed in the States for seven years, playing with the big pre-war "names" like Walter Huston, Charles Coburn, and Walter Abel.

When she returned to England she kept the same exalted stage company, working with Alec Guinness, Robert Donat, Richard Burton, Esme Percy, Wilfred Lawson, and Eric Portman. She even did two musicals with Irene Vanbrugh.

During the war she worked with Jean Forbes Robertson in the Vaudeville Theatre in Berkeley Square and then went into a revival of "Chu Chin Chow" when the vaudeville closed.

"That was quite an experience, as it was the first time I had ever shown my navel on stage. And, you know, it is like another face. If you are laughing you can conceal it on your face but never on your tummy. Very revealing!"

During the war Miss Fuller had her first experience of touring with classics like "Desire Under the Elms."

"This gave me a longing to do only the really great works by good writers and also a passion for travelling.

"When after the war I was offered lots of bad plays I just couldn't stand it. An actress is like a racehorse. She must always run.

"To be working at anything less than full stretch is demoralising. Then one day I read 'Fraulein Else', by Arthur Schnitzler, and all of a sudden I knew what I must do.

"I dashed off to the desk and turned it into a one-and-a-half-hour play which I performed alone at the Watergate Theatre Club.

"It was a success, and so I stuck myself into the British Museum until I found equally suitable stories by Maupassant, Chekov, Dostoevsky, Kipling, Dickens, and Zola.

"With the help of a tape recorder I worked them into single-character plays without changing a single word but just pruning a little."

In London and, later, New York these one-woman performances were such a hit that she has been starring in them all over the world ever since.

A storyteller for writers

She has something in common with the great Ruth Draper in that she peoples the stage with dozens of characters through her own small voice.

"But, unlike Ruth Draper, I do not write my own words to bring this about," she said.

"I am the storyteller for the writers whom I virtually impersonate. It is through them and their timeless words that I create — and it is the writer that is important, not me."

She has now built her repertoire to no fewer than 28 stories from more than a dozen different writers.

In Australia she will perform seven of these different stories in each programme and do a different programme each night she appears in each city.

One of her most successful impersonations is Rudyard Kipling's "Cat That Walked By Itself," which she has brought somewhat up to date.

"I hate people turning animals into human beings," she said.

"But in this I wear black trousers, black sweater, and have long black hair. Yet when I start to speak the words I am not just Kipling's cat; I am also part-beatnik girl of today.

"That is because I believe that the two beings have a great deal in common—they both walk by themselves."

In a way it is a good description of Miss Fuller, too.

Her trip to Australia will be a family reunion, because in Sydney she will see her sister Dorothy (Mrs. John Odell) and her brother-in-law and their daughter, Carol.

Carol, who writes under her maiden name, Carol Odell, is married to an Australian, George Foote. They have three children, Nigel, Belinda, and Jessica.

Miss Fuller will travel with her other sister, the painter known to her public as Francyn (Mrs. Cynthia Dehn).

"It will be the first time the Fuller Sisters act has got together for seven years," said Rosalinde excitedly, "and, of course, we are all longing to see one another again."

"But, all the same, I am still a gipsy by nature and will always be the 'Cat That Walks By Itself.' Perhaps that is why I had to finish up being a one-woman show."

ROSALINDE FULLER with her costume for "The Window Game," by Guy de Maupassant. The reverse side of the costume is for Chekov's "Regrets." Her Australian tour with the British Arts Council begins next month. After seasons in the capital cities, she will tour country areas in Tasmania, Queensland, N.S.W., and South Australia, and then go to New Zealand.

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WEDDING DRESS CONTEST

Grandmother wins gown, tropical honeymoon, for bride aged 17

● The story of a shy kiss between a lass and a lad in the year 1912 has won the national prize in our Wedding Dress Contest. The couple's engaged granddaughter will be given the prize, a bridal gown and a two-week honeymoon at Hayman Island.

WRITER of the winning letter is Mrs. G. E. Pearson, Swansea St., East Victoria Park, Western Australia, and her granddaughter is Sandra Pearson, 17, who has been engaged since last September.

The wedding dress Sandra will have is a copy of that worn by film star Debbie Reynolds in the Paramount film "The Pleasure of His Company."

The honeymoon trip includes travel for two by Ansett-A.N.A., full accommodation, and spending money.

Contest-winners of each State receive similar copies of the dress as prizes.

A great-grandmother as well as a grandmother, Mrs. Pearson says she did not hesitate when Sandra said, "Come on, Gran, write the story of your romance and see if you can win me a wedding dress."

She perched on her high stool at the end of the kitchen table and began.

"I ticked every fiftieth word, so I wouldn't write too much," Mrs. Pearson said:

"I found it easy to write, because it was the truth."

Sandra is engaged to George Etheridge, 23, of Albany, W.A.

Mrs. Pearson was so excited about winning that she could not hold the coffee cup in the saucer.

"It will be wonderful for Sandra," she said. "I would never bother to enter a contest to win for myself."

● The national winner, Mrs. George Pearson, with her granddaughter, Sandra Pearson, who will be given the prize.

First Prize

● National winner Mrs. Pearson, of Western Australia, called her entry "Love At First Sight." she wrote:

AH, yes, I can remember the first time I met my husband.

I had been to see the family of three lads who came to Australia on the same boat as myself.

On departing, I was farewelling the mother and sisters when a voice from the ground (another elder brother who was cutting the lawn with old-fashioned sheep - shearing shears) piped up and said, "Serve us all alike."

The family had a shock, as this lad was girl-shy.

Well, I kissed him and he in return kissed me. My cheek tingles even now as I think of it.

Our eyes met and held and from that moment we both knew we were made for each other.

This was in the middle of the year 1912.

Of course, invitations followed, but not direct, from the "lawn lad." When he met me at the station there was always the excuse, "Brother busy, could not meet you."

Of course, I could see through it and was thrilled.

Friendship developed into sincere love. In the middle of 1913 we were married.

Now our ages are 72 years. We have been married 49 years this 1962, and can boast five loving sons, five daughters-in-law, 16 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Like many others we have had partings through two wars, sicknesses, happy times, and heartaches, but love has followed all the way.

Should I be lucky with this competition, the dress will be for one of my granddaughters getting married this year.

● Winners in other States—romances that began with a cup of tea...a handful of peanuts...a football game in the mud.

● The N.S.W. winner, Patricia Wrigley, McDougall St., Milson's Point, wrote:

"CATCH this," yelled one of the Teachers' College ladies, as they charged up the field.

Finding myself landed with the ball, my immediate reaction was to run.

I hadn't gone far when I was up-ended in a puddle.

A large helping hand was extended to help me on to my feet, and through grime-colored eyes I came face to face with the "crew-cutted monster" who had tackled me.

"Oh, it's you," was his only comment as he dropped me back in the puddle — taking the ball from me first.

Looking back on that day I still have a quiet giggle.

It was the annual girls-versus-boys football match, and little did I know that I was to be tackled by my future husband.

At the end of the match he came to apologise, and I'll always remember the look of surprise on his face when he said, "Gee, you're really not bad-looking."

We both laughed at that flattering comment, and he took me to the pictures to make up for the mud I had swallowed.

So our romance began.

When I think of the number of times previously I had dressed so carefully to impress my escorts, I couldn't have known I would meet my husband in old patched jeans, a football jumper three sizes too big, and old sandshoes.

● The winner in Victoria is Frances Briffa, William St., Newport. She wrote:

ONE cold night in June I had a call to take a cup of tea to the fruit-stall girl.

Taking it over from our stall, I had to go through the barrier at the railway station, and, while doing so, a young ticket collector asked me if it was for him. I said I'd get him one later, and when I did he wanted to pay me and I refused any money.

He suggested a kiss as a payment, and I told him what I thought about it, but he still insisted and threw me one.

While I was trying to throw him one back he came over and really kissed me. I told him that he was absolutely disgusting.

Violets

But when I went home that night I couldn't stop thinking about the warmth of that certain kiss he gave me, and the next day, when he came over with a bunch of violets and asked me if I wanted to go to a football match, I accepted.

Then came dances and shows.

We fell in love very quickly, and in August, after he met my family, we got engaged.

● Winner in the Queensland section, Helen Mackay, Alice Street, Mitchell, wrote:

IT was in our home town, a small country town, where we both lived.

We grew up together and were part of a happy group of young people.

My brother and he were good friends, both being keen on anything motorised, and he often came to our home to work on some "donk" as they called it.

I was the odd one out.

However, whenever I asked, "What is this for?" which was quite often, he painfully explained and smiled, although impatiently, at my evident ignorance. (These were not the romantic days.)

Occasionally I went out with other boys and enjoyed myself.

Then the day came!

I was late home from work, eyes baggy, no make-up left, dress crinkled, and hair untidy, and there he was waiting for me at the gate.

I hailed him much more heartily than I felt, and before I realised it he'd asked me to go to the pictures and I'd eagerly accepted.

Five minutes before picture time he called and we left in a dark-green Chevrolet sedan with white wheels — a 1936 model that I later discovered often blew the head gasket.

That was how it started. Our feelings grew quickly and mutually into love and deep understanding.

We now have our own dreams of the future side by side.

In all, my romance has been wonderful, my worst rivals being my brother and motors.

● Winner for Tasmania, Mrs. J. Matthews, Ringarooma Rd., Scottsdale, wrote:

YOU could say our courtship started from birth.

Yes — believe it or not, our mothers had been in the same hospital and ward.

Our meeting 19 years later was rather funny, peanuts being the key word.

A couple of my friends arranged transport to a dance, and it happened that John (my husband) was the driver, and was also taking his girl-friend.

On our return John said goodnight to his lady-friend first and then let the others off at their respective places. I was the last on the list.

When we stopped, John offered me peanuts which I couldn't chew, let alone swallow, but I obligingly said "Yes, I love them," and had a great handful.

You see, he was very quiet and shy and I thought at least I can talk peanuts to him.

The next thing was I had to make out I was wiping my nose, and then I filled the hankie with the peanuts.

This went on several times and our friendship started to bloom.

After going steady for 18 months I thought I had better ask where I stood and if he had any intentions.

He said quite innocently—"I thought you knew I loved you and we are going to be engaged." (It wasn't even leap year, either.)

We will have been happily married for six years on the 24th of this month, and have a darling 20-month-old boy.

● Winner in the South Australian Section (which included the Northern Territory) is Mrs. Marie Mahood, Goyder St., Alice Springs.

I HAD itchy feet, and they led me from the city to what was then the largest cattle station in the world—Victoria River Downs.

"Wait till you meet Joe!" the station-folk said.

Joe could ride buck-jumpers, Joe could play the guitar, Joe could do this, Joe could do that!

I firmly decided that this sophisticated city girl wasn't going to be impressed by any outback stockman.

I was only looking for local color on a 12 months' working holiday.

But one thing they hadn't mentioned was Joe's tenacity.

That I discovered for myself. When he decided he wanted something he didn't give up easily.

"Okay," I said

Two years, four States, and 8600 miles later he said to me:

"Righto, this is the end of the line. Marry me today or not at all!"

"Seeing you put it that way —okay!" I said.

The place was Katherine, N.T. The wheel had turned full circle and we were back in the Territory.

We bought a white dress from a hawker's van, borrowed a wedding ring, and the Salvation Army padre married us that evening.

A pastoralist friend gathered up our friends and supplied an unexpected reception, two-tier cake and all, and a grader driver took our photos.

Joe had been due back at his Perth job a fortnight earlier, so we had to hitch-hike back hurriedly, hoping he still had a job!

His employer had a romantic streak.

Joe kept the job and we set up housekeeping happily, which we are still doing ten years, four children, and many thousand more miles later.

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FAKE FLOWERS (with real)

Plastic flowers, once despised as phonies, make artistic arrangements when used with garden green by an expert.

● *Arrangement of red plastic gladioli, white plastic antigonon, and roses. The natural foliage here is hydrangea leaves. The plastic flowers in this arrangement would cost about £2.*

MR. ARTHUR E. PICKETT, of Melbourne, who did the seven individual arrangements pictured here, has used plastic flowers for years in much of his work.

He was a leading florist and interior decorator in London before coming to Australia five years ago.

"I must admit I was rather reluctant to use them at first," Mr. Pickett said. "But they have a great many advantages, particularly in very hot or very cold weather.

"On hot summer days, when cut flowers can die so quickly and disappointingly, plastic ones are wonderful substitutes. In winter, of course, they're a real standby."

Mr. Pickett was born in Norfolk and brought up on a country estate of the Earl of Iveagh, where his father was the earl's architect-builder.

He first became interested in flower arrangements when helping to decorate Lord Iveagh's hunting lodge for Royal visits, using the wonderful blooms from the Iveagh hothouses.

As a florist in London Mr. Pickett did floral arrangements at many receptions for the Royal family, British and foreign nobility, and members of the diplomatic corps.

He has done flowers for Queen Mary, King George V, and King George VI, the King of Jordan, the late Countess Mountbatten. He was one of the team of leading florists who decorated Westminster Abbey for the Coronation.

During his visit to England last year Mr. Pickett was told by London colleagues that plastic flowers had been used in the Abbey for Princess Margaret's wedding.

"Plastic flowers mix very well with real flowers, especially on occasions like this," he explained. "And they are very useful for disguising awkward objects like television cameras."

In London Mr. Pickett had a flat at Ealing, very close to the Ealing film studios.

"I was often called in to do special flower arrangements for films," he said. "Artificial

● *Delicately tinted plastic roses arranged with natural golden privet in a classic French glass goblet. Any evergreen foliage could be used instead of privet. The roses cost about 30/-.*

YOUR OWN BONSAI TREE FOR 8/-

● *A shapely branch, a few sprays of plastic bonsai (about 9d a spray), and some little cones make this bonsai tree. Set the branch in plaster of paris in a flat dish, decorate with colored pebbles. Trees like these are currently popular in the U.S.A.*

● *Five sprays of plastic bonsai foliage (total cost less than 8/-) are set in holes drilled in a piece of driftwood to make this tree. It is in a real bonsai bowl decorated with some oriental figurines.*

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FOR CHIC ARRANGEMENTS

By
MARGARET BERKELEY

flowers are used a lot in film sets. Formerly they were made of paper, but nowadays, of course, plastic flowers are used."

For three years after arriving in Melbourne Mr. Pickett worked at a leading city hotel arranging flowers for many big occasions.

"Perhaps the biggest event during those years from my point of view was the function held for the Melbourne premiere of 'Around the World in 80 Days' during the visit of the late Mike Todd and Elizabeth Taylor," he said.

"The floral display spread from the footpath right into the hotel foyer and dining-room. I used about £600 worth of flowers."

Mr. Pickett has this advice for arranging plastic flowers:

"Don't overdo it. Be selective and use a little forethought. A few choice blooms and the right vase is better than a huge assorted bowl.

"Cut the stems to various lengths to suit your arrangement, but keep the cut ends for use when you want long stems again.

"Bend the flowers in any way you wish. Add fresh greenery and spray with water for a natural effect.

"To clean plastic flowers, vacuum them. If they get really grimy, hold them under the shower for a minute or two."

● *Festive arrangement in blue, yellow, and white for a party or wedding reception mingles plastic lilies, antigonon (Mexican creeper), hyacinths, chrysanthemums, and pokers. Real solandra and hydrangea leaves add freshness. Plastic flowers cost about £2.*

● *Spring comes early with a dozen plastic daffodils arranged with natural solandra, or any other evergreen you may have in the winter garden. The daffodils cost 1/- each.*

Pictures of Mr. Pickett's arrangements by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

TO GET THE RIGHT COLOR ACCENT IN OR OUT OF SEASON

● *Corner (below) of the sitting-room at "Summerlees," home of Mr. and Mrs. John See, at Sutton Forest, N.S.W., shows how Mrs. See uses flowers to echo the decor. Although she has a large and lovely garden, the colors she wants aren't always available. She then blends fake with real. Here, among the roses, belladonna lilies, hydrangea, perennial anemones, and garden green are fake roses, iris, and carnation. Mrs. See's beautiful garden will be among those visited by members of the Garden Club of Australia on May 2 in aid of the Arts Council of Australia.*

● *Large natural dried hydrangea head, real hydrangea leaves, plastic fluorescent roses, and ivy geranium combined in a modern Wedgwood bowl. Mr. Pickett says plastic flowers are very easy to arrange, very easy to vary.*

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● *Judy (left) and Alison Sara have tennis lessons every Saturday morning on a local court. They are growing their fair hair again to wear it in pony-tails.*

QUADS ARE INDIVIDUALS

● Quads, you'd think, would be very much alike and inclined to be four of a kind. But the 11-year-old Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., are like all brothers and sisters — each an individual with different tastes and different friends.

STAFF photographer Ron Berg, who has known Mark, Phillip, Alison, and Judy since they were born, says they live busy, happy lives like any other children.

"Lately I've noticed that they prefer to be photographed alone, instead of collectively," he said. "It's as if they want to be individuals."

Judy and Mark are in the same division of sixth grade at Punchbowl School, but Alison and Phillip are in different divisions.

Being separated in class has encouraged them to make their own friends.

This year school work has become all-important on the insistence of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara.

Television during the week is out.

"If they've finished their homework, cleaned their shoes, and had their showers before dinner is ready, they're allowed to watch 'Rin Tin Tin,'" said Mrs. Sara.

Bedtime is between 7.30 and 8 p.m.

"Our Boxatian"

Television is unrestricted during the weekend, and often after Sunday School the family piles into the car for an outing, accompanied by their new dog—"Our Boxatian," as Mark christened him.

"The father was a boxer and mother an alsatian," Mrs. Sara explained.

The dog, Vim, a birthday present for Mrs. Sara, is a favorite with the children.

The quads make their own beds and the girls help with some of the routine housework.

"Alison often brings us tea in bed on Sunday morning," said Mrs. Sara.

Judy and Alison are not interested in clothes yet and are content to wear whatever their mother puts out for them.

● *Mark (left) and Phillip are active members of the Baptist Church boys' club, the Lifeboys. They attend club meetings every Tuesday.*

Mary Coles' SOCIAL

NOW honeymooning on the Continent, brilliant young Sydney artist Brett Whiteley and his bride, formerly Wendy Julius, are being "chauffeured" by Brett's father, Mr. Clem Whiteley, of Palm Beach, in his new deluxe model French shooting brake.

Brett and Wendy, who is the daughter of Mrs. A. E. McKenzie, of Lindfield, and a granddaughter of Lady Julius, of Perth, and the late Sir George Julius, had a hilarious send-off from London after their wedding.

Leaving the reception, hostessed by Brett's mother, Mrs. Beryl Whiteley, at her lovely turquoise and white furnished flat in Knightsbridge, the young couple and friends farewelling them as they drove off were caught up in a "ban-the-bomb" street procession.

A police constable came to the rescue and held up the traffic until the demonstrators had been sorted out from the wedding party.

★ ★ ★

MR. and Mrs. Walter McGrath's beautiful home, "Hulverstone," on the waterfront at Double Bay, will be en fete on April 14, when they entertain friends at a dinner dance. Guests will dine at small tables arranged in cabaret style in the dining-room, drawing-room, and on the terrace, which will be covered with a tangerine-and-white-striped awning. There'll be dancing between courses in a miniature ballroom set up under a tangerine-and-white marquee in the garden.

★ ★ ★

AMERICAN visitors Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Coodley and their three children, who are spending about a year here, from Los Angeles, have taken Mrs. Jimmy Bancks' decorative flat in Rosemont Avenue, Woollahra, while Mrs. Bancks and her daughter, Sheena, are abroad.

★ ★ ★

IT will be a second honeymoon for Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lake, of "Gladswood House," Double Bay, when they fly abroad on April 26. Their departure date falls on the 35th anniversary of their wedding. They're making stopovers en route to visit old friends in Hong Kong, San Francisco, and New York before going on to England, where they are looking forward to a family reunion with Mr. Lake's sisters, Dr. Kathleen Lake, and Miss Marjorie Lake, and his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Lake, of Eastbourne.

WHILE her husband, Lieutenant Commander Timothy Duchesne, R.N. is stationed in the West Indies, serving on H.M.S. Ulster, his attractive wife is making her first home visit to Sydney town since her marriage in England nearly six years ago. With her small son and daughter, Stephen and Susan, she is making her headquarters here with her mother, Mrs. A. R. Turner, of Clifton Gardens. Mrs. Turner, by the way, is honorary treasurer of Dr. Barnardo's Homes Women's Auxiliary, which, with the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society, will benefit from the gala dinner dance aboard the Arcadia on April 1[illegible].

★ ★ ★

THE international decor (which includes a red Persian carpet and black bamboo furniture from the Philippines) in the living room of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus La Delle's Newport home has been enhanced by purchases they made recently in Japan. The most eye-catching is a huge turquoise Thai silk-cushioned natural cane chair with a peacock-tail-shaped back, bringing its height up to nearly six feet.

★ ★ ★

MR. and Mrs. Pierre Roussel have named their infant son and heir Philippe Claude, after his paternal grandfather, of Paris. Although only a month old, Master Roussel already bears a striking likeness to his father.

★ ★ ★

IMMEDIATE additions to Dr. and Mrs. Robert Melville's household, when they recently moved from a duplex in Victoria Road to an old home with lovely grounds in Bulkara Road, Bellevue Hill, were a dog and two kittens. The pets have long been on the shopping list of their children, Robert, aged 9, Fiona, 6, and three-year-old Douglas — but the acquisition of the minor menagerie was deferred until the Melvilles had a garden setting. The house, which is to be furnished with old pieces in keeping with the period, has a wonderful view, sweeping across to the North Shore, taking in the Harbor and the Bridge.

ABOVE: Dr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Woodgate, of Muswellbrook, were among country guests at the cocktail party given by the Post-Graduate Committee in Medicine, University of Sydney, at the Australia Hotel. Mrs. Woodgate wore an ostrich-feather platter hat.

JUST WED. Mr. Malcolm Scott, of "Wonga," Mendooran, and his bride, formerly Miss Jane Austin, of "Warrambone," Gulargambone, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, for reception at the Australia Hotel.

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ROUNDABOUT

IN LONDON. Smiles from youthful Sydneysiders artist Mr. Brett Whiteley and his bride, formerly Miss Wendy Julius, after their marriage at Chelsea Registry Office.

SAUCY CHAPEAUS. From left: Miss Judy Lee Solomon, Miss Gillian Garland, and Mrs. Terry Jones wearing three of the hats they modelled at a luncheon at the Monseigneur Restaurant, Macleay Street, to aid the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society.

ABOVE. From left: Miss Lois Dawson, Miss Maryanne Firth (seated), and Mr. Paul Shaw chatting between dances with Miss Mireille Gerardy, who was guest of honor at a party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julien Gerardy, at their home at Gordon for her 21st birthday.

AT LEFT: Mr. Paul Moulton, of Bellevue Hill, and his bride, formerly Miss Jennifer Hampson, of Edgecliff, leaving the Scots College Chapel for reception at Wentworth Hotel, after the ceremony.

AT GALA PREVIEW. From left: Miss Belinda Warry, Miss Prudence Lloyd, Miss Suellen Lloyd, Miss Christine Miller, and Miss Jenny Felton were among pretty girls at the special screening of "El Cid" at the Forum Theatre, to aid the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons' Appeal. The brilliant function was attended by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward.

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WORTH REPORTING

WE hailed a cab the other night driven by one of Sydney's three women cabbies—Mrs. Sylvia Markham, of Crows Nest.

Wearing a bone-color blouse ("I prefer pink, but it clashes with the taxi's red interior") and skirt, Mrs. Markham has been driving cabs since she graduated from two-ton military trucks just after World War II.

She could write a book about the male and female psychology as applied to "Getting Into a Taxi Driven By a Woman," but she's too kind.

"I might offend somebody," she said.

At first she wore her hair long and feminine. People gave her the go-by to wait up to 15 minutes for a MALE cabbie.

So she cut it first to a mannish Eton crop, now has compromised with severe pulled-back hair and a bun.

"Women, especially older ones, are still nervous about me," said Mrs. Markham, "but men passengers settle back with, 'Well, what do you know, a woman driver!' "

The greying-haired, fiftyish Mrs. Markham was once given a black eye by a drunken passenger, but she has discarded the 12in.-long hatpin she tucked into her steering wheel against possible attackers.

She had one worrisome moment late one night when two "types" complete with turned-up collars and turned-down hats directed her to an isolated suburban area.

"Just as I was expecting the end they said goodnight and tipped me 4/6 . . . unheard-of tipping these days," she said.

"Since the credit squeeze cabbies keep a row of pennies on their dashboard. They have to. Unlike the bonanza post-war days, practically every passenger now waits for his penny change."

Where once a good day's takings was £11 to £12, it's now around £8 to £9, Mrs. Markham says.

Like most experienced cabbies, Mrs. Markham has dashed sick children to hospital, come close to being wayside midwife, listened to confidences and complaints, comforted the lonely.

She's even lent her handkerchief to a newly widowed man. He couldn't have found anyone more sympathetic. Mrs. Markham's husband, well-known Sydney taxi-driver "Smiler" Markham, had died recently.

Her oddest experience as a woman taxi-driver: Helping a drunk downstairs to his flat door, where they were met by the irate wife with a broomstick.

Her protests, in between blows, "But I'm the cabdriver," were met with, "And I'm Cleopatra."

* * *

A TEENAGE reader from Victoria sent in this plaintive request . . . "I know that we should learn by experience, but, please, isn't there an easier way?"

● *Woman cabbie Mrs. Sylvia Markham .*

THE three-year-old daughter of a friend was playing happily with her toys when she looked up and asked Mum, "Why have I got a tummy button?" (she meant navel).

Our friend said that that was where she was finished off.

Little Miss then said with an air of resignation, "I suppose I was Made In Japan, then."

Care for curried possum?

WE don't know if the experiment was repeated, but on October 15, 1861, guests of the Council of the Acclimatisation Society of Victoria sat down to a "Grand Experimental Dinner" at Melbourne's Menzies Hotel.

They ate their way through curried possum, bandicoot, jugged kangaroo (with hare), wombat, and roast native companion.

Menzies can prove it; the hotel still keeps the yellowed paper-lace-covered menu (in French).

Starting with "Les Potages" (soups) is "a la Kangurou" and "a la Tortue Murray" (Kangaroo and Murray tortoise soups).

After the fish course, featuring "Les Cabillauds de la Murray" (Fresh Murray cod), comes "Les Releves" (side dishes)—"Le Native Companion Roti" (roast native companion); "Les Bandicoots Roti" (roast bandicoot); "Le Wombat au Lievre" (wombat with hare); and "L'oie du Cap Barren a la Soubise," (Cape Barren goose with onions).

Entrees include "Le Currie d'Opossum" and "Le Kanguron jugged au Lievre" (jugged kangaroo with hare).

Sweets are of the cabinet pudding variety with one mysterious "Le Pouding a l'Australie."

What was the Acclimatisation Society, whose dinner order must have been a unique challenge to Menzies' chefs?

It was founded in 1861, had as its object the introduction, acclimatisation, and domestication of animals, birds, fish, and insects from other countries. In 1910 it was incorporated into the Royal Zoological Society, which had been founded in 1857. This society had its last meeting in 1951.

"Mitch" . . . our man on ice

MEET "Mitch"—a familiar figure on the Maroubra Ice Skating Rink, Sydney.

Just turned two, Mitchell James Jones skated before he could walk.

He can do a "spiral" on ice (one chubby leg held professionally high in the air), but, with toddler balkiness, refused to co-operate for photographer Ron Berg.

He much preferred to "heel" Mum (blond, attractive ice-rink teacher Mrs. Patsy Ann Jones) or to potter about with his cut-down hockey stick — in the manner of Dad, well-known ice-hockey player Jimmy Jones.

Mitch makes grown-ups furious at their attempts to master skating and at the same time inspires them—"If he can do it, I can, too."

Patsy and Jimmy leave him to his ice-rink fun. "Time enough to see if he's as keen as us," says Patsy, daughter of jockey Bill Lawler.

Bill Lawler's white sapphire ring first "introduced" Patsy and Jimmy.

Patsy had lost the stone on an ice-rink, and Jimmy, beaten by another lad in finding it, persuaded his rival to let him give it to Patsy.

The novel approach to romance worked, and they have lived happily—a good deal of the time on ice with Mitch — ever since.

"Mitch" Jones . . . the despair of novices.

Living with plastic bags

OF one thousand million plastic bags produced annually in Australia, you, as an average family, use 200 a year.

You store anything and everything in them — school lunches, shelled peas, cutlets, blankets, mink coats, and goldfish (temporarily).

You keep your spare stock in drawers of kitchen cupboards—which is quite wrong. You MUST — for the sake of any children in the house — keep them in high, out-of-reach cupboards.

This brief thesis on the use and misuse of plastic bags is the result of our going back to school for the education campaign launched in Sydney recently by the Plastics Institute of Australia.

The campaign began in Victoria, is being conducted in N.S.W., and goes on to Queensland. It has the support of all State health services.

It will take advantage of all advertising media — Press, radio — with the exception of TV. For a very good reason, executive officer of the Plastic Film Programme, Miss Marjorie Charleson, tells us.

"Our main aim is to awaken adults to the dangers of allowing children to make playthings of plastic bags," she said. "If we illustrate on TV how youngsters must not play spacemen by pulling plastic bags over their heads kiddies viewing will do exactly this."

Other plastic bag precautions musts:

- All plastic bags should be discarded after use.
- Even when consigned to garbage bins they should be first tied in a knot.
- Don't use plastic bags for makeshift protection for lounges or bedding.
- Keep them a mile away from cots, cribs, or bath play time hour.

The sink can be an enemy

IS your kitchen sink well adjusted? An ill-adjusted one can result in damaged posture, stiffening of the muscles, and a high pulse rate.

At a conference at Hastings, England, the president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, Mr. W. Carron, warned 80,000 women members that a low kitchen sink is Public Enemy No. 1.

Adjust your sink, he said, so that with a closed fist and a straight arm and relaxed but straight body the knuckles of the fist rest lightly on the floor of the sink.

The test for another "home enemy," the ironing-board, is just as simple.

"The palm of the hand should lie comfortably and flat upon the working surface, with the arm straight and the body again loosely and comfortably straight," Mr. Carron said.

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Will it really come to this?

● Paris' Big Five designers stole ideas from women's fashions for their recent startling collection of couturier clothes for the man-about-town.

In one parade there was the Chanel Look, with jackets bound in white silk.

Pierre Cardin, who launched bell-bottom trousers for women last season, translated them into a version for men, sometimes adding a button trim.

Paris argues that the sophisticated man-about-Paris has sat by meekly for years while women raided his wardrobe for slacks, bulky sweaters, and leather jackets. Now he is raiding hers.

But will Australian men follow this argument? Will it really come to this?

● *The Chanel suit for men, piped in white silk to match its own silk waistcoat, is worn with a tortoise-shell straw hat with a draped silk band.*

● *Cardin borrowed bell-bottom trousers from the matelots to give women's slacks a new line. Now he features them in men's trousers, which widen out below the ankle from slim calves.*

● *Paris couturiers raised women's waistlines this season. Now designer Jacques Esterel introduces a suit for businessmen with a jacket that flares slightly over the hip from a nipped-in, high-level waist.*

● *The Gay Dog of Paris wears a checked sportscoat by Cardin, severely plain, dog-collared, and buttoning off-centre instead of lapels. The sleeves are buttoned in cuff-link style.*

● *Another version of the bell-bottom look, accented with three wooden buttons—for a casual weekend in the country?*

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FATHER

"He has three teenage daughters."

MOTHER

"Ah! Now I know why I had to dust the sitting-room this morning!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

IF a thing is said often enough people stop questioning its good sense.

Count Oleg Cassini, who designs many of Jackie Kennedy's dresses, said one of those things last week.

"The right clothes always stay in style," he said, "so it's wasteful to follow every whim of the designers."

To follow every whim of designers is not only wasteful. For 99 per cent. of women it is impossible.

But the "right" clothes? The old films on TV show vividly that right becomes wrong. Think of those postwar waisted winter suits with the skirts flapping at mid-calf.

Admittedly, certain styles get a long run.

The Chanel suit—which no one wears better than Mrs. Kennedy — has had a good innings.

But—"always stay in style." I'll bet some Edwardian designer said the same thing as he admired a client in the latest leg-o'-mutton sleeves and bustle.

* * *

ANOTHER of those time-honored statements which won't bear examination is "Find what suits you and stick to it."

This would have more validity if it were worded: "Find out what doesn't suit you and don't wear it."

If, for instance, when you wear black, people keep asking you if you're not feeling well, it's obvious that you should change to colors.

But sticking to what suits you would leave you like a starfish stranded by the tide, still favoring, for instance, padded shoulders.

If many people followed such advice, fashion designers would be out of work and the garment industry would be in ruins.

* * *

DR. EUSTACE CHESSER, an English writer on marriage, advises the telling of white lies as an aid to domestic harmony.

The only remarkable thing about this piece of advice is that the doctor should consider it worth restating.

He reports as a dangerous piece of truthfulness the following dialogue:

Wife: Do I look 40?

Husband: You look 50.

The husband's answer is not necessarily truthful. It is spiteful.

What are sometimes called white lies are not lies at all. They are merely polite answers to questions which are unanswerable.

If the husband were truthful he would say: "Well, honestly, I don't know. I don't know how old 40 looks for certain. I am so used to seeing you that I don't exactly see you any more."

Which, of course, would be just as offensive.

The only possible answer is: "Nothing like."

I WOULDN'T like to say a word against sticky tape for two reasons. One is that it is useful stuff. The other is that to prefer string in 1962 would be to label yourself as unadaptable to modern conditions.

And adaptable is what I intend to remain if it kills me. Some time in 1990 you'll see me disembarking from a moon rocket, claiming through clenched teeth that it is the only way to travel.

But back to the sticky tape. When I undo a posted package I sometimes wonder whether the inventors knew what they had achieved.

Did they think of it merely as a seal or did they realise that it would exercise a powerful fascination for some people who crisscross and bind packages in such ingenious patterns that the recipient cries not for a paper-knife but a blow-torch?

* * *

THE steel-nib post-office pen, which over the years has acquired a joke status almost equal to that of mothers-in-law, is about to disappear.

The P.M.G. has approved the installation of ball-point pens. The word installation is not used lightly. The pens will be attached to counters by two-foot chains.

I foresee that the P.M.G. is in for a bit of a shock when he gets the bill for refills.

"But," he will say to the head of supplies, "telegram revenue has dropped, which suggests that people are sending fewer telegrams. Yet over the past 20 years we have used only two gallons of ink and a box of nibs. Look at these costs."

"Well," says the head of supplies, "the public is incalculable, sir. It seems to be USING these pens."

* * *

A NOTICE in Copenhagen's Europa Hotel reads: "In case of fire, signify your presence to the fire brigade through the window in a composed manner."

Do not shout, don't get excited, just wave calmly to the man;
He is bound to come and get you, some time later, when he can.
Guests who stay at the Europa have a standard to maintain.
And the management would ask them always kindly to refrain
From such signs of discomposure as the lesser tourists show
When the building catches fire. It's unfortunate, we know,
But these accidents will happen; keep your voice low, don't be shrill,
And before you jump, remember, don't forget to pay the bill.

* *Suffer from that dull, head-achey feeling?*

Invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast

All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp nut-sweet appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK — Nature's way of keeping us fit, regular and cheerful. That is why we suggest you invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast — for this is the way "Mother Nature" promotes and maintains regularity — if you let her. No purgatives or medicines needed this safe, gentle way.

"BULK" IS THE ANSWER

With so many modern foods overcooked and over-processed, it is necessary for us to eat at least *one* food every day which is rich in "bulk". That one is All-Bran — *made by Kellogg's for this very purpose.*

All-Bran is a food — not a medicine. It is not habit-forming and builds your strength and vitality as it relieves your irregularity.

See why it is so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative *food* — instead of use of purgatives which may only drain energy and vitality away?

BEGIN THIS PLEASANT TEST TOMORROW

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you would be wise to see your doctor.

"No more purgatives for me . . . ," *says Mrs. Christensen of Parramatta, N.S.W. ". . . I tried All-Bran and within a very short time All-Bran cured my constipation and I haven't been troubled by it since."*

K829R

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933455

Toss out your tea-towels!

end wiping up for good with Trix

TRIX-WASHED
DISHES DRY
SPARKLING CLEAN!

Trix has no equal for washing-up, because it's all concentrated washing energy. Trix instantly swallows grease and dirt. With Trix you just wash-up . . . that's all . . . you don't wipe-up. You just stack the dishes and they dry sparkling clean. With Trix there are no suds to dull your china or streak your glassware . . . so, no Tea-towels required. Use Trix detergent . . . stop wiping-up . . . toss out your Tea-towels.

ST274/61

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933456

● *Wally Cox in his hilarious TV role of "Hiram Holliday."*

HIRAM IN A NEW ROLE

● Remember that diverting show "Hiram Holliday" starring Wally Cox as Hiram, a proof-reader on a New York newspaper?

HIRAM, an earnest, thoughtful character, attracted news and solved the most fantastic situations in the most surprising ways.

I loved him as Hiram, and was delighted to meet him again recently on Channel 9's "Candid Camera."

Wally, in real life, seems to be just as earnest and thoughtful as he was as Hiram.

His role in the show is to help that fun-loving character Allen Funt with some stunts.

The other night Cox was the investigator taking a phony survey of taxi-drivers who were checking their cabs into a depot before knocking off.

He was so Hiramish putting his questions and the taxi-drivers were so entertaining with their answers that I forgot "Candid Camera" and expected Wally to go back to his other role and start duelling with his umbrella again at any moment.

Watch out for him on "Candid Camera," a very likeable show and generally good for a laugh.

Watch particularly if there are any children in it.

Funt gets the palm as the best man I've seen with children, including Art Linkletter. — **Nan Musgrove.**

CHANNEL 9 TO TELECAST LEAGUE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Channel 9 will telecast, live, the second half of the TV Match of the Day in the Rugby League Club premiership matches this season.

THERE is also a strong possibility that part or whole of the League Test matches between England and Australia, played in Sydney on June 9 and July 14, will be telecast direct.

No country or interstate Rugby League matches will be telecast.

Telecasts start each Saturday at 3.45 p.m. with a resume of the first half and comment, which goes on till the start of play in the second half.

This is expected generally to be between 3.50 and 4 p.m., depending on conditions, delays for injuries, and so on.

Some of the matches will also be telecast by A.B.C.-TV, but they are telecasting some Rugby Union matches also, which means they cannot telecast a full League programme.

Channel 9 is your Rugby League station for all club premiership matches, including those on Anzac Day and the Queen's Birthday holiday.

On Saturday, April 14, Channel 9 will also telecast all events in the G.P.S. Regatta, crossing from the studio to the Nepean for all events.

That day the Championship Eights start right on 3.45 p.m. with the football telecast, but Channel 9 has decided to run the Eights without interruption and cut back to the football as soon as the Eights finish.

TV is the king medium for spectator sports. Televiewers are right on the ground with the players, seeing football as they never have before, and in some cases seeing things that the referee doesn't.

I don't think there is anything to equal watching a good League match on a cold, pouring-wet Saturday.

That warm, comfortable armchair view is pure luxury.

Triumph for Jackie K.

A TOUR of the White House with Mrs. John F. Kennedy, a recent Sunday night offering from A.B.C.-TV, sounds worthy and unexciting, but it turned out to have all the ingredients pronounced as necessary for a best-seller — high life, sex, and something shocking.

Mrs. Kennedy brought the three ingredients together to the TV screen, and blended them with great dignity into a fascinating hour.

The glimpse of high life came with the sight of Mrs. Kennedy, named the best-dressed woman in the world for the past two years, standing by the table set for 150 guests in the State dining-room; the sex from Mrs. Kennedy's little husky voice, a dead ringer for that of sex queen Marilyn Monroe; the shock from realising her vast and expert knowledge of the history of the President's official residence and its paintings and furniture.

When her husband became President, Mrs. Kennedy was shocked to find that the White House contained little of the furniture used by former Presidents and had lost many historic pieces through neglect, poverty, and lack of interest.

She immediately set to work, with the help of a committee, to find and restore some of the pieces, and has been amazingly successful. The documentary was the first official look at the work she has done and is doing.

Hearing her talk, there is no doubt that her heart is in the project.

The fabric of history naturally played a great part in the show, but there were some lovely touches of domesticity.

When Mrs. Kennedy entertains 150 guests, for instance, she has got to make do with what is left of the china from the Truman and Eisenhower terms; there is not enough of any one dinner service left. She has trouble, too, finding enough matching glasses.

My picture of homespun, jut-jawed Abraham Lincoln was fractured, too, by the astonishing and touching news that after his assassination poor Mrs. Lincoln had to sell most of the White House furniture to make ends meet.

President Kennedy made a brief and what looked like unrehearsed appearance at the end.

It wasn't unrehearsed, as C.B.S. news correspondent Charles Collingwood took pains to explain. He also said that the documentary had involved a number of talks, discussions, and decisions with Mrs. Kennedy beforehand.

Australian producers of documentaries and outside broadcasts should take note of this frankness. Televiewers appreciate being told how documentaries are made — whether they are impromptu, unrehearsed, simulated, or a mixture of fiction and fact.

Although few viewers are aware of the tremendous organisation and work that go into making the most simple documentary, they do know that organisation is required.

If they are like me, they resent the silence that implies that the TV commentator and cameramen just walk in like family friends and find everything or everyone concerned ready, full of easy knowledgeable conversation which they carry on in the most advantageous positions for good camera shots.

Dick Healey at G.P.S. regatta

DICK HEALEY, well known for years as an A.B.C. radio and TV commentator, will be back on camera again with Sydney's Channel 9 as special commentator for the G.P.S. Regatta on April 14 and the Anzac Day March on April 25.

Healey, now Liberal Member for Wakehurst in the State Parliament, was the centre of controversy during the election when he was suspended from his popular A.B.C.-TV programme, "Sports Cavalcade."

The A.B.C. suspended Healey because they believed his regular appearances on his TV programme gave him an unfair advantage over other candidates for the Wakehurst seat. Later Healey resigned from the A.B.C. when he won Wakehurst.

Healey, long appreciated as an all-round sports commentator, is especially well-known for his Regatta commentaries.

The durable Loretta Young

IF you're looking for a perfect example of stamina, don't look among the coming generation of movie stars; look among the oldies.

Loretta Young is the prime example. Her "Loretta Young Show" is finished in the U.S.A., but Loretta, after a couple of weeks off, is up to her eyes again in a new series, in which she plays a widow with seven children.

The new series, already sold to an American sponsor for at least 12 months, stars Loretta in every episode.

You've got to hand it to Loretta, but personally I've never felt the same about her since a famous American writer described her as a "chocolate-coated black widow spider."

FILM REVIEW AND GOSSIP

With AINSLIE BAKER

★★ BACHELOR FLAT

Bowlered and brolleyed in sunny California, Terry-Thomas whips frothy laughs from this slight but colorful slapstick. From his vulnerable beach house, British professor T-T wages defence against the advances of swooning students and the wiles of squatter Tuesday Weld, masquerading as a delinquent (in her now perfected routine), to prevent eviction. College boy neighbor Richard Beymer gives sturdy, if humorless, support to T-T and his scene - stealing dachshund, Jessica. — **Regent, Sydney.**

In a word . . . FLIMSY.

★ ★ ★

A SEQUEL to "The Absent Minded Professor" has been announced, with Fred MacMurray and Nancy Olson again playing the professor and his wife — and Robert Stevenson again directing.

★ ★ ★

COMING comedy role for Kenneth More puts him in naval uniform once again. The film is "We Join the Navy," and he plays a junior officer who not only almost wrecks the Senior Service but Anglo-American relations as well.

BURT LANCASTER'S seven - year - old daughter, Sighle, has been spending all her time — after school — watching dad before the cameras in "A Child Is Waiting." Sighle will make her debut in the film and dad wants her "to soak up a little movie-making atmosphere" before she goes in front of the cameras.

★ ★ ★

WHETHER or not Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh's "trial" separation leads to reconciliation or eventual divorce, their mutual financial interests in the Curtleigh Production Company will continue. Plans are already well advanced for it to star Tony in a modern comedy, "Monsieur Cognac," toward the end of the year.

★ ★ ★

ANNE BAXTER plays the role of a psychiatrist in the British drama "Mix Me a Person," which begins shooting this month under the direction of Leslie Norman, who has made two Australian films, "Shiralee" and "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." Others in the cast are British pop singer Adam Faith and young New Zealand actor Walter Brown.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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BEAUTIFUL SITTING-ROOMS

● In this four-page feature are eight beautiful sitting-rooms, each one made interesting by its owner's individual taste and personal interests.

In all of them you will find ideas to inspire you in planning your own sitting-room—a color scheme, types of curtains, a grouping of pictures, an alcove, or the featured use of a family heirloom.

FRENCH WALLPAPER with a diamond pattern was used by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Herman for the sitting-room of their home in Coldstream, Vic. The heavy damask drapes and soft carpet give a pleasing contrast with the gay sunroom beyond, with its tiled floor, cane and iron furniture.

Settings for antiques

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933458

STRIPED ROMAN SATIN dominates this 33ft.-by-21ft. room designed by Mr. Freddy Asmussen for his week-end-holiday house at Mt. Eliza, Vic. Drapes at each end divide room from hall and dining-room and when drawn make a "party" room of 60ft. by 21ft. The canopy, swinging from a centre beam to battens round the walls, and drapes took 300 yards of fabric. Mr. Asmussen borrowed the idea from famed hostess Lady Mendl, "who ALWAYS had a canopy room," he says. Genuine antiques and modern reproductions reflect Mr. Asmussen's love of the French and Eastern feeling in home decoration.

RED-AND-BLACK-STRIPED WALL-PAPER sets off perfectly the gilt Louis XIV antique furniture of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Burbank in their Toorak home in Melbourne. Velvet curtains frame the tall doorways.

ORIGINALLY PART OF THE STABLES, this lovely room was created by Lady Bagot in her South Yarra home. The austere fireplace is set off by two alcoves displaying valuable pieces of china she has collected.

Continued on page 23

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933459

New, and naturally distinctive... "Myrtlewood" by Laminex

Express your taste for the warm and beautiful with new "Myrtlewood" by Laminex, newest addition to the Laminex range of ten authentic woodgrains.

Look around your home today. Imagine the difference rich-grained Laminex woodgrains will make — bringing the traditional beauty of nature to modern functional living. Woodgrains by Laminex are much more suited to your busy world than the craftsman-finished timbers they authentically reproduce. No scratches, no stains, no problems a damp cloth won't fix.

The finest furniture is beautifully protected with woodgrains by Laminex. Admire new "Myrtlewood" and "Pearwood" soon at your furniture store. Or if you have a Laminex project in mind, see your neighbourhood Laminex Dealer or write Laminex Pty. Ltd., 332 Bay Road, Cheltenham, Victoria, for an actual sample.

LAMINEX®

LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

THE QUALITY OF LAMINEX IS INDISPUTABLY SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SURFACING MATERIALS . . . PROVEN MORE RESISTANT TO HEAT, STAINS AND WEAR BY INTERNATIONAL STANDARDS TESTS.

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LAM/175

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Color motives

PURPLES AND BLUES in profusion, with touches of green on the cushions, make a dramatic color scheme in Mr. and Mrs. Donald Wynne's sitting-room at Vaucluse, Sydney. Fabric textures are varied, with Thai-silk curtains, velvet and satin cushions, and chintz chair coverings. The walls, ceiling, and floors are in neutral shades of soft grey, with natural wood. The oil lamp was bought in a second-hand shop for £2 and the velvet covers cost only 5/11 a yard.

SUNRISE is the title of John Coburn's painting which inspired the colors in this sitting-room of architect Richard Fitzharding in Edgecliff, Sydney. Open-weave Danish woollen material has been used for the curtains and cushions.

Continued on page 25

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933461

The simple art of chelsea scones

Sunshine brings you the secret of making prize Chelsea Scones. They have that richly wholesome flavour only full-cream can give. Deliciously light, golden-glazed and fruity, they're irresistible . . . served hot and buttery, or decorated with lemon icing when cold. Why not bake a tempting batch right now—it's so easy!

***SUNSHINE**

full-cream powdered milk

gives superb flavour and delicacy to Chelsea Scones. Sunshine puts full-cream richness into all your cooking.

*Registered trademark

SUNSHINE CHELSEA SCONES

(All spoon measures are level)

4 tablespoons Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, ¾ cup water. Filling: 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1-2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 cup of mixed fruit.

METHOD: Sift Sunshine, flour, sugar and salt into basin. Rub in butter. Stir in water and turn onto floured board. Knead and roll into rectangle ½-in. thick. Brush with melted butter, and spread with brown sugar, cinnamon and fruit. Roll, damp long edge with water and close. Cut into 9 equal pieces. Brush sides with melted butter and arrange cut side up in a circle with one in centre, in buttered 8-in. tin. Glaze with milk and bake 10-15 minutes in fairly hot oven. Serve hot or decorate with lemon icing. (Icing: Mix 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon water until smooth.)

NE1079/62

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Timber and stone

TIMBER with a natural finish sets off the textures and earth colors of other furnishing materials in the sitting-room of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Waldron, of East Ivanhoe, Melbourne. The chimney and cocktail cabinet semi-divide the room from the dining area, and the garden box beside a staircase gives a feeling of extra space. The sculpture over the fireplace is by Ian Bow.

STONE from Mt. Gambier, South Australia, was used in this charming ingle fireplace in the English-style cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sheil, of Box Hill South, Melbourne. The brass firedogs and kerosene lamp have been anodised for easy cleaning. The stained woodwork blends with the stone and gives a rich setting for the brilliant leather lounge suite. The deer's head cost £2 at auction.

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14 stars from the top 40

AUTUMN'S TOP 40 HIT PARADE OF EASTER FASHIONS

SOFT SHOE LULLABY

STARRING Knight and Softees SUPER-GRADE

glamorous little slippers in dreamiest candlelight colours

Slippers...so soft, so glamorous...to fill cool evenings with the shimmer of brocade and shadows of velvet. Softly finished... flexibly light...to bring you a new world of slipper comfort

Knight, Style No. KM036 in crushed Velvet. Colours: Blue, Red, Pink and in many pastel shades. **19/11**

19/11 Knight, Style No. KM102 in embroidered Velvet. Colours: Blue, Red, Black

Softees Super Grade, Style No. KV166 in embroidered Velvet. Colours: Red, Blue, Black.

19/11 Knight, Style No. KM103 in fine corduroy. Colours: Red, Blue, Pink and in many pastel shades.

Knights for little girls, too! Style No. VC001 in Doveton. Colours: Blue, Red, Brown, Black. Sizes 7-10, **17/11**; 11-1, **19/11**.

Knight, Style No. KM095 in Chenille. Colours: Blue, Red, Pink and in many other shades. **19/11**

Softees Super Grade, Style No. KV167 in corduroy. Colours: Grey, Blue, Pink.

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Feather light fashion flats...slimly tapered from head to toe. In new suede like fabrics and luscious Autumn colouring. Choose one.. two pairs to fill every need in your casual shoe wardrobe

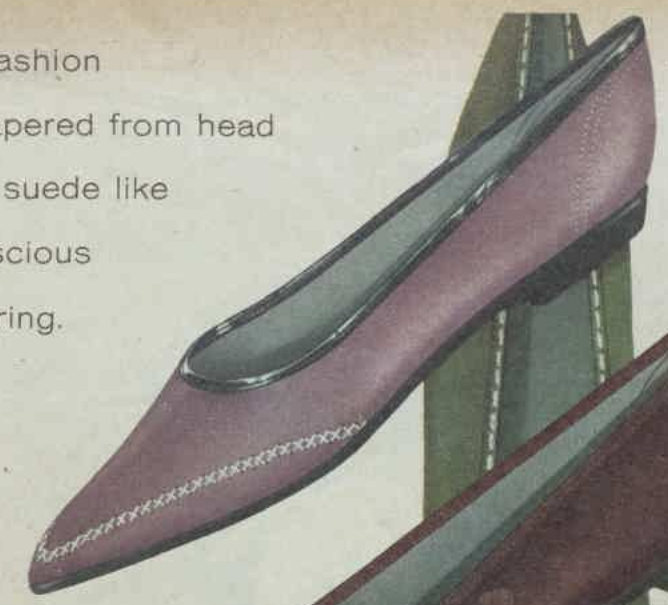
All priced at just **19/11**

Knight, Style No. KP016 in gold brocade fabric with extended toe.

16/11

Knight, Style No. NV032 in Duratex. Colours: Black, Royal, Red.

29/11



Style No. KP007 in Durazon with extended toe. Colours: Black, Coffee Cream, Corsica and in many other fashion shades.

19/11

Style No. KS009 in Durazon with square toe. Colours: Black, Corsica, Coffee Cream and in many other fashion shades.

19/11

Style No. KM108 in Durazon. Colours: Black, Coffee Cream, Corsica and in many other fashion shades.

19/11

Style No. KM111 in Durazon. Colours: Black, Coffee Cream, Corsica and in many other fashion shades.

19/11

19/11

Style No. KP010 in Durazon with extended toe. Colours: Black, Coffee Cream, Corsica and in many other fashion colours.

AVAILABLE AT 99 OUT OF 100 SHOE STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Knight, Softees Super-Grade and Friskees
are all brands from the famous
HOUSE OF GOODCHILD
a unit of Felt and Textiles of Australia Limited

FF582

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The only liquid blue in a plastic squeeze pack

—and with a sprinkler top, too.
So nice to handle—no sediment

Every woman knows that, whatever comes or goes in new detergents, powders or anything else, blue always adds still more whiteness to whiteness. But do you know this about Bluo? Bluo is the only liquid blue without sediment — a clear blue that never leaves streaks. So money saving!

Half the price of any other cloth that mops, washes or shines with the same efficiency.

KY307

XLO SPONGE CLOTHS ...are thicker

SPECIAL OFFER

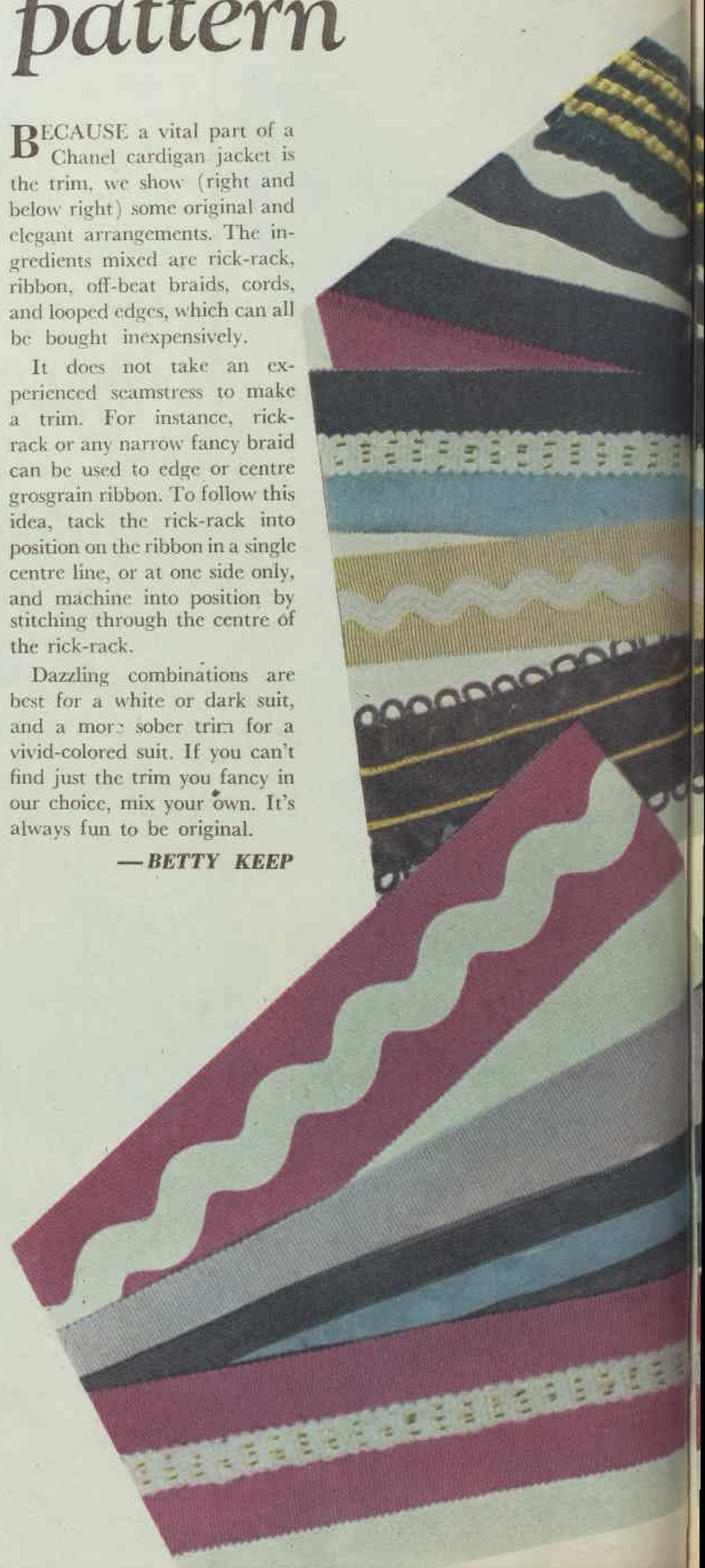
Chanel suit pattern

BECAUSE a vital part of a Chanel cardigan jacket is the trim, we show (right and below right) some original and elegant arrangements. The ingredients mixed are rick-rack, ribbon, off-beat braids, cords, and looped edges, which can all be bought inexpensively.

It does not take an experienced seamstress to make a trim. For instance, rick-rack or any narrow fancy braid can be used to edge or centre grosgrain ribbon. To follow this idea, tack the rick-rack into position on the ribbon in a single centre line, or at one side only, and machine into position by stitching through the centre of the rick-rack.

Dazzling combinations are best for a white or dark suit, and a more sober trim for a vivid-colored suit. If you can't find just the trim you fancy in our choice, mix your own. It's always fun to be original.

—BETTY KEEP



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How to order

● *Address mail orders, quoting pattern No. 7484, to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders. Pattern price 3/6.*

The suit pattern No. 7484 is available in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material, 4yds. of gold braid and 4yds. of red braid.

HERE, as a very special sewing offer, is a concession pattern for one of the world's best-sellers — the Chanel cardigan suit. The suit, which is flattering and suitable for all age-groups, can be made in any type of fabric and can take a wide variety of trims.

Our version is made in Suit-Queen — Chanel's favorite color combine — white wool, with a gold-and-red trim. The jacket, with its set-in three-quarter-length sleeves, shows a new Chanel fad of having the edges held together with a decorative pin brooch. Pattern price is 3/6.

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Wear St. Mark if you CARE

If you care about styling and comfort . . . if you care about the quality and fit . . . most of all, if you care about money-saving prices, you'll choose bras by St. Mark. Styled in America . . . made in Australia by a leading manufacturer . . . with all the extravagant features of much more expensive bras.

(A) St. Mark Teen's Bra, 9'11

Styled from Swiss embroidered poplin, gives lovely shaping to all teenagers. "AA", 30-34; "A", 32-36; "B", 32-36.

(B) St. Mark Contour Cup, 18'11

Gently moulds you to a lovelier shape. Embroidered poplin with shell padding. "A", 30-36; "B" cup, 32-36.

NO EMBARRASSING FITTINGS WHEN YOU BUY ST. MARK

Two simple measurements taken in the privacy of your bedroom ensure perfect fit. BRA SIZE: Measure chest under armpits, add 2 inches. CUP FITTING: Measure fullest part of bust. If equal to Bra size, select "A" cup; if one inch larger, "B" cup; two inches, "C" cup; three inches, "D" cup.

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT
WOOLWORTHS
ALSO AT **LAMBS** OF BRISBANE

Dress Sense

By

BETTY KEEP

● ***This three-piece ensemble with gaily printed overblouse matched to the jacket lining is chosen for a Queensland reader.***

DS477.—Three-piece ensemble in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. plain material and 3⅛yds. 36in. printed material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

HERE is part of her letter, and my reply:

"I am anxious to make a dark suit and some type of overblouse to wear to a country race meeting. I enjoy being individual about fashion, so I picked on a blouse as an idea to give the suit a striking look. I will need a paper pattern for the style you suggest in size 34in. bust."

Illustrated at right is the ensemble I have chosen in answer to your request. The suit is classic in design; and the printed silk overblouse matched to the jacket lining will give the ensemble extra color and chic. I suggest navy for the suit and orange-and-white for the print.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are details and how to order.

"Having been given some silk in a natural beige shade, I would like a suggestion for a style. I want a cool tailored dress to suit an adult in her mid-forties."

I suggest a slim, side-closed dress with a decollete notched collar and the waistline tied with a self-material fringed sash. The buttons for the side closing would be attractive in matching beige trimmed with dark chocolate-brown.

"Is it correct to wear gloves to a formal dance?"

Yes, it is.

"Could you please help me choose some fashion lines to disguise very wide, heavy shoulders and a narrow hipline?"

Any straight silhouette is good because it doesn't draw the eye to your narrow hips. A dress with a flared skirt (and it is high fashion right now) is another way to balance your figure proportions. Avoid any type of shoulder padding, however slight, because your own shoulders will provide the padding. A sloping shoulder line will be best for you.

"Please advise me about colors to wear. I have very black hair and dark eyes, and my complexion is inclined to be sallow. My friends call me striking."

You will find clear colors are the most flattering to your type, especially clear pink and blue. Creamy white is another shade to consider. If and when you wear a print it should have a white ground and be printed in clear shades. Avoid black.

"I'm only five feet tall, and my boy-friend is over six feet. I wondered if it would be best if I wore very high heels? The point is that I want to look taller."

Personally I think very high stilt heels exaggerate a small woman's lack of height and are apt to give her a tottering walk. Forget your height — your boy-friend likes you petite, anyway — and wear the heel height that allows for graceful walking.

"What colored shoes, bag, and hat should I wear with a vivid pink overcoat?"

Shoes and handbag in pale creamy beige or cinnamon, and a matching shade of pink for the hat.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933468

WHY DO SOME FAMILIES SEEM TO GET MORE OUT OF LIFE?

Some families glow with the pure enjoyment of life. Everyone who knows them is warmed by their vitality and friendliness. For such a family, life is good and fun and exciting.

And, every day, their lives grow more interesting . . . more productive . . . more meaningful.

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Homework help

CAN any schoolteacher tell me how much help parents should give children with their homework? My bugbear is the "sentences." From the three primary-school youngsters there's a nightly, "Mum, what's a good sentence with this in it?" If I make them do the work by themselves, they invariably use the word in the wrong sense. Should I correct them?

£1/1/- to "Puzzled Mother" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

Buying him a present

BUYING a present for my husband is always a problem. It takes me weeks of struggling and juggling with the housekeeping money to save sufficient, as I feel it would be silly to ask him for money to buy his own present. Should a wife be given a few shillings "personal" money a week so that she has some funds of her own to call on at present-giving time?

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Martin, Adelaide, S.A.

Doubt on cheaper meat cuts

WAITING my turn at the butcher's I overheard two young wives buying their meat. The first paid 5/- for two pieces of fillet steak. "You're lucky," said her companion, "it's stewing steak for us." Stewing steak plus kidney, vegetables, and fuel for lengthy cooking would not have worked out much cheaper, to my way of thinking. Except where the family is large, I think the cheaper cuts of meat are grossly overrated.

£1/1/- to "Miway" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

Digging in her heels

RECENTLY at a party, my host bluntly asked the women wearing spiked heels to remove them. Some agreed, but others, like myself, thought the request was rude and unreasonable. He said stiletto heels were ruining his floors. I feel that one expects the wear and tear of lino, carpets, etc., as part of everyday living and entertaining. Was his request unreasonable?

£1/1/- to "Cold Feet," Rosanna, Vic.

Little straws for big bottles

MANUFACTURERS are producing "king-size" soft-drink bottles. When are the drinking straws going to graduate to "king-size," too?

£1/1/- to "When" (name supplied), Mount Compass, S.A.

Baby talk

I AGREE with "Litty Sing" (Qld.), who says that baby talk helps resolve quarrels between her and her husband. My husband and I have an imaginary cat who talks, is a star footballer, sits at the meal table, and travels everywhere with us in the car. The quickest way to clear up any misunderstanding between us is to bring "him" into the conversation and we are as close as ever again.

£1/1/- to "Bob" (name supplied), Daysdale, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

BABY talk berry nice now, "Litty Sing," but some day oo will be big girl—pitty silly den!

£1/1/- to "Grow Up" (name supplied), Croydon, Vic.

★ ★ ★

"LITTY SING'S" baby talk between her and her husband when they are alone is a wonderful idea. If everyone could recapture the trust and affection in the minds of little children it would indeed be a blessing. Many evils including the threat of nuclear horrors would be forgotten.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. L. Clifford, Maylands, W.A.

★ ★ ★

I DO not condemn baby-talk entirely, but two people who cannot discuss their problems in a rational manner seem to be lacking in maturity.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. de Young, Mt. Evelyn, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I THINK it is far from childish to talk a "special language." My husband and I have always done so since our courtship. It is a personal bond between two people who think the world of each other.

£1/1/- to "French Maid" (name supplied), Moorooka, Qld.

★ ★ ★

A LITTLE bit of baby talk for a baby is all right, but if you continue, the toddler will not try to say the correct words. But, oh, between two grown-up people I could not imagine anything more silly.

£1/1/- to "Rawri" (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

BOOKLET REVIEW

ONE of my daughters had to do a school project on Glue.

"Sounds as if you'll be stuck," I said waggishly.

"No, it's easy," she replied. "You just write to the Klingtite Glue Company and they send you this book called 'The Romance of Glue.'"

It is amazing how successful children have been in getting big business firms to do their homework for them.

If I went to the Klingtite Co. and asked for a free pot of glue they would laugh in my face. But the young folk only have to show a flicker of interest in glue and company executives fall over themselves to help.

My daughter has a book with a long list of business concerns that provide a free homework service.

Giant companies will supply project material on "The Pageant of Peanut Butter," "What Rubber Means to You," and "The Thrilling Story of Sticky Tape." The soap-makers have come clean, the camera manufacturers are in the picture, and the sugar people are very sweet about it.

Their only stipulation is "Please don't forget to give your name and address." Some of the more impatient project planners omit these details.

Yet I wonder what businessmen think about it in their heart of hearts? It must be a thundering nuisance, with all the ringing of telephones and licking of envelopes involved.

Say, for example, the managing director wants Mr. Smithers, a trusted subordinate, to take over an urgent job at the new factory.

He finds Mr. Smithers can't go. He is busy preparing the new school project booklet, "Cake-Mix Through the Ages."

I suspect that these firms are not really keen on the idea. They go on with it simply because the children have them scared.

They remember the sad case of the Fruito Jam Co. This firm made good jam, but the boss was too conservative. He would not come in on the project stunt.

"When I was a kid we did our own homework," he said. "We didn't ask hard-working manufacturers to help us."

The result? Children began saying to their mothers: "Don't get Fruito Jam, Mum. They wouldn't help me with my project. Why don't you get Yummy Jam? They gave me a beaut book called 'The Magic of Marmalade.'"

Sales fell off. Soon Fruito was on the skids. They had to bring in a new manager, who saved the firm by writing the brilliant project booklet "Cavalcade of Jam."

Yes, the little ones are a power in the business world today. I only hope they don't carry their demands too far.

They say boys in sixth class have asked the Wizard Adding Machine Co. to provide an electronic brain to do their sums. Otherwise they will take their business elsewhere.

P.S.—It's no good writing to me for a free booklet called "The Wonderful World of Journalism," not even if you give your name and address.

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THE LOOK IS FEMININE

Candy Jones, former model and noted U.S. beauty authority, tells here what you need to know about make-up. Overleaf she discusses hair problems and ways to a pretty figure.

NEW beauty can't be gained in minutes, but correct facial make-up applied by an expert can take years from the face, make it seem beautiful, and give your morale a shot in the arm—all in less than an hour.

To know how to "dress" your face with the aid of cosmetics and a becoming hairdo, it is essential to "place" your face-shape and skin-type and know something about the art of camouflage.

Camouflage is the art of disguising. In a sense, it's a lesson in simple arithmetic—adding and subtracting.

No woman needs to excel in this form of mathematics to know that if her forehead is high or her chin receding she must subtract from the height of her brow and add to the prominence of her chin.

Make-up experts refer to these procedures as "shading" and "spotlighting" respectively.

In "shading" you create an illusion of greater obscurity, less size. "Spotlighting" brings out a specific area.

Subtly applied and perfected by practice, camouflage make-up will never make you look as though you've auditioned for a burlesque show.

A made-up face with camouflaged areas is as accepted today as a lipstick. The natural look women claim they want to achieve is what they have to begin with and are hoping to enhance.

They want their cake and to eat it, too. And it's possible—with experience and know-how, together with two of the arithmetic basics, adding and subtracting.

Facts about make-up

Choose the color of base or foundation with utmost care. Remember that all bases look lighter on your wrist and in the container than on your face.

Check the color by putting a dab or two on the back of your hand—not on the protected, usually lighter, skin of the underwrist.

Every woman should have at least two base shades — the darker for daytime, the lighter for evening—not the other way round as so many women think.

For shading or spotlighting contours, features, discolorations, wrinkles, etc., two more bases are needed. One of these (for spotlighting) should be three shades lighter than your lighter shade; the other (for shading) three shades darker than your darker shade.

Both should be in a solid cream stick unless the skin is deeply wrinkled. Then a liquid base would be advisable.

For dry skin use cream or liquid base; dab it on in spots all over face and neck, then smooth it in evenly all over.

Use cream or liquid rouge over your base; choose face powder to match the lighter base and wear it confidently day or night.

If your skin is oily, apply cake base with a damp, warm sponge. (A silk sponge is best.) Do not squeeze the sponge out and allow it to sleep on top of your cake. This is where you can begin complexion trouble. Always rinse the sponge well and allow it to dry.

A wet sponge application of cake-type make-up will give a lighter finish. The just-damp sponge will add more color and conceal imperfections.

A temporary bump (not an open pimple or sore, of course) can be quite well hidden by dabbing on and blending cake base with a short-bristled paintbrush—such as you use for lipstick and eyeshadow.

Pick cake rouge to add color. Remember that a cake base turns to a flat, matt finish on the skin and does not readily accept cream or liquid rouge. Apply your color sparingly with a brush or fresh cotton-wool puff.

When skin is part dry, part oily, use cream or liquid for all dry areas and a cake-type base in a similar color for oily areas.

Apply cake-type foundation last and blend quickly and evenly, watching your handiwork in a well-lighted three-way mirror for preference.

With a fresh, clean sponge, set your base by pressing cool, not cold, water all over face and throat before powdering.

Apply face-powder generously with a puff of cotton-wool all over face and neck, pressing (never rubbing) it into the skin. Then brush off in a downward direction with cotton-wool or a soft complexion brush.

When powdering, make a T formation. The top bar of the T covers your forehead and the vertical bar comes down over your nose, lips, and chin.

Two-face application

If your "face" doesn't seem to stay on long—your skin seems to absorb it and within an hour or two you are drained of color and compliments—try this:

Apply a complete base of cream or liquid. (If you are over 25, use a liquid base.) Rouge, shade, and spotlight as you usually would, powder down, and apply your eye make-up, but not your lipstick.

Using a moderately wet, warm silk sponge, gloss a thin layer of a similar shade of cake make-up over your face and lips. Apply quickly, smoothly, and evenly. After it has set for 30 seconds blot it dry with tissues. Touch-up if necessary your eyes or brows and add your lipstick.

Unless you are very, very young (and shouldn't wear daytime make-up, anyway) and have no lines or wrinkles, don't wear this long-stay make-up in sunlight. It will look make-up. But for indoor lighting or bright lights it will be attractive and stay for hours.

Points to remember

Cake-type base will accentuate tiny lines round the eyes and lips and draw attention to wrinkles unless these defects are touched up by spotlighting with an under-base of cream or liquid in these areas.

A cream or cake-type base best camouflages freckles and discolorations.

A liquid base fills in wrinkles and lines and is most flattering to mature complexions.

Loose face powder is always easier to apply than pressed powder. Keep yours in a salt-shaker to avoid pressing it down in a box container.

Face powder should be applied with soft cotton. Shake the powder on to your cotton puff, keeping it light and airy, thus preventing it from becoming scrubbed on to the base, smearing or streaking.

Use a powder brush after your powder has been firmly patted on to all base-covered skin — including your throat.

After powdering comes your lipline. Start with lips completely dry. Lipstick will look best over foundation and a slight dusting of powder to help prevent smearing.

Do's and don'ts

Never, but never, go to bed with your make-up on. Besides staining the bed linen you're inviting skin trouble.

If you smoke, try to keep your cigarette far enough away from your face to prevent the smoke from constantly climbing up your face. I've always suspected a connection between eye lines and cigarette smoke and general drying-out of the skin.

Scrub your wash-basin out thoroughly before washing your face.

Have separate washcloths for your face and for your body; ditto towels.

THE LOOK (above) of new make-up and hairstyling is what to aim for if you enjoy looking your natural best with an added touch of glamor for good measure. It comprises a smooth and peachy complexion, with even skin tones and a minimum of "coverage," and eyes that glow inside a delicate frame of tinted lash and lid. The prettier-than-ever mouth peaks gently on top, bows down below. Lipstick color is up to you this season—keep it rosy or red, matt or shiny. Topping all this—the shiny cap of hair, set on fat rollers, then brushed up and around the head with a real flourish.

Be lavish in your use of fresh face-cloths. Your face deserves a clean one each and every day. Cut up old bath towels into face-size squares just for this purpose.

Girls who have blemishes or any type of open pimples should boil the cloths and complexion brush (if you have one) and leave to dry in the sun. Remember that you can transfer germs and reinfect your skin with soiled washers.

Never put ice directly on your face. And use cold water, never ice water.

When removing make-up, take it off in sections. First gently cream and tissue off your lipstick, then your eye make-up, then cleanse the rest of your face.

Remember that all these movements should be upward.

Alcoholic drinks gradually coarsen any skin texture.

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(continued)

Crowning glory

This handful of information about hair by beauty authority Candy Jones should help you to understand your crowning glory just a bit better.

BASIC beauty treatment for lovely hair is easy, bargain-priced, and vital. It's cleanliness. For long-term beauty have a treatment at regular intervals by a hair expert.

LET'S talk a bit about the actual styling of your hair. "Hair is an accessory meant to adorn, complement, and to please you," says Mme Marguerite Buck, the brilliant American coiffeur consultant.

The last time she styled my hair I floated out of the salon feeling every inch a different woman with new worlds to conquer. Although I have a staff of my own hairstyling wizards right in my school, I suppose that I am just female enough to be curious about other experts, too.

Whenever you feel in the dumps for more than a day at a time, make an appointment with your favorite hairdresser for a new hairstyle. Even if the finished product isn't exactly what you had hoped for, and this can happen with the most celebrated hair artists, the head pampering will be a marvellous morale-lifter.

Let me say this about going to a beauty salon. Go with a definite but flexible idea of how you want to look. If you are having a complete restyling job done, drop in for a briefing with your hairstylist before the actual big day. Tell your operator the styles you like and the lines you cannot bear for your face.

Tear pictures from magazines and newspapers illustrating styles for facial types similar to yours and show them to your hairdresser. Ask, consider, and ultimately accept his styling advice unless you are firmly convinced that you are right and he is wrong.

If your hair is clean, it follows as the night the day that it and your scalp are going to fight off a lot of diseases to which it otherwise might fall heir.

So this is what you do:

You diet properly. For hair care in general, food is a vital item. For instance, you should avoid salt as much as possible. Some hair experts are convinced that too much of it stunts hair growth.

This knocks out a lot of foods: Salted, smoked, canned, or spiced meats, bacon, frankfurters, ham, hard cheeses, salted crackers, pies with salted crusts, and, oh, a terribly long and depressing list.

A rule of thumb is just to shy away from foods that you know have much salt.

You brush your hair each day. Buy a good animal-hair, natural-bristle brush. Not a synthetic one. The bristles are too harsh; ultimately they must hurt your scalp. Actually, you know, you might get just as good effect by combing your hair daily with a good tortoise-shell comb.

The old standby of well-groomed women is a hundred strokes a day, but whatever number you arrive at just make sure it's a big one. There's no substitute for regular brushing or combing.

You massage your scalp. Do it with your fingertips, and while you're about it avoid using any kind of pulling action on the hair. A vibrator will serve the purpose, too.

You shampoo. Regularly. Once a week will do the trick for dry hair, twice for oily. Occasionally, hair is too oily to be dealt with through ordinary channels. In this case, consult a physician, who can prescribe a corrective shampoo.

If you have a dry scalp, *you apply vegetable oil*—without a mineral oil base. Good oils for this use are olive, sesame, castor, sunflower, or peanut, to be used together with dibs and dabs of lanolin.

You give your scalp a lot of good, fat circulation. Let someone else worry about whether tight hats will ruin your hair; just you don't take a chance that they may. I suppose this really is an item that men should bear in mind more than women, but some girls have the habit of wearing tight hats, headbands, and the like, so stop it right away.

About dandruff

Now take dandruff. We've got to take it, disagreeable as it is. It's known medically as seborrhea capitis, and it's with most of us in more or less degree, chiefly between the ages of 20 and 40.

There are a handful of reasons for it. Dr. Irwin Lubowe gives the four major ones as: (1) Faulty diet; (2) emotional tension; (3) infection; and (4) injury to the scalp. He offers four prongs of treatment:

(1) Shampooing; (2) local application of antiseborrheic preparations; (3) stimulating the scalp with ultra-violet or cold quartz rays; and (4) use of scalp lotions containing resorcinol, euresol, salicylic acid, chloral hydrate or mercury bichloride or a combination in glycero-aqueous alcoholic "vehicles."

You may be a little startled to learn that diet is one of the major causes of dandruff.

Avoid too much of any of these: Chocolate, butter, tea, coffee, soft drinks, alcohol, rich desserts, iodised salt, shellfish, and cream.

Skip greasy foods, too, and cut down on spices.

Foods that WON'T give you dandruff are boiled or grilled lean meat, fish, whole-wheat bread, fruits, skimmed milk, vegetables, eggs.

Baldness

Baldness? Well, to date it has troubled men much more than women, but the word is that it is becoming more and more of a problem to the girls, which in one way may mean that its cure may be sooner in coming. It's hard to see women, en masse, sitting still for the coming of the smooth, shiny egghead.

And, of course, no one really knows why people are bald. A little—such a comparatively little—IS known.

Some of the villainous factors are heredity (the chief monster), dandruff, nutritional deficiency, scalp infections, imbalance of hormones, impaired circulation (take off that tight hat!), scalp injury, and body infection.

One of our experts in the field of hair is Dr. Benjamin Dorsey, and he believes that the tight hat compresses and traumatises the temporal artery and veins—they run along the sides of the head—and thus impairs the blood circulation so vital to the hair.

Lots of people, mostly men, feel that close or frequent shaving of the balding area will cause hair to regrow.

Cutting or shaving of hair anywhere on the body **does not make hair grow thicker.** So, if you've been shaving off unwanted hair, as all women do, don't worry about it growing more thickly and luxuriantly than ever. It hasn't a single thing to do with it.

The word is that from 15 to 20 per cent. of all American girls and women past adolescence are affected these days by one form of baldness or another. The rate has been rising so swiftly that there are storm warnings up; inside of ten years, some experts feel, more than a third of all women will be appreciably bald.

One solid reason, the experts say—and hold on to your eyelashes—is the ponytail hairdo. I'm NOT fooling! Medical people even have coined a fancy title for the baldness that the ponytail causes: *traction alopecia.* What it amounts to is a scalp inflammation caused, either on the surface where it can be detected or below the outer skin layers, by prolonged pulling of the hair.

Avoid pulling the hair tightly back away from the face if you do wear a ponytail. And, of course, never cinch it in an elastic band. The baldness, by the way, caused by the ponytail pull can be detected quite early.

Your hairline from high at the temples anywhere down to your ears will appear to be receding. The tightly drawn braid has the same effect — and, horrors, tight pin-curlers and hairpins left on overnight do, too.

Wigs, hairpieces

There are those unfortunate women whose hair has suffered damage of one sort or another and they have become bald or their hair is thin in spots. So we come to wigs and transformations, and I'm a champion of them—IF they're made well.

The name of the game is "confidence," and if a wig helps give it to you I can't knock it. Anyway, there are more than a million and a half women in the United States who now wear teensy hairpieces and another five million who wear pieces purely for purposes of fashion.

Making a good hairpiece is an art. It takes time and trouble, and is, consequently, fairly expensive. Almost all are made of human hair, and most of the hair comes from Italy and other countries in the Mediterranean area.

Of course, women in these areas are generally black- or brown-haired, which is why blond, red, and white hair is more expensive.

One of my dearest friends, Doris Fleischer, is largely responsible for the fashion fad of wearing colored hairpieces and wigs.

Years ago during the war, when I came back from the south-west Pacific following a Services tour, I was partially bald right smack in the front of my head. Doris made several hair additions for me, matched to my own shade, which allowed me to continue with my photographic career.

Through constant massage, my hair grew back normally, thank goodness, but I would have been out of work had it not been for her.

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Continuing LOOK FEMININE

Hair tinting, setting

● I'm old enough to remember the dark days when the hissed whisper, "Listen — she dyes her hair," was tantamount to an accusation of heresy. Thank heavens those days are going forever.

NOWADAYS, women can dye their hair at will (and many of them do). The worst result it achieves is when some man laughs and says, "Good gosh, woman — what have you DONE?"

I've had my hair tinted (that's a euphemism for when you've changed its color), and although I don't do it now you never can tell when I might begin again.

In my modelling days my hair was as light as a palomino pony, and if there are any old bearded photographers around who remember those long-ago years and who think my crowning glory was natural I want to set them straight.

I don't think any of them thought that, though. Their customary opening gambit when I'd turn up for a photography session was, "Say, C.J., who does your hair? It looks awful."

When you make your hair light blond you're having it bleached a great deal, and I warn, here and now, that if you go on and on with this sort of thing pretty soon you'll have hair that will resist permanent waving. The hair over a period of time can become dry, brittle, lifeless, and pretty rough to handle.

One English dermatologist, a man named Moynahan, says flatly that excessive bleaching after a while will make a woman's hair "an aesthetic and dermatological mess."

But, Mr. Moynahan, it's such fun to do, sometimes!

These days the new vegetable-dye rinses are enormously popular, and it's pleasant to report that they're generally harmless. The catch with a vegetable-dye rinse is, of course, that it must be used pretty often if you want your hair to stay the same shade.

Commonly, rinses incorporate lemon juice, vinegar, and acetic acid. Lately, antiseptics such as quaternary amines have been put into the rinse, and now and then henna or camomile is added for tinting.

Rollers are the answer to the softly waved, loose hairstyles that look fashionable and youthful. For shoulder-long to 2in. hair there's a roller for every length and style. The whole trick is knowing the right size roller for your hair-length and how to roll your own.

Roller sizes

Very curly, heavy hair should always be set on the large, queen-size rollers to remove unwanted kink and to straighten yet wave the hair.

If you want large, deep waves and your hair is shoulder-length large rollers are for you, too.

If the sides and crown are short you'll want medium to small rollers for a firmer wave. For the short neck-line curls, where you want body and support for the top waves, use narrow little rollers.

Some rollers have inner brush cores that grasp the hair ends nicely and are specially easy for novices to work with. Those with little teeth also secure ends firmly.

For sleeping more comfortably—and I've tried every roller style there is to discover a more comfortable way to pillow my head at night — most girls prefer the plastic mesh rollers. At first they feel as though you have rocks attached to your head, but the plastic ones seem more springy.

Be sure to have an assortment of roller sizes for your hair.

Lay all the rollers out in position before you start setting, the big rollers for top waves, the smaller ones for sides, and so forth.

Using a rat-tail comb, part your hair in sections. Don't wind too much hair on each roller.

Smooth rolling of end hairs will assure you of the results you seek. Don't bend them under or have extra stray ones belonging on another roller tucked on to your roller. Cotton wool or end-roll tissues help to place the ends neatly and flatly on to your roller, and for short lengths are really a must.

Don't roll quickly. Take your time and make the hairs follow a smooth pattern on the roller. Fasten roller to your head firmly.

Careful brushout

Because rollers are mainly open-work mesh, hair dries wonderfully soon. Unpin the rollers gently by careful unwinding.

Brush, don't comb, your hair. Brush from the under part of your hair, up and out, then softly from the crown down. Because you've set them by a plan, your waves will fall into place.

Brush thoroughly without worry that you will remove the wave, and comb-set your hair in its final style. Spray all over your head with little short spurts for longer wave life. Hold your hair-spray container about 8in. from your hair when spraying.

Double-check the rear view of your style in the mirror. No coif can be labelled a success unless it's as pretty going as it is coming. Your three-way mirror will help you leave a pretty last impression on everyone.

Practice makes perfect, and in no time you'll find roller-setting second nature with you.

The star... is you!

SOPHIA LOREN
who stars with CHARLTON HESTON
in Samuel Brooston's "EL CID".

Your beauty care . . . the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars . . . the mild beauty soap that keeps your skin so soft, so smooth — so beautifully clear!

Lux Toilet Soap

the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as *you* face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the cream-enriched lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. *And you . . .*

In four pastel shades and white

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EXERCISE HITS THE SPOT

Concluding

LOOK FEMININE

. . . says beauty authority Candy Jones as she urges you toward a better, smoother figure.

LOSING unwanted inches isn't an overnight or over-the-weekend affair. It has taken you a while to add them, therefore realise right from the start that they won't just drop off in a matter of days.

But, happy thought, they will disappear reasonably fast, provided you systematically make the effort, and that means FAITHFULLY doing the spot exercises as prescribed.

The whole point is, without fail, to do your exercises at least six times weekly, Sunday to Friday inclusive, or any consecutive six days you choose. And, I stress, **consecutive** days.

Don't measure or weigh yourself until the end of the twelfth day of exercise; that means almost two weeks after you have begun your better-figure campaign. It will probably take that long for results to show.

The scales may show the same weight as when you began those little exercise sessions, but the tape-measure may have come in one-half to a whole inch less. Remember, too, that in most cases it is the measurement loss that will make the big difference in your figure improvements and that weight loss alone is not your goal.

If you have not been taking exercise within the past six months, then begin your sessions with a minimum time—10 minutes the first two sessions, 20 minutes the third session, and if you're not too stiff extend it to half an hour for the next four sessions.

Measure yourself (after the 12th day) in two-week periods.

The wonderful thing about losing inches through your own effort, plus my simple physical (not mechanical) exercises, is that they won't come right back on; not unless you go haywire and eat recklessly.

You should check your measurements (once they have become desirable) every month, and if there is an increase anywhere several days of exercise will take care of it. Holiday times are the exceptions.

My students never regain lost inches, and this applies to ex-students I have seen three and four years after training.

• PROTRUDING ABDOMEN

A thick waistline is never youthful. You can't wear the clothes that are the most fun and flattering, and you know all of the reasons why yours should be as indented and small as possible. I have never thought that a waistline can be too tiny in proportion to the balance of the figure.

Did you know that nature has already provided you with a built-in girdle of muscles? The medical dictionary labels them the latissimus muscles.

A good girdle, fitted by an expert, can do much to put you into fashion's shape, but I want you to use nature's own girdle so that you need not rely on a man-made girdle exclusively.

Reach for the stars on your toes. Stand straight and thrust both arms and fingers to the sky.

Bend down, with knees straight, and touch the floor with your fingers. Practise until you can touch the floor with your palms.

Clench hands and with fists on waist twist as far as you can to your right and then to your left with your upper torso.

Lie flat on your back on the floor with your knees bent and your feet on the floor directly beneath your knees. With both hands grasp your thighs and very slowly pull yourself to sitting position. Sit for a moment, and just as slowly lower yourself to the floor. Repeat this exercise ten times daily.

• WAIST AND UPPER ABDOMEN

Sit on the floor with legs straight out and separated. Tighten your abdominal muscles and bend forward from the waist, with the right hand trying to touch the toes of the left foot . . . and vice-versa. Gradually work up speed and do a set of ten toe touches each day.

• TWO MORE WAIST-WHITTLERS

Stand straight with feet separated, hips tucked under, stomach in. Without moving hips, raise arms in front to shoulder height and stretch right hand as far right as possible—you are pushing the right side of the rib-cage as far from left as possible. Feel the diagonal stretch. Come back to position and then stretch left. Do this stretching slowly; stretch as far as possible and do ten times.

Stand in same position. Raise arms to left at shoulder level. Stretch fingertips out as far as possible without moving hips. Keeping arms straight, make a semicircle down to the floor with the upper body and bring arms up far over to right. Stretch, swing down, over and up.

• TIGHTEN ABDOMEN MUSCLES

Lie flat on back with arms extended upward. Swing arms forward and simultaneously raise upper part of the body and bend the knees to the chest without touching feet to the floor. Then lower legs slowly to the floor. Repeat ten times.

• THIGH EXERCISE

Lie on stomach with arms supporting the head. Slowly raise left leg into the air, directly from the hip joint, bend leg back at knee as far as possible, and point the toes. Then straighten leg and lower it slowly to the floor.

• FULL UPPER AND OUTER THIGH

In my opinion, any upper thigh that measures 22in. or more at the uppermost part needs slenderising. Here's how:

Stand firmly on both feet with heels almost touching. Place your weight on your left foot while drawing up your right leg until your knee is folded under and your toe is pointing straight out toward your back.

Now, using tension at the upper inner thigh, extend your right leg to its fullest position outward to the right of your body. Tense and firm the leg while extended, sustain the effort, and slowly bring the knee back to position and lower the foot to the floor. Relax and repeat the same movement with the left leg. Do ten times daily.

Or here's another idea: With an ordinary wooden kitchen rolling-pin you can help to smooth out upper and inner thigh bulges. Begin your flattening movement from above the knee, exerting pressure, firmly rolling your pin UP from thigh as far as you can go. Count your strokes and know that you are a good girl after the count of 100 on each thigh (inside and out, if need be) five days.

• HEAVY UPPER KNEES, THIGHS

Have you ever been startled by noticing a girl who has slim calves and ankles with really heavy flesh above the knee and too-full thighs? Such a figure should never wear bermuda-type shorts, which will accentuate the fullness of the knee section. The solution for this dilemma is to exercise and thereby reduce the upper leg area. As weight and inches decrease, more shapely, firm limbs develop.

Get flat on your back with your knees bent and separated about 6in. Place your heels close to your buttocks and your feet flat on the floor. Slap your knees together briskly and feel the swing of the loose flesh from your knees up to your thighs.

Slap, slap, slap at least 50 times each session until you reach your desired firmness (or until you are slap-happy).

• TWO BUTTOCK-REDUCERS

Stand in your bare feet with your weight on the balls of your feet and heels about 2in. apart. Take your time and bring the buttocks close to each other. Slowly feel their contraction. At the same time, without bending your knees, exert tension from your knees up as though you were pressing your knees together.

This will firm the inner thigh muscles. Hold this position to the count of ten. Just as slowly release tension in the buttocks and knees. Do this exercise at least six times daily for maximum results.

Here is our pet hip- and buttock-decreaser. Do this at least 15 minutes daily to roll extra inches away:

Lying flat on your back on the floor, arms outstretched, keeping your shoulders as flat on the floor as possible, cross left leg far over right and reach with left foot for area opposite waist at right. This causes a twisting, rolling motion from waist down. Try to keep upper part of body flat to floor. Repeat with right leg over left.

• ROUND BACK, SHOULDERS

First of all, understand that you will be exercising the back deltoid muscle, which extends over the shoulder and down to the shoulder-blades.

With your thumb on the outside, curl your fingers into a relaxed fist. Break your fists backward by bending them upward against the wrists.

Standing in perfect posture, push both arms behind you with elbows and forearms clenched straight. Keep your arms parallel to each other and lift them behind you as far as they will go, which will not be high. Put your stomach in and up under your rib-cage and hold your head erect. Tense your buttock muscles simultaneously.

Hold yourself in this position, releasing your tension until your fingertips point floorwards; relax your wrists. Do this movement three times, relax, and repeat until you have reached the count of 30 movements.

• FOR CALF-SLIMMING

(This exercise will help you to rid yourself of fatty tissue on the inside of the knees and calves.)

Sit on the floor with your knees drawn up and your heels close to your buttocks. Rest your weight on your hands behind your hips flat on the floor. Slap your knees together sharply. Spank at least 50 times a day.

• TO FIRM ANKLES

(This will tighten loose flab around the ankles.)

Sit on the floor with legs straight out. With one foot at a time, point your toes and draw circles in the air, revolving around the ankle which you are using as a pivot point. Sketch 50 circles with each ankle daily.

Bosom beauty

FEW figure flaws cause as much anguish as a drooping, sagging bust. Although America is gifted with the talents of the world's best brassiere designers, no girl or woman wants to feel that she must rely on her bra completely.

The type of bosom that is prone to sagging and drooping is the full bust of the woman who wears a bigger than B-cup brassiere.

I have had women ask me whether reducing the size of their bust would help to prevent later sagging. The answer is no. There is no exercise or massage of which I am aware to safely reduce the bust.

I have noticed that bosoms become smaller when an overall weight loss has been achieved, and at this time, without proper exercise and perfect posture, it is possible for the breasts to have a tendency to droop. The breast, as you know, is a boneless, soft protuberant gland adhering to the thorax in females. Only one muscle, the pectoralis, is responsible for supporting the breasts.

The following sports are excellent muscle-toners: Swimming, tennis, badminton, table tennis, rowing, canoe paddling.

• LIFT AND PREVENT SAG

Sit or stand erect. At shoulder level, extend your left arm out to the side. Put the fingers of your right hand above your left breast and touch the tip of your left shoulder, under which is your pectoral muscle.

Move your left arm forward until straight out while feeling the muscle contract. Return to the initial position and this time consciously put tension in the pectoral muscle while extending the left arm forward. Move as though pushing aside a heavy cement block. Sustaining the tension, return left arm to starting position and relax. Do the same with your right arm.

Now repeat the movement with both arms. There is no speed to this exercise, only steady tension pull, which will firm and develop the pectoral muscle, thereby helping to lift the bosom. Do this ten times daily.

• BUILD UP THE BUSTLINE

Stand erect; lift rib-cage; pull diaphragm up and in, shoulders back and down.

The following "push-up" exercise works wonders, but it is extremely strenuous. If at first you find it too difficult, skip it until you have built up your muscle tone sufficiently.

Lie face-down on the floor. Keep hands at shoulder level close to body. Raise body with your hands, keeping arms stiff, until only palms and toes touch the floor. Inhale deeply at the same time. Then lower your body to the floor, exhaling slowly.

• FIRM BREAST MUSCLE

Stand erect with spine in straight alignment; while keeping abdomen flat, raise both arms sideways and up diagonally to shoulder height. Slowly, using tension as in above exercise, draw both arms together, keeping shoulder-blades as close together as possible for added tension. Return arms to shoulder position, then press them both as far backwards as possible. Now draw arms straight down to sides and relax. Do ten times daily.

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BECAUSE YOU KNOW
your love and your care are his whole world

HEINZ BABY FOODS...
every meal...every day

That treasured little bundle of love depends on you for his every need. How good it is to *know* you're giving him the very best start to healthy happy growing with Heinz Baby Foods . . . foods specially prepared to meet every specific need in his diet through every growing stage. Only Heinz provide complete daily menus of delicious nutritious baby foods — nearly 90 varieties of Strained and Junior Foods as well as Baby Cereals — all exactingly prepared for his baby digestion. While baby thrives on Heinz, you'll appreciate the convenience of Heinz, especially at holiday-time. So give your baby that extra goodness of Heinz Baby Foods . . . every meal . . . every day.

HEINZ
BABY FOODS 57
THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW — LASTS A LIFETIME

Last Resort

The situation was a matter of urgency . . . a short story

By MERLE CONSTINER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

IN 1846, some miles upriver from Cincinnati, there stood a mouldy magenta brick building in a grove of black-green cedars.

This dismal rookery was Paggett's Select School for Young Gentlemen and housed a headmaster, two tutors, and twenty-three young gentlemen who ranged in age from six to fifteen. Its living conditions were not select, nor for the most part was its teaching staff, but its pupils were very select indeed and came without exception from wealthy and distant families. Here pupils wore patched clothes, ate weevily oatmeal, and carried gold watches. Mr. Charles Shotwell, junior tutor in the physical sciences, ate the weevily oatmeal also — and enjoyed it. He was a horse-faced young man, withdrawn, foggy-eyed, and utterly immersed in his work. Good living and money were entirely beyond his realm of interests. He had never had any money. He had never truly considered it—not until the night of the letter.

He had just finished a supper of pickled beef, corn bread, and molasses and tea in the steward's hall and was heading back along the main corridor for the stairs and his room when he saw it. It was in the mail basket on the table, alone, a big crisp envelope addressed to him in glossy indian ink. It was the first letter he had received from anyone in years. He picked it up and climbed the pine stairs, two flights, to his little attic.

Here he lighted a candle stub. In one corner, on the floor, was his bearskin pallet. Roundabout, everywhere, were bottles of chemicals, books, and minerals. This was his home, his sanctuary, and he loved it. Mr. Paggett, the headmaster, never came here because of the steep stairs; Mr. Rice, the senior tutor, never came here because he was fastidious. Settling his spectacles on the bridge of his nose, Mr. Shotwell turned the letter over to open it.

It was then that he noticed the return address and could hardly believe his eyes— Miss Ursula Lenox, Sylvan Glade.

Sylvan Glade was the Sylvan Glade Female Academy, and Miss Lenox was its mistress.

It was only a year old, owned by Philadelphia capital and located about three miles north of Paggett's. There was a ferocious hostility between the two institutions. Mr. Paggett had become enraged and jealous when Sylvan Glade had

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"You must visit us soon," Ursula said graciously to Mr. Shotwell.

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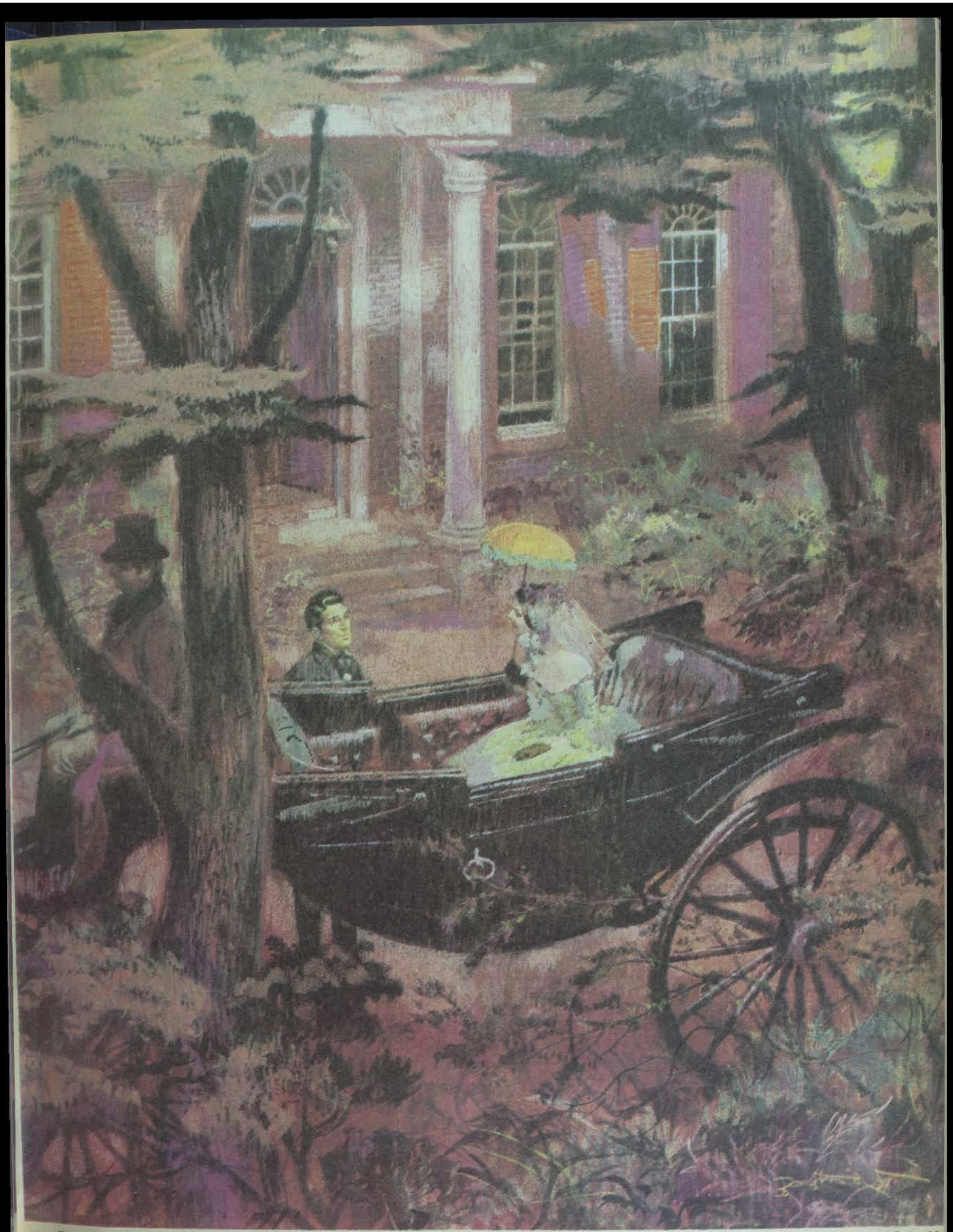

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Because you're 'all woman' you'll love a

BERLEI GOTHIC BRA

with miracle 'cordtex' butterfly support

Gothic does absolute wonders for you and your curve-confidence! You'll feel young, look young, blessed with the exciting knowledge of shapeliness that firm lifting and moulding and high, wide separation bring. The secret is the power of 'Cordtex' butterflies so lovingly supporting you: and the **inner** secret of smooth, smooth contouring that makes even a good figure look so very much better. In crisp, easy to launder Newlon with embroidered upper cups; Twinflex back for perfect adjustment. 2 dreamy styles, contoured or not as you wish.

30-42", A, B, C, CC cups ..... **27/6.**

Contoured, 30-38", A, B, C ..... **33/6.**

Berlei
GOTHIC BRAS

B223

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First instalment of our serial — a suspense in two exciting parts

I am watching you

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

By Ann Head

BOUNCING up the steep mountain road in the station waggon the inn had sent to Asheville to meet me, I wondered bleakly why I had ever given in to Laurel and her preposterous plan.

I loathe the mountains. They intimidate me. I loathe the sort of inn I was afraid Brockton's would be. Pretentiously rustic. Overflowing with hearty good sports addicted to horseback riding and sitting around outdoor fires singing folk songs. I loathe horses, and, worse still, they loathe me; and while there is nothing more delightful than folk songs sung in their native habitat by the people who invented them, "On Top Of Old Smoky" rendered in an Eastern boarding-school accent leaves much to be desired. As for this role of detective which Laurel had thrust upon me, that was the most incredible and loathsome thing of all.

The only snooping I've ever done in my life was when I was ten and suspected that my older sister was reading my diary. I tried to catch her in the act, but I never succeeded, although I set every sort of trap imaginable. In one last desperate attempt to convince Laurel that I was no good for the role, I told her of this earlier fiasco; but the tale only strengthened her conviction that I was just the one for the task. It was, she said, this very lack of guile which had prompted her to choose me, first as confidante and now as emissary.

Enlarging on this, she said that when the private detective traced the letters to the inn and suggested she plant a friend there to follow the matter up, she had thought of me. She had thought of me, she said, because not only was I clever—she paused to let me absorb her flattery—but also I had the exact sort of personality and appearance Mr. Austin, the detective, had in mind.

He had, it seemed, suggested a woman, youngish and unattached, personable but not conspicuous (undoubtedly Laurel's tactful interpretation of passable but not pretty), someone who made friends easily and yet, Laurel stated triumphantly, who was so dedicated to her work that she would not be suspected of being violently interested in anything else—such as, say, the letters.

This matter of dedication to work was, if Laurel had but guessed, the strongest point in her argument. It referred to my lifelong preoccupation with archaeology, a preoccupation which, though it had steered me safely through a painful youth, a stormy adolescence, and eventually taken me half-way around the world and back, had now at twenty-eight left me stranded at a girls' college as an assistant lecturer with a roomful of articles taken from various tombs—cold reminders that time does not stand still.

It had also left me with a broken heart, because I'd been so busy learning how to handle picks and shovels and ancient documents that I'd not learned the first thing about handling men and had, in my colossal ignorance, let the only one who had ever loved me get away.

I was, in short, in a rut, and, however absurd Laurel's proposal might be, it was at least a more unique way of spending the Easter holidays than the routine visit to my brother which I had planned.

Misinterpreting my silence, Laurel had pleaded further. "Besides exactly filling the bill," she urged, "you are the only one of my friends whom

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Peg and Garth smiled as Mimi looked up from the inn register, where she found the query, "Your Reason For Being Here?"

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I'm the comfort loving type! I sleep best in light, cool sheets

so I buy lightweight TOWN HOUSE SHEETS

- *Lightweight for cool, smooth comfort*
- *Full 100 inches long after hemming.*
- *Strongly woven for long wear.*
- *Carefully selected cotton—free from filling.*

Prices: 54 x 100, 54/6 pr. — 63 x 100, 63/- pr. 70 x 100, 68/- pr. — 80 x 100, 76/- pr. — 90 x 100, 85/- pr. (Prices vary slightly in S.A. Plus freight in certain country areas).

TOWN HOUSE SHEETS BY ACTIL

These Guaranteed Actil Sheets bear this tab . . .

MAKERS OF SHEETS • PILLOWCASES • NURSERY SQUARES • FASCO, THE ALL-PURPOSE FABRIC • BEAU-WEAVE FURNISHING FABRIC

For all their life together it had been the sign of the love and devotion that they thought would last always

THE CHARM BRACELET

A short story complete on this page **By Miranda G. Shore**

BACK from her daily visit to the hospital, Mary Walton went up to the second floor of her house. It had been made into an apartment for her son, Bob, and his wife.

Betty would be home from hospital soon, bringing her first-born. Mary Walton's face softened. A dear girl, Betty. Almost good enough for one's only—and idolised—son. Mary hoped they would always be happy. Always. Not like her and Robert. Mary shivered suddenly. Soon, perhaps tonight, she would have to find the courage to tell Bob about his father. Then, when he saw fit, he could break the news to Betty. The girl would be shocked, incredulous. She loved her father-in-law.

And I love Robert, too, Mary thought. But I'll have to get along without him, somehow. I can't keep him any longer from—from that girl.

Denise, her name was. Nearly three months ago Robert had told Mary that he wanted a divorce. He had fallen in love with a young woman whom he had met on his travels for the firm. "It's not so sudden as it sounds," he had told Mary, groping for words. "I—I've been seeing her for months."

"No—oh, no," Mary had said. She hardly knew what she was saying. "Not a divorce, Robert. You can't—" She had grasped at the first excuse that came into her head. "You must consider Betty. This will upset her terribly with the baby coming."

Her voice had choked, "Robert, she thinks we're so happy! Only the other day I heard her telling Bob she'd be perfectly content if their marriage turned out half as well as ours—"

"Don't, dear," Robert had said. His face was grey, strained. "I—I'm sorry, Mary. I don't want to hurt you."

They must have talked for hours in circles. But eventually Mary had his promise; he would do nothing, say nothing, until Betty's baby was born. It would not be too difficult. He could stay away from home for a few months without rousing suspicion; as a traveller he was often away.

When it had come to the moment of parting, Mary had not been able to help herself. Pride, what there was of it, went to the wall. "Robert," she said. "If anything happens — if you change your mind — give me some sign—"

But he had said nothing. He had just looked at her for a moment, pity and concern in his eyes. Then he had turned abruptly and left.

Except for postcards — inquiries about Betty chiefly — she had heard nothing.

"Hi, you there, Mother?" Bob's voice roused Mary from her memories. "I dropped in at the hospital." He broke off, fishing something out of the sink. "Hey, what's this? It might have gone down the drain!"

"My bracelet!" Mary took it from him; suddenly she was trembling. "I put it on the drainboard before I washed my hands. It must have slid off." More to herself than Bob she added, "I wouldn't lose it for a fortune."

"I know. One of Dad's offerings, isn't it?" Bob started for the door. "I'll go and change."

Mary didn't hear; she stood with the bracelet in her hands, her eyes filling. A charm bracelet; hardly the thing for a grandmother. But she loved it so. Robert had started it for her years ago when he first got his traveller's job. From then on he had sent her a charm from every place he visited.

You could almost trace their fortunes on the bracelet, Mary thought. The first charms had been silver, inexpensive. As Robert's earnings increased, so did the charms increase in value. The last addition, a year ago, had been a tiny cat with emerald eyes. Gold with real emeralds. Extravagant, charming.

Mary could not bring herself to tell Bob about his father that night. The episode of the charm bracelet had upset her too much, brought back too vividly her lost happiness. She decided to wait a day or two; when she felt steadier.

Two days later she was glad she had waited—because the mailman, smiling, handed her a little package. "Someone thinkin' of you, Mrs. Walton!"

Mary smiled. "The vitamins I ordered, probably." She carried the package in, tearing the wrappings as she went.

Then her eyes widened. Not vitamins, certainly. This was a jeweller's box. Instead, on a bed of white cotton lay a little golden heart.

With fumbling fingers, Mary looked for a card, a message. But there was none. Slowly she smiled. She needed no written message, after all. This was her sign, this charm for her bracelet. It was Robert's way of saying that, whatever had happened, he was hers again.

In the living-room, for a long while, Mary sat quiet, savoring her happiness. Then she reached for the telephone; Robert would be waiting for an answer, an acknowledgment——

She sent a telegram to his hotel: "I love you, darling. Come home soon."

That evening, when Bob came in, he looked at his mother with astonishment. "What's happened, Mother? You look as gay as a Christmas tree." He hugged her; then he grinned. "Don't tell me. I know. Dad's all through and headed for home!"

Mary nodded. "That's it, darling." Thinking of Robert, she scarcely heard Bob talking until he touched her on the arm. "Mother, listen. Did a package come today for Betty?"

"A package for Betty?" Mary shook her head.

"I sent for it specially. Something I saw advertised," Bob said. "It's a heart. A solid gold heart." He smiled at her. "I promised Betty I'd start a charm bracelet for her, like yours—" He broke off. "Mother, is anything the matter?"

Mary couldn't speak. She reached blindly for a chair and sank into it, her mind whirling. "A package for Mrs. Walton." She had forgotten that she wasn't the only Mrs. Walton!

"I—I'm all right, Bob," she managed. "Just a little faint. Been doing too much, I suppose. I think I'll go and lie down."

She was dozing, restless, and unhappy when Bob came into the room and bent over her quietly. "You awake, Mother? Want to take a long-distance call? It's Dad."

"Your father?" Mary reached for her robe. Color burned in her face as she went into the living-room and picked up the telephone. What was she to say, how could she explain?

"Mary, dear, I just got your telegram!" Robert's voice sounded strange. "Oh, I don't know what prompted you to send it, but I'm so thankful you did. I've been trying to get up courage to ask you to take me back."

"But — but Denise?" Mary's heart began to thud.

"That's all over, darling," Robert said. "Done with weeks ago. She—well, she's found a younger man." He went on quickly. "And I'm glad for her. What I felt for Denise wasn't love. It was—" he laughed awkwardly, "well, call it middle-aged madness!"

Mary didn't know what to say. Perhaps Robert was more hurt than he admitted. But nothing mattered so long as he was coming home.

"I—you'd better talk to Bob, dear," she said shakily. "He's got a lot to tell you about that son of his. You're a grandfather now, remember!"

And with shining eyes she held out the receiver to Bob.

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"Peter, I've never seen you so busy," Marilla said as she sat opposite him.

A short story complete on this page by MARILYN LONGMUIR

THERE were three little words which had made Peter Harvison just about the unhappiest man in town. Six months ago they would not have made the slightest difference to him, but six months ago he had not met Marilla Harris. Now he would willingly have joined any organisation that declared its objective the banning of those words and the trouble they brought with them.

It was all Marilla's fault, really, and those three simple but potent words were "do it yourself."

It was Friday night, and Peter had thought Marilla might like to go dancing. But when he called to mention it to her, what did he discover? There she was surrounded by wisps of material, bunches of artificial flowers, large and mall varieties of bows, pudding-basin-shaped affairs of buckram, cottons and needles.

"What is all this in aid of?" demanded Peter.

"Why, it's all quite simple, Peter," announced Marilla brightly. "I've taken up millinery. It's much cheaper and tons more fun when you do it yourself. I'm just about to start. Would you like to stay and watch?"

Peter most assuredly did not. He still had the scar on his hand where Marilla had managed to saw him, instead of a piece of wood, during her last hobby. That had been furniture-making. Marilla had insisted on giving him a three-legged table to compensate for the injury. Actually the table should have had four legs, but Marilla couldn't manage it, so his had only three.

So much for romance, though. It was quite impossible for there to be any in Peter's life as long as Marilla had this "do it yourself" craze.

Just how could a person be romantic painting a room, for example. You wear your oldest clothes; you've splashes of paint all over your face; and then there's that glorious smell of paint to add to the atmosphere. It was strange, though, that that was how he had come to fall in love with Marilla.

Peter lived across the hall from Marilla, and when, the week after she had moved in, he saw her arriving home clutching tins of paint, it was the least he could do to offer to help. Marilla, he discovered, had just read a most fascinating book called "Do It Yourself Home Decorating." Have fun and save money at the same time, it had said. They'd certainly had fun, but Peter wasn't so sure about the saving-money bit. After all, he had managed to fall off a ladder and break his ankle. Although probably you couldn't take doctors' bills into account.

Since then there had been a succession of delightful diversions, from knitting to lampshade-making. Now the craze was hat-making.

"I'm going to surprise you this time, Peter," Marilla said as she ushered him out of the flat. Peter could well imagine that. She always did. He only wished there was some way he could prove to her that she was wasting her time as well as his with her crazes.

He was always preparing speeches on the subject, but somehow he'd never managed to deliver them when confronted by Marilla and her enthusiasm for something new. It always seemed such a shame to spoil her obvious pleasure.

A fortnight later Marilla's passion for millinery began to wane. Not because she was tired of making hats, she assured Peter, but one dozen smart new hats were enough to last any girl for some time.

Peter's hopes began to rise again. Maybe this time they could fit in some social life. His hopes were dashed the very next day, when Marilla came across the most exciting article in one of the daily papers. It was about sea-shells and how to make "do it yourself" jewellery and ornaments.

It gave Peter an idea, though. It had certainly been lonesome while Marilla was crazy on hats, and perhaps he could turn this to his own advantage by offering to drive Marilla down to the beach the next Saturday to look for shells. Marilla accepted, of course, as he knew she would. Peter could just see himself lying on the warm sand, gazing across at Marilla in her snappy two-piece—eating a picnic lunch under his big bright beach umbrella—murmuring soft words in her shell-pink ear. Well, maybe his imagination was running away with him, but it was wonderful to think about.

Saturday dawned. It was cold and wet, but Marilla was determined to go.

"It's all right, Peter," she explained. "I'll catch a bus. It's far too wet a day to drag you out."

"I enjoy the beach when it's raining," Peter said miserably as he saw his beautiful dream ruined by the rain.

The beach was bleak and chilly, but Marilla was happy. She had got her shells.

It was on the way home that Peter decided the time had come for drastic action. This state of affairs could go on for years. Nobody would ever cure Marilla of her "do it yourself" habit. The thing was to turn it to his own advantage.

Monday found him busy. So did Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday as well. He didn't even call in to see how Marilla and her home-made jewellery were coming along. Instead he went to see people—bought books—read them—rang up people—and went out to look at things.

On Friday evening there came a knock at his door. Peter opened it to find Marilla there.

"Come in, Marilla," he said. "I'm very busy just at the moment, but if you don't mind waiting."

Marilla came in and sat down.

"Peter, I've never seen you so busy," she remarked.

His desk in the corner was covered with papers. Peter laughed and looked across at Marilla.

"Never have been so busy, Marilla. After all, a man doesn't decide to build his own house without being busy."

"You're going to build a house?" There was no hiding the amazement and interest in Marilla's voice.

"I am," announced Peter. "Just working out the estimates now."

"But why?"

"Well, when a man's thinking of getting married, he has to start thinking about these things."

"You—getting married." There was suddenly the strangest look on Marilla's face.

"I hope so," Peter replied.

"Oh!"

"It's a big step, I know," he continued. "Bought the land on Wednesday. I'm getting an architect to draw up the plans for the house now. That book on the chair next to you is a 'do it yourself' instruction book on building."

There was a tear creeping down Marilla's cheek.

"I must be going, Peter," she said hastily. "You'll make some girl a wonderful husband. You're kind and considerate—sweet and——"

"Hey!" interrupted Peter. "Anyone would think you liked me."

"I do," she said simply, grasping the handle of the door.

"Wait!" said Peter. "Don't you want to know a little about my wife? She'll have to be a real handy-woman. Someone who'll know just about as much about building as I. Then she'll have to be able to paint, too. You know something about that, don't you, Marilla?" He paused for a second and looked at her. "I guess for the first few years she'll have to make her own clothes and hats. It might even be rather good if she had a dozen smart hats already made."

Marilla let go the door handle and found herself grasping Peter's hand instead. "Peter Harvison," she exclaimed, "are you proposing?"

Peter grinned back. "Are you interested?"

Marilla looked at him solemnly for a moment.

"What color do you think we ought to paint the lounge-room?" she asked with a quick smile, and Peter had his answer.

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And never forget

Mike and Rose stood together gazing at the lovely flowers.

SHE had so little warning, Rose reflected afterwards. She arrived early on the day of the Blanes' housewarming, to help prepare the food. She found Jenny in the kitchen, looking happy but harassed, and coping with canapes.

"Rose, it was good of you to come early," Jenny said. "Park your coat and put a pinny over your dress."

She added: "I like you in that dress. It makes your eyes look bluer."

"They're grey," Rose smiled. "Unsensationally and uncompromisingly. I've brought my own apron. Where do I start?"

"Here is the filling for the patties," Jenny said. "I hope I've made enough. And we've got an extra guest, a new man who's just joined Tom's firm. An extra man—single, celebrated, and nice—is quite an asset to a party. He is Mike Lawton." She began to count the patties on the tray.

"Should I know him?" Rose asked.

"Well, you should. He's quite a celebrity, in a way."

"Which way?"

"He has climbed mountains," Jenny said with never a smile. "Annapurna and Kangchenjunga, and—mm——"

"Everest and things," Rose offered, fastening the apron round her slim waist. "Is this the pan for the sauce?" Her hands were small and blunt-fingered—capable. Her smile had a tranquillity that didn't always reflect her emotions.

She had soft brown hair, good bone structure, and a flawless complexion. She was a young woman without illusions. She knew that she might be considered pretty—but only by people who hadn't seen her sister.

Beside Margot's dark vivacity the unspectacular comeliness of Rose suffered a total eclipse. It is a disadvantage to have a beautiful sister.

She accepted it with a certain philosophy. So far, it hadn't hurt—much. So far, Rose had never fallen in love. She had never allowed herself to hover on the brink even. It was some instinct of self-preservation.

To page 91

A romantic story By LYNN BRETTON

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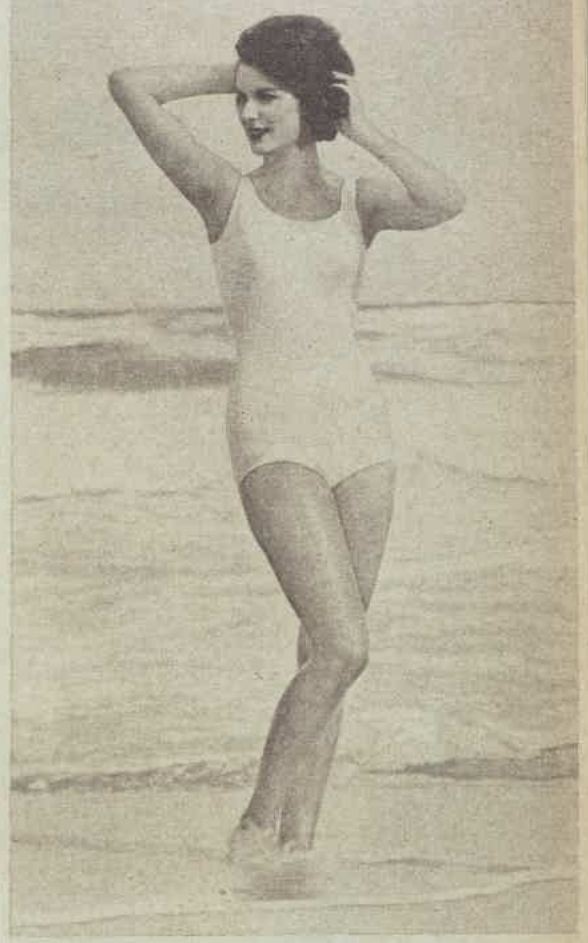

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BUDGET LENTEN CASSEROLE

Ingredients: 1 lb. smoked fish; water; 6 small onions, cooked; 1 medium size carrot, cut in pieces and cooked; 1 cup cooked peas or 2½ cups mixed left over vegetables.

Sauce: 2 ozs. butter (2 tablespoons); 3 tablespoons flour; 2½ cups milk; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 2 tablespoons salt; ½ teaspoon dry mustard; pinch pepper.

Method: Place fish in a saucepan, covered with cold water. Bring to the boil, drain. Cover fish with fresh water and simmer gently for approx. 15 minutes. Strain off water. Remove skin from fish; cut into pieces and arrange in a casserole.

Sauce: Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour; let cook for a few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually, then add the shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, salt, mustard and pepper. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until cheese has melted and sauce is smooth. Gently stir in vegetables. Pour sauce over the fish in casserole. Place in moderate oven (350 F. Gas, 375 F. Electric) for 15-20 minutes or until heated through. 6 Servings.

FROM THE KRAFT KITCHEN

KR313R

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Teenagers' WEEKLY

April 18, 1962

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

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BULKY KNITS FOR AUTUMN

—directions, page 4

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mother who tells

I OFTEN have problems which need talking out in confidence. As I have no father, I used to take my troubles to my mother, but I have discovered that she tells all her friends everything, and this often causes embarrassment to myself.

I have a young brother whom I can trust implicitly, but I feel there are some things I cannot tell him. The result is that I often become irritable and moody if something bothers me.

During these periods of moodiness, Mother asks if anything is wrong. Naturally, I say "No." Then she says I am sulking. Do other mothers break confidences with their children—and am I right in not telling Mum what is worrying me? — *"Keeping It Bottled," Wowan, Qld.*

Always thus

I HAVE enclosed a poem which I found among some old papers at home. It was given to my mother when she was a teenager. I do not know the author, nor do I know when it was written, but it must be at least 30 years old.

Our clothing is scanty, our manners are worse,
Our lack of discretion's appalling;
Our flippant regard for the nation's a curse,
And pleasure we treat as a calling.
The prelates may thunder and parents excuse,
Yet history's sages have taught us,
If Eve was untroubled by elders' abuse,
The tirade began with her daughters.
But youth passes swift as the flight of the bird,
And whatever discussion's arisen,
Your sympathy's wasted, and scorn is unheard;
We can't spare a minute to listen.

—(Miss) J. Rawlings, Ashgrove, Qld.

Slim motto

ADVICE to weight-watching teenagers: No thyself." — *"C.C.," Gladesville, N.S.W.*

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Mixed-up miss

COULD readers give me some views on mixed relationships, please? I love my boy very much, but am afraid of what will happen if we ever want to be engaged. He is a Catholic and I am Protestant. And, also, is it the boy's social duty to be married in the girl's church? — *"Mixed-up," Wynyard, Tas.*

Bad reputations

I LIVE in a large town and most of the teenagers go around in a gang. The boys wear leather jackets, tight jeans, and grow long hair.

Because of this we are blamed for damaging property in the town. There was some public property damaged a few weeks ago and we were blamed for it. But I can tell you that we would not be bothered doing it.

We are not allowed to sit in the public park and talk on Sundays because the police told us we make it look untidy. What are we supposed to do? All the kids in the gang have had bad home lives, and most of our parents were the same as us when they were teenagers.

Please don't be so hard on us teenagers—you are making us worse. In some cases we are a lot better than the quieter ones. —*"Innocent," Murray Bridge, S.A.*

Beware of blondes

FELLOW males, beware of blondes. They'll string you along until they find what they consider a better catch and then leave you in the lurch. So take the advice of one who has had experience and keep well out of reach.—*"Basil," Gayndah, Qld.*

Later learning

AFTER working for two years, I have started at night-school to take two Leaving subjects. I have found that my capacity for learning has trebled since school-days, perhaps due to the fact that I am no longer faced with an ultimatum and the fear of teachers.

Because of this I am actually enjoying myself, and find the work very stimulating.

For anyone suffering from boredom I would sincerely recommend joining a night-class, which, besides widening your circle of friends, could give you some worthwhile qualifications.—*Patricia Canning, Bassendean, W.A.*

BEATNIK

"That's Jerry, man, like he's new around here."

Next week

PAT BOONE will be back on Australian cinema screens at Easter, and next week we have the most terrific pin-up of him in a racing-car which is just out of this world. What's more, it's double our normal pin-up size! Our fashion feature is "How to Ruin a Perfectly Good Dress," which gives very good advice on how NOT to.

"DON'T LIVE" CAN LEARN TO LIVE

"I DON'T live any more, I just exist and need help," wrote "Somothersays," of Newcastle, N.S.W. She wrote she couldn't seem to make a go of anything and that she was untidy, lazy, useless, ignorant, impolite, and unable to carry on a normal conversation. Readers offer these suggestions . . .

I HAVE no sympathy with you, "Somothersays." It is your own fault that you haven't done something to help yourself. You should learn to sew or knit, even if it does go wrong in places. Start reading books, collect stamps, or do something to occupy your dissatisfied self.

As for being untidy and lazy, that is completely thoughtless for your poor mother. Help wash-up, tidy your room. It all takes time, and you will get so absorbed in your work that you will forget your grizzling. Why don't you take a lesson in cooking? Then you can cook tea one night.

Your work is probably most unexciting, for I suppose you don't make conversation but keep to yourself all day. If I were you I would start going to dances and join a youth club. — *Susan Austin, Collie, W.A.*

NEXT thing you know Prince Charming will come riding along and kiss you on the cheek and suddenly you will be singing at the top of your voice, sewing stitches of happiness into everything, and all of the "can'ts" of your life will disappear forever.—*"It's a Fact," Wagga, N.S.W.*

AFTER reading your letter I drew two conclusions—either you have a rather twisted sense of humor or you are genuine in your plea for help. If it be the former then, by golly, you do need help!! But if it be the latter then you have my deepest sympathy.

Your life seems to have been overshadowed by defeats, which have brought on such a feeling of inferiority that whatever you set out to do you begin with a defeatist attitude.

However, you've taken one step in overcoming it, by admitting it. But have you ever had the satisfaction of having seen a letter written by yourself published in a magazine before? No? (And if you don't exist, then who wrote it?)

Well, that's a success in itself and there are many more to come if you change your attitude. Knock the "t" out of "can't."

Why don't you try to knit your mother a garment for Mother's Day? Ask one of your friends sincerely for her help. That in itself will lead to a "normal conversation."

Think of those many unemployed and also those who have never been able to swim at all because of physical defects. Now is the chance for you to catch up on all the other indoor and outdoor sports which you probably would not have got around to.

There are youth clubs always welcoming new members. No one will expect you to be a champion, but will respect you all the more if you at least try.

Also, once you've started something, put your whole enthusiasm into it, don't give up until it is finished, and when it is — that's where the satisfaction lies.

Life's not always easy — but if you try hard enough, you'll find a sunny side to everything.

Wake up, you've only got one life, make the most of every minute of it. — *"Gladtohelp," Eastlakes, N.S.W.*

I WAS filled with disgust when I read your letter. Do you expect someone to give you a formula that will make you into a charming, well-mannered girl overnight? You don't need help; you need a good spanking. Stop being so self-centred, and think of others for a change.

Take a series of lectures on something interesting — such as travel. Read all of the paper to keep up on current affairs, so you will be able to carry on an intelligent conversation. People have nobody to blame but themselves for their ignorance. Join a library and read some educational books.

Politeness is based on consideration for others, so think of the feelings of others and help those who need it. Clean up your room, and keep it tidy; and help your parents round the house.

Join a youth club and get those corners knocked off. Work for some charity and see how much worse off others are.—*Elaine Noble, Clayfield, Qld.*

I SUGGEST you set up practice as an "I" specialist. I counted 12 "I's." "Somothersays" would be better off thinking of us, we, they, or ours instead. — *"J.A.B.," Subiaco, W.A.*

I WAS more or less in the same boat. I took a charm course at a model school, followed by another model course. For £2/2/- a week I learned how to apply make-up, hold conversations, choose a correct wardrobe, and how to carry myself.

Last week a friend told me she wished she had my self-confidence. — *"Mannequin," Essendon, Vic.*

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THEY'RE RACING —and all under 21

● Three young men of Melbourne — Michael Shatin and Jim Harris, both 19, and Geoff Waite, 20—are among the youngest racing-car drivers in Australia.

By
MARGARET BERKELEY

THEIR families think they're crazy—but tolerate them; their girl-friends think they're crazy—and interesting; and the boys themselves KNOW they're crazy—about racing cars.

The boys regularly attend car race meetings, car trials, hillclimbs, and other sports-car and touring-car competitions all over Victoria.

Michael is studying Law at Melbourne University, and Jim, who has recently come from Sydney to Melbourne, is studying accountancy with a view to doing Law later on. Geoff is a credit controller in an office.

This year they have raced at meetings at Albury, the Calder track north of Melbourne, and the Phillip Island track.

Jim races a "hot" Holden, and in Michael's judgment is in the top half of Holden racing drivers.

Michael races a standard Simca Montheleri.

"I've never come last," he said. "I'm usually in the middle of the field and I've been in every position from first to tenth."

Can do 107 m.p.h.

Geoff, who is regarded—by the other two at least—as one of the leading Sprite drivers in Australia, has his green Austin-Healey Sprite sports car hotted up to do 107 m.p.h.

Michael got his first glimpse of motor sport in 1960 when, as co-sports editor of the Melbourne University newspaper "Farrago," he covered a University car trial.

"I also saw Jack Brabham about that time—and it was on," he said. "I had an old bomb, a 1947 model, but in April, 1960, I got a 'hot' Morris Minor and my racing-driver's licence."

Racing drivers have to perform at a closed club meeting before they can apply for a licence to drive in competitions. The Confederation of Australian Motor Sport (CAMS, as it is more frequently called) issues the licences, which run for one year.

To renew licences drivers must pass a physical examination and their club must recommend renewal.

Geoff, who lives at Hawthorn, learned to drive on his father's farm at Traralgon, in Gippsland, at the age of eight.

"I used to practise on the dirt roads on my father's farm," he said.

Geoff spends hours every week looking after his car, learning just how it ticks. He goes to every meeting he can manage. Almost every penny he earns, plus prize-money he wins at meetings, goes toward his car.

"Hot bits"—the special devices and alterations which make cars go faster and more efficiently—are the things that take the money.

The prize-money varies with the meeting.

"At Phillip Island, for instance, I won two races and had one second, but the prize-money totalled only £18," Geoff said. "In Adelaide I won one race—that was £15. At Calder the main race of the day is worth £100."

Against this, a special gear-box for his car cost £48, and every three months there's £26 for new tyres.

"And the trouble is I've already outgrown this car," he said. "I'm ready for something faster, but I can't afford it."

And he's determined to race in England, mainly to discover if he is good enough to make racing a career.

All three boys believe in safety-belts and use them when driving round town as well as for racing. When they're racing, of course, they also wear helmets.

Michael says he has learned a lot from a close association with professional racing drivers John Leighton and Graham Keillerup, both of Melbourne.

"They impressed on me that concentration was essential to good driving," he said. "You mustn't allow yourself to be distracted. For example, I'm usually hot-tempered, but not when I'm driving."

Michael, however, is no more immune to the ways of women drivers than any other man—despite his concentration.

"I was driving the other day behind a woman and she wouldn't let me pass her," Michael said. "When we pulled up alongside each other at the lights I asked her why.

"'I want to stop you young blokes speeding,' she said."

The lights turned before Michael could tell her he'd never been booked for speeding.

To become a good racing driver, the boys said two things were essential — complete concentration and good reflexes.

"But to have good reflexes and no concentration is just about a death trap," Michael said. "It's better to have it the other way round."

COMPETING WITH EACH OTHER in a sports-car race are, above, from left, Geoff Waite in his Austin-Healey Sprite (in which he has done 107 miles an hour), Michael Shatin in his standard Simca Montheleri, and Jim Harris in a Volkswagen. Except in sports-car events, Jim races a "hot" Holden. Below, from left, Jim and Michael help Geoff iron out a bug under the bonnet of his Sprite.

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To play for Queen

SCHOOLBOY pianist Michael Roll, 15, who will play before the Queen in June when he appears at a Royal Festival Hall concert with the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Harry Blech. This picture shows Michael preparing for the big night by practising at home in Leeds, England.

"Hi, Mr. Jones. Betty and I are going to swot for our exam tomorrow."

THICK KNITS FOR YOU AND YOUR BOY

● Our cover couple this week are wearing classical thick knits which will keep them warm till next summer — and won't go out of fashion.

THE directions below are easy to follow—so why not give him (and maybe yourself) a surprise by getting some wool and knitting them in your spare time?

FOR YOU

Materials: 22 (23, 24, 25) balls "Peacock" Bulkyknit; 1 pair No. 6 needles and 1 set of 4 No. 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust — actual measurement will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 22½ (22¾, 23, 23¼) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17, 17½, 18) in.

Tension: 19 sts. 4in.; 32 rows 4in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 88 (92, 96, 102) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ¾in., dec. 4 sts. evenly across last row — 84 (88, 92, 98) sts. Change to No. 6 needles and work in following patt.:

1st Row: * K 1, k into front and back of next st., rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: * P 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: * K into front and back of next st., k 1, rep. from * to end.

4th Row: * P 1, p 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

These 4 rows complete the patt. Cont. in patt.; when work measures 15 (15, 15, 15) in., place a marker at each end for commencement of armholes. Cont. in patt.; when armholes measure 6½ (6¾, 7, 7¼) in. shape for shoulders by dec. 1 st. each end of the next 8 rows (when decreasing always allow for increase and decrease sts. of pattern), then cast off 8 (7, 9, 9) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 7 (8, 8, 9) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 1in. Divide for front opening as follows:

Next Row: Work 42 (44, 46, 49) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on these 42 (44, 46, 49) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of the next and every following 4th row 12 (13, 13, 14) times in all. When armhole measures 6½ (6¾, 7, 7¼) in., shape shoulder by dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of the next 8 rows. Cast off 8 (7, 9, 9) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 7 (8, 8, 9) sts. on following alt. rows twice. Join wool at centre front and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 42 (44, 46, 48) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ¾in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in patt. same as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of every 10th row until inc. to 64 (66, 68, 70) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 (17, 17½, 18) in. or required length, shape top by casting off 6 (6, 6, 6) sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using 4 No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 104 (106, 110, 112) sts. around neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, dec. 1 st. each side of "V" every round for ¾in. Cont. in rib, inc. 1 st. each side of "V" every round for ¾in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves around armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Fold neckband in half back on to wrong side and slip-stitch into position.

FOR HIM

Materials: 27 (28) balls "Peacock" Bulkyknit main color; 2 (2) balls "Peacock" Bulkyknit contrast color; 1 (1) ball "Peacock" Bulkyknit second contrast color; 2 pairs each Nos. 6 and 10 needles; 2 sets of 4 No. 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 38 (40) in. chest — actual measurement will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 25 (25½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 18 (18) in.

Tension: 6 sts. 1in.; 7 rows 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; m., main color; c., contrast color; c.c., second contrast color; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); rep., repeat.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and m., cast on 102 (106) sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3in. Change to No. 6 needles and c. and work in st-st. for 5 rows. Change to m., p 1 row, inc. 19 (22) sts. evenly across row — 121 (128) sts. Work in following patt.

1st Row: K 3, * p 1, k 8, p 1, k 5 (6), rep. from * to last 13 sts., p 1, k 8, p 1, k 3.

2nd Row: P 3, * k 1, p 8, k 1, p 5 (6), rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 1, p 8, k 1, p 3.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows.

5th Row: K 3, * p 1, sl. next 4 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, k 4, k the 4 sts. from spare needle, p 1, k 5 (6), rep. from * to last 13 sts., p 1, sl. next 4 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, k 4, k the 4 sts. from spare needle, p 1, k 3.

6th Row: P 3, * k 1, p 8, k 1, p 5 (6), rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 1, p 8, k 1, p 3.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

These 14 rows complete the patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 16 (16) in. or required length, then shape armholes by casting off 6 (6) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 (6) rows. Cont. in patt., keeping the 1st and last 7 sts. in st-st. When armholes measure 7½ (7¾) in., shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 30 (32) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on these 30 (32) sts., casting off 3 (3) sts. at the neck edge of the next and every following alt. row 3 times in all, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row 3 times, at the same time when armhole measures 9 (9¼) in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 (8) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 6 (6) sts. at the armhole edge every alt. row twice. Join wool at neck edge, cast off 39 (40) sts., and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work same as for back to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 6 (6) sts., work 53 (58) sts., k 2 tog. for 1st size only, leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on these 54 (58) sts., casting off 2 (2) sts. on the next and every alt. row 3 times in all, at the same time k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 (6) rows. K 2 tog. at neck edge every alt. row until dec. to 18 (20) sts. When armhole measures 9 (9¼) in. shape shoulder by casting off 6 (8) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 6 (6) sts. at the armhole edge every alt. row twice. Join wool at centre front and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and m., cast on 54 (54) sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 4in., inc. 7 (10) sts. evenly across last row —61 (64) sts. Work in cable patt. same as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th (5th) row until inc. to 91 (102) sts. When sleeve seam measures 20 (20) in. or required length allowing for turn-back cuff, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 75 (76) sts., then every row until dec. to 31 (32) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using the sets of No. 10 needles and c., pick up and k about 222 (226) sts. around neck. K 6 rounds, dec. 1 st. each side of "V" every round. Change to c.c., and k 4 rounds, dec. in same way. Change to m., k 1 round, then work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 8 rounds, still dec. at "V" every round. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves around armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Turn back cuff.

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Careers in new home science

By Win Munday

● Once "home science" meant a weekly classroom session in which unwilling schoolgirls made potato soup, scones, or treacle toffee . . . or sewed a plain gingham dress which was taken home somewhat grubby at the end of term.

AT best this was a feeble attempt to prepare girls to cope with the domestic chores of marriage.

Now home science means a very different thing. It is often preparation for a whole new field of careers for girls.

That's what it means to the 50 teenage girls who are taking a course in home science at Sydney Teachers' College.

At the end of their two-year course they see job opportunities in teaching, as home economists for industry and commerce, demonstrators for gas and electricity showrooms, laboratory technicians in food industries.

There will be jobs for them, they hope, as dietary aides in hospitals, as food supervisors managing large-scale food services in hospitals, industrial cafeterias, universities, boarding schools, hostels, and government institutions.

They will be home economists for advertising and public relations agencies, and for women's magazines and television.

Keen on cooking

The other day we talked at random to some of the girls who are taking the course.

Typical was Bronwyn Terlick, of Junee, N.S.W., who is living with a family at Marrickville while taking the course.

"I've always been fond of cooking," she told me, "but I began to think of it as a career after taking my Intermediate Certificate.

"There was only one other girl and myself taking home science as a subject at school in Junee, so we had practically private tuition. I suppose it was because my teacher could give me so much individual attention that I became so interested."

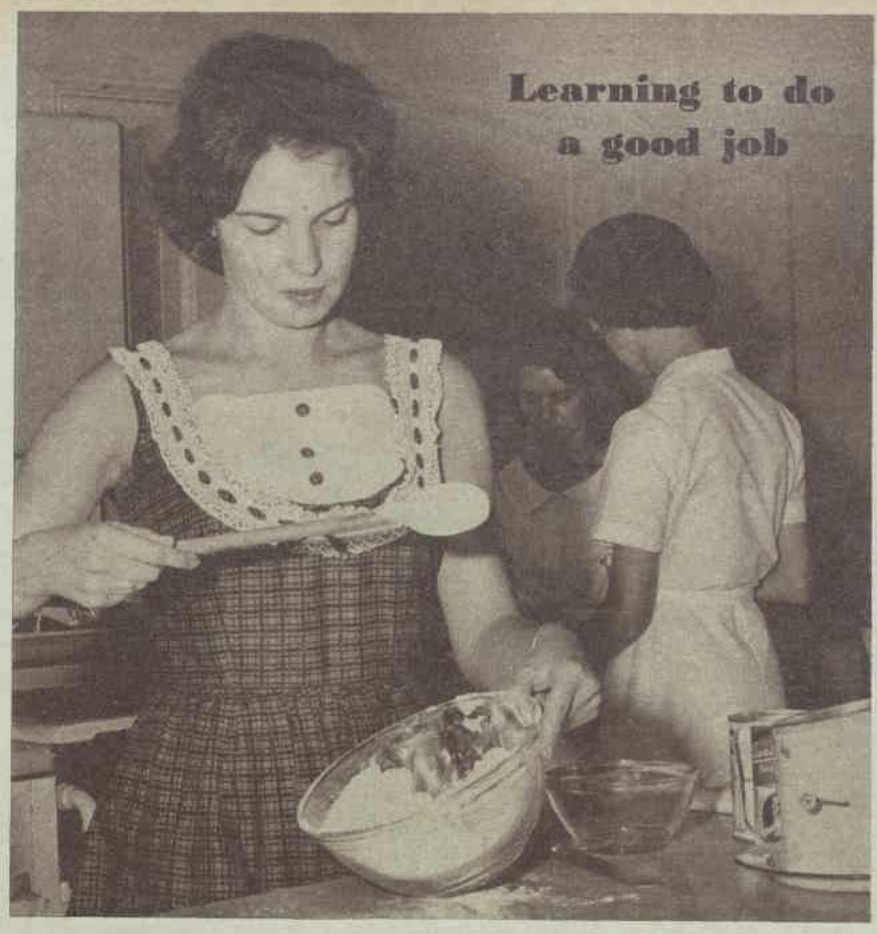
Nancy Thompson, of Casino, N.S.W., knew at six that she wanted to teach, but didn't know what. "I think I settled on home science because my home science teacher was so nice," she said.

Margaret Love, a farmer's daughter, from Wyndham, N.S.W., sees home science as a good career, but also as a valuable preparation for marriage later on.

Following the girls around their various classes we watched Bronwyn Terlick making toffee, buttered nuts, and other goodies while her teacher, Mrs. Berrye Gornall, stood by giving advice.

Then we stood by while Bronwyn and four other girls in the class went to the specially furnished dining-room and laid the perfect dinner table . . . everything in its correct place.

Gleaming polished cutlery and glasses, pristine white tablecloth and napkins, a gay bowl of carefully arranged flowers came out of china cupboards and off sideboards.



STUDENT of home science, Bronwyn Terlick, of Junee, N.S.W., hopes to become a teacher when she finishes her two-year course.

But the daily round for students isn't just one of cooking tasty dishes and laying dainty tables. This particular home science course embraces much more than that.

Practical demonstrations and lectures cover home management, child and adult psychology, finance management, time and energy management, health, how to buy clothes for the family, and interior decorating.

During the first year of their course students attend the East Sydney Technical College; the second year they train at the Teachers' College, Sydney University.

Miss Marjorie Rouse, head of the School of Home Science at East Sydney Tech., who has studied in America and Europe, said: "We are, or at least have been, 50 years behind other countries in tackling home science, but we are catching up rapidly.

Short courses

"Many more jobs will be open to girls in food technology in the future.

"I like the girls who come here to have the Leaving Certificate, with good passes in subjects like general maths, home economics, biology, and needlework. But we do consider Intermediate Certificate girls, too."

Apart from training girls for careers in home science, Miss Rouse runs short courses for others interested in the subject as a preparation for marriage.

There are classes in home management, a bride's course, a hostess' class, which between them cover every aspect of a housewife's job, from Continental cookery to interior decorating.

THE KITCHEN at East Sydney Tech. in which the home science students do their practical work. From left, Bronwyn, Shirley Warren, Mrs. Berrye Gornall, and Jennifer Sheehan.

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COL JOYE, proud host of the restaurant, says "Looks pretty good to me," when he ducks into the kitchen to see how things are cookin'. Patsy Ann Noble was among the night's guests.

PETER ALLEN, of The Allen Brothers, and blue-eyed blonde JUDY CANNON are caught by the camera between dances. Others present were disc jockey Bob Rogers and Johnny O'Keefe.

COL JOYE IN A NEW ROLE

● Sydney's new teenage nightspot, the Col Joye Theatre Restaurant, at Potts Point, Sydney, was crammed and fairly jumping with The Joy Boys' sound when we dropped in, celebrity-hunting with a color camera. Col, a big smile stretching from ear to ear, was darting about seeing that everyone was happy, and being back-slapped from all sides. Sitting at the sophisticated black-and-red tables, people were tucking into all sorts of hot food, eating fancy sundaes, and drinking coffee and soft drinks. No alcohol is allowed. The lighting's dim, the decor adult (one wall has a series of abstract paintings), and the whole atmosphere is very intimate. Since the opening, The Joy Boys, The D-Jays, and The Warren Carr Combo have been up on the bandstand, with some of the best-known teenage recording and TV stars singing with them. You can go there any night of the week, and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons as well. It opens nightly at 8.30 and closes just before midnight, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when it stays open later.

The pictures were taken by staff photographer Don Cameron.

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JUDY STONE shares the mike with Col to sing a romantic duet, with the Joy Boys in the background. Is there a romance between these two young stars?

WAYNE CORNELL and VICKY ("Yo-yo Heart") SIMMS, both successful singers, were caught by our candid camera while chatting from table to table.

NOELEEN BATLEY and BRYAN DAVIES, both now in the top class of Australian entertainers, share a joke after they've come off the dance-floor. Behind them is the colorful servery.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Cruel joke

"A BOY at college to whom I write had a joke on his pal which involved another girl. This joke was carried out through unsuspecting me, and I find that he made a terrible fool out of the girl as well as his friend. Do you think I should continue our correspondence?"

"Bewildered," Qld.

No, unless you, too, enjoy being involved in such childish and cruel behaviour. Stop writing to him and tell him why. It may help him to grow up.

Yes, no, yes

IF a boy at a party asks me to go outside with him when everyone else is in the house, should I go out with him? If not, what would be a suitable refusal to make without hurting his feelings? Should I let a boy kiss me goodnight after a date? I am 14. Do you think I am old enough to shave my legs?"

"Gawky," N.S.W.

Answering your questions in the order they are asked:—

No.

No, thank you.

It depends how you feel about it; it is not necessary.

Yes.

What's in a name?

"MY christian name is Barbel. When I came to Australia from Germany seven years ago, I couldn't spell my name in English so I told everyone who asked that my name was Barbara, which is the translation. Now, after all these years of mixed-up names, I am worried and don't know what to say or do. My passport says Barbel; my marriage lines say Barbara. My husband says the christian name is not important, but this business is getting me down. Please, please help me."

"Barbara," Vic.

Under Australian law, the name you are known by is your legal christian name, so Barbara is your legal christian name.

If you would be happier with your passport altered from Barbel to Barbara, it would be quite a simple thing to do. Call at the Commonwealth Migration Office, corner Spring and Latrobe Streets, Melbourne, and they will tell you what to do. If you don't want to bother with this, it is perfectly legal to have Barbel on your passport and Barbara on your marriage lines.

Date by proxy

"THIS marvellous boy lives on the corner of our street, and I am crazy about him. I did not think he'd be interested in me until one of his friends told me he was and arranged a date. We had a wonderful time, although we were both sort of embarrassed, but he didn't ask me out again. My older brother goes out with him occasionally, and he said that although the boy I am crazy on is much sought after, he doesn't go out much. Last night he asked my brother if I was going out, and I was, so nothing more was said. Where do I go from there?"

"Gron," N.S.W.

Out with any boy who may ask you. It would be fatal to wait for this faint-hearted boy on the corner to ask you out. He sounds a drip to me.

Has he always got to get someone else to do his inviting for him? I think you'd be disappointed in him as a boy-friend. Next time someone, friend or brother, comes carrying one of those backhanded invitations you'll go, of course. What you should do is send back another message: If he wants you to go out with him, he should ask you himself.

A sweet sixteen

"I HAVE never had a date and never been kissed. I am 16½. I am not really very worried over this, as I am sure I will meet a nice boy sooner or later. I am going away from home soon to start my nursing training in a big country town. As I am inexperienced, I won't know who is decent and who is a wolf among the boys. What should I do?"

"Help," N.S.W.

Just let your conscience be your guide.

Just good friends

"I AM almost 17, and for two months I was going with a boy a little older than me. I am very fond of him, and I thought he was of me until quite suddenly, without any warning, he stopped seeing me. He always speaks when he sees me. How can I win him back?"

"Di," S.A.

You can't do anything about winning him back, except to be as friendly to him as he is to you when you meet him. Don't be too hard on him. Taking a girl out for a while doesn't mean a boy is tied to her till death do them part.

Variety is the spice of life — you should try it.

The waiting game

"LAST week I invited a boy to a party and he accepted. At the party he acted as though he liked me. The next day at the football match he came up and spoke to me. I like this boy very much and would like to know him better, but I don't know how. Do you think I could invite him to tea at home or should I wait till he invites me out?"

"Unsure," W.A.

Wait till he asks you out. It is quite legitimate for a girl to ask a boy to a party, but to follow it quickly with an invitation home to tea constitutes Chasing with a capital C.

You are doing all right with this boy. Sit around for a bit and give him a chance to single you out.

Account overdue

"EVERY Friday night I see a boy I like very much. He is 18 and I am 17. One Friday night he is with his girl-friend and the next he will come here where I am and talk to me for hours. Do you think this boy is being untrue to his steady or is he going out by himself to get away from her?"

"Anxious," S.A.

One of the most important ingredients of a date is money. You have to have it to take a girl out, and at 18 it is rare to find a boy with enough to take his girl out whenever he wants to.

I think you are the stop-gap when he hasn't enough money to take his real girl-friend out. He balances his budget with your free conversation. Write paid to that boy.

Tell him

"I HAVE five sons, all of whom I have brought up alone. Last year my son was in a car accident and nearly died. What brought him through was that he thought his girl was waiting for him when he came out of hospital. The thing is 'his' girl has gone and married somebody else. What can I tell him and how? He is still ill."

"Worried," Vic.

You must tell him as soon as you can without wasting words. Don't try to do it in any breaking-it-gently way—just tell him straight out, the way you told me.

Living in a small town the way you do, it is important for you to tell him now while he is in hospital, or he will hear through someone else.

You tell him today so he can get the shock over, regain his composure, and have a public face to put on about it as quickly as possible.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Talk helps

"THE simple case with me is that I get the shakes when I sit down near a boy. I feel very uncomfortable and don't know whether to go outside or not. Do you think making a conversation would help?"

"Shaken," Tas.

Talking certainly would help, but before you start clasp your hands loosely in your lap and take three deep, deep breaths. They'll be no more noticeable than your shakes.

Question of sex

"I WORK on a farm where I always wear old jeans and boys' shirts. I am 16. When I go to the pictures I wear clean jeans and a clean white shirt. Is there a reason why girls should dress up to go to the pictures on Saturdays?"

"Tomboy," Qld.

There certainly is—so that people know she is a girl.

TABLE MANNERS

YOUR POSTURE

DON'T try to eat leaning back. It looks awful, and, besides, you will no doubt spill your food on your shirt.

SIT ERECT, with your feet together. Don't slouch.

From "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."

IF YOU FIND some gristle, don't spit it out on your plate or into your hand. Chew it up as much as you can, then place on fork prongs (or your spoon if you're using one). Then place on the rim of the plate. Don't be embarrassed, this is perfectly correct. Olive pits or fishbones should be removed with fingers.

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YOUR HAIRSTYLE BY THE STARS

ARIES (March 21-April 20), left. A sweeping lock from crown to cheekbone indicates the ram's horn in a shape with an overlapping half-fringe.

● ***Chief White Cloud, of the Six Nations Reservation, Canada, is a skilled fisherman and learned astrologer. He is Sheriff of Tarrant County and Deputy Sheriff of Fort Worth, Texas.***

NOT only that but, more interesting still, this extraordinary man is known as hairdresser Charles of London, and his salon is a meeting place for hair-conscious women and girls from all over the country.

It goes without saying that most of Charles' clients are more concerned with his professional contributions to the beauty of womanhood than about his tribal titles and skills.

The latest idea to emerge from this salon, where the magnificent war-bonnet of his tribe is proudly displayed for all to see, is the creation of zodiac hairstyles.

Should zodiac hairstyles — there's a special design for each "sign"—catch on and become popular, it will be possible to tell the month of a girl's birth simply by looking at her hairdo.

Pictured on this page are the 12 zodiac styles created by Charles, each one cut to relate directly to a particular astrological sign.

All you have to do is look up your particular sign of the zodiac — and there's the hairdo you should wear!

***TAURUS** (April 21-May 20). A bold, stubborn yet caressing style full over the ears typifies this sign.*

***GEMINI** (May 21-June 21). Here are the twins—a pair of fringes with a suggested middle part.*

***CANCER** (June 22-July 22). Claws of the crab show in relief against face. Back is windswept.*

***VIRGO** (Aug. 23-Sept. 23). Blond pageboy and crescent fringe for "the young maiden."*

***LIBRA** (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23). Matching curvets over ears and a light, shaped flare on brow.*

***SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22). Circular sweep of hair from nape to cheek symbolises scorpion's tail.*

***LEO** (July 23-Aug. 22). A bouffant arch over symmetrically up-tipped sides suggests a lion's mane in this young and attractive design. Brushing is the "secret" of this hairstyle.*

***SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 20), at left. Half-and-half style with one side sleek, the other contrary to its natural fall.*

***CAPRICORN** (Dec. 21-Jan. 19), at right. Hair is brushed against itself. Slightly waved sideboard indicates the goat horn.*

***AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20-Feb. 19), at left. Hair flounces from crown like a waterfall with twin curls over ears.*

***PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20), at right. Hair curves over head, tapers to one side in a sleek movement.*

kitchen accessories. Order from

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933493

AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS
by Douglas Watson

The first Impressionists

5. CHARLES CONDER (1868-1909)

CHARLES CONDER was born in London on October 24, 1868. In 1884 he arrived in Australia and began an apprenticeship with his uncle, who was a surveyor in the Lands Department of New South Wales.

Several years later, when Conder joined an architectural firm as a lithographic apprentice, his ability as an illustrator was recognised. Soon after, in 1887, he was commissioned to draw for the "Illustrated Sydney News," a weekly newspaper.

Conder was determined to become a full-time painter, so he began attending classes conducted by the Royal Society. In 1888 he met the painter Tom Roberts and this meeting was to lead to the beginnings of Impressionism in Australia.

Conder was at first influenced by artist Julian Ashton, president of the Art Society of New South Wales and a trustee of the National Art Gallery in Sydney. Ashton helped and encouraged Conder, and the two often went on painting excursions to Richmond and the surrounding countryside.

The picture at right—"Sunset, Sydney Harbor," was painted about 1888, the same year as his "Departure of the S.S Orient," which is in the Art Gallery of N.SW.

In these early pictures Conder displayed remarkable maturity (he was only 20 years old) both in technique and range of tone. These qualities were accompanied by a "selective eye," unusual in so young a painter.

"Sunset, Sydney Harbor," measures only 5in. by 8in., but it has enormous breadth of conception.

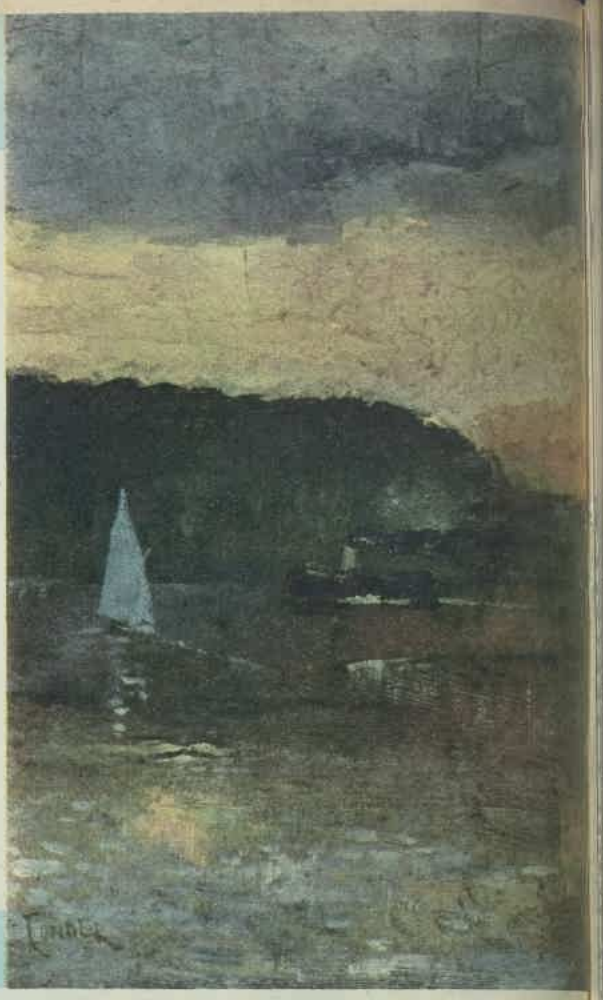
These two paintings by Conder were among the first examples of Australian Impressionism, and great emphasis was placed on the effects of light.

In 1888 Conder left Sydney for Melbourne. His friendship with Tom Roberts was renewed, and in 1889 Conder, Tom Roberts, and Arthur Streeton organised an exhibition of their pictures—all measuring 9in. by 5in.—at the Buxton Galleries, Melbourne. These pictures, significantly enough, were called "Impressions."

In 1889 Conder left Australia for Europe. In France he met Toulouse-Lautrec, and the famous French painter sketched Conder in one of his cafe scenes.

Conder never returned to Australia. His fragile and delicate art won international recognition, and he continued painting his romantic landscapes until his death in London in 1909.

NEXT WEEK: Tom Roberts



"SUNSET, SYDNEY HARBOR," by Charles Conder.

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LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Pianist to play a classic with a beat

● Brilliant 22-year-old pop pianist Warren Carr feels that he has two things to be pleased about these days. A mad 10-pin bowler, he has just broken 200 for the first time, and his slimming diet has already begun to show results.

WARREN, who moved down from his Newcastle home to a Sydney bachelor flat two years ago, claims that having to do his own cooking is ideal for dieting and that dieting is ideal for a man who does his own cooking.

About the middle of last year Warren was known as just a pretty good pianist working with the Dee Jays. Then suddenly, with the release of his hit record "You Are My Sunshine," everybody knew him—and was clamoring to see and hear more of him.

They saw more of him — regularly on "The Johnny O'Keefe Show"—and Newcastle viewers recently saw him when he went back home to make an appearance on "Tempo."

Fans will be hearing more of him when his new record comes out. It's a revival of a very well known classical piece, Warren says. But with BEAT. He's not quite certain but may follow the "Sunshine" formula and play a composition of his own on the flip.

His most recent release is a Leedon EP called "Lil' Ole Mr. Sunshine." This features "Lil' Ole Me," "You Are My Sunshine," and two part-Carr compositions, "Intro" and "Middle 8."

Warren Carr

For the past 18 months he and his band have been playing five nights a week at a suburban sporting club and will be there for a few more months. After that he plans a big all-States tour, taking a band and supporting artists with him.

Though he's an easy, amiable talker and gets on well with people, Warren says that he still sometimes gets homesick.

Local talent: It's always interesting to hear how a singer makes out with numbers first recorded by other people. "Walk On By" (Festival EP) gives you the opportunity of hearing **Col Joye's** version of the title tune, "I'm Feeling Sorry," "You're The Reason," and "Can't Help Falling In Love." Verdict? You make your own.

Pops: The **Buddy Holly** cult shows no signs of petering out — in fact, some latecomers are just beginning to discover him. For new fans, a Coral EP, "Well All Right," would serve as a good introduction to the late American rock pioneer. Other tracks are "Now We're One," "Baby, I Don't Care," "Take Your Time."

JUST like its politics and politicians, Latin American pop music has a distinguishing vigor and color. Some of its most attractive standards ("Frenesi," "Green Eyes") are among the "Latin American Hits" played by **Los Companeros** and sung by the **Frank Raye Singers** (Ampar LP).

TEENAGERS have never been greatly noted as Gilbert and Sullivan fans. Yet the music's so bright and tuneful that it's a pity to miss out on it altogether. "Gilbert And Sullivan For Orchestra" (Westminster LP) gives a very fair idea of what this early Lerner and Loewe team have to offer. Played by the **Eric Johnson** orchestra.

WHEN a number gets on the charts and has so much playing over the air, it's sometimes easy to forget that there's a flipside, too. There's a real swinger backing **Bobby Rydell's** Columbia single "I've Got Bonnie." It's called "Lose Her," and I think it's terrific, because apart from the swinginess the lyrics hit the nail right on the head.

Jazz: You'll find some good names among the players got together to form the **Leith Stevens All Stars** for the recording of "Jazz Themes From 'The Wild One'" (Festival EP). In case you've forgotten, this was the film in which Marlon Brando helped found the black leather jacket and motor-bike craze. At its best, the music's wild, moody, and nervous to match.

WORTH HEARING

WAGNER: Orchestral excerpts

THE great German conductor Bruno Walter, who died a few weeks ago, is commemorated (by coincidence) in a new Coronet record released about the same time. In this recording Walter is heard conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra in Wagner excerpts.

Walter was renowned for his loving and masterly interpretations of the great German and Viennese classics and for the wonderfully sweet warm tone that he could coax from an orchestra.

In his record we hear him paying homage to one of his earliest loves, Wagner, whose music cast a magic spell on him, as on so many young music-lovers, when he first heard it in the 'eighties of last century.

The record takes two giant strides through Wagner's operas, from the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the earliest Wagner opera still regularly performed, to his last opera, the religious drama "Parsifal" (Prelude and Good Friday Music); in between, and in strong contrast to both, is the overture to Wagner's one comic opera, "The Mastersingers."

In "The Flying Dutchman" Wagner appears as the young revolutionary of 29, boldly original in many respects, but still owing a good deal to older operatic composers. In the other works we hear his rich and sensuous orchestral style fully developed.

Another Wagner record, less distinguished in performance but more attractive perhaps in its choice of music, comes from R.C.A. Fritz Reiner, conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, gives a full side apiece to orchestral excerpts from "The Mastersingers" and "The Twilight of the Gods."

—Martin Long

YVETTE MIMIEUX

OUR PIN-UP this week is pretty Yvette Mimieux (pronounced Mimeo), who has a starring role in the M.G.M. film "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which will be released in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide at Easter. She plays the girl Chi Chi, daughter of Charles Boyer. Glenn Ford and Lee J. Cobb also star.

Yvette was born in Los Angeles 20 years ago to a French father and Mexican mother.

She admits to having been a bit of a tomboy when she was young, and once longed to join a circus. She became a model instead, and won several beauty contests.

Her first film, "The Time Machine," was made in 1959. After that she got big roles in "Where The Boys Are" and "The Light in the Piazza."

Yvette likes to paint, sketch, cook, and to design and make clothes. She writes poetry and short stories—and does not believe in love at first sight.

ALL'S NOT FAIR IN LOVIN' WAR!

● Continental coach tours for "lonely hearts" are becoming very popular in Britain.

A FIRM called Cupid Coach Tours apparently has 70 buses which take single men and women on trips to resorts.

Applicants for tours fill in questionnaires giving personal details — ages, interests, likes and dislikes, the kind of person they want to meet, etc. The boss of Cupid Tours compares the material gathered and pairs-off the people for trips.

He claims his idea is quite successful. "Sit lonely people side by side in a coach and they're bound to get together," he said. No doubt most of his fair fares like going into transports of joy.

Unfortunately, a similar romantic set-up does not exist in day-to-day commuting by ordinary public transport. A girl, for instance, cannot ask a bus conductor for "Two sections — beside a boy who looks like Tab Hunter." The conductor might think that, although she is sitting downstairs, she is gone upstairs!

Nevertheless, bus conductors seem to have romantic, match-making old hearts. They're always trying to get passengers to move down the aisle!

And, of course, a bus crew that comprises a male driver and a conductress resembles closely a married couple. You know what I mean — he seems to be in charge, but she has tickets on herself and takes all the money!

Unfortunately, these things are about as close to romance as buses — and trains — get.

In the case of trains, there are obvious reasons — for one thing, electrification of many lines. There's nothing tender about engines that way.

Also, there are social distinctions with railways that make boy-girl get-togethers difficult. They might live on different sides of the tracks; or get out at different stops — which means they have to know their stations.

I dunno — I'd like to see more lonely hearts happy on public transport. I mean, wouldn't it bring a lump to anyone's throat to hear a bashful driver murmur: "She spoke to me — whilst the bus was in motion!"?

While things are generally grim, I must admit that the railway and bus people play Cupid in one way. Under certain circumstances they seem to encourage young people to clinch in their vehicles. Don't the signs say, "When standing near doorways keep a firm hold"? Significantly they don't specify what to hold.

And if a pretty girl's waist is the nearest thing when the train or bus rocks . . . Well, she certainly can't say he left her in the lurch! But, just one word of warning: Pick an agreeable girl before you let out the clutch. Or you might end up like your ticket — punched!

— Robin Adair

No. 194. They will original

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YVETTE MIMIEUX

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FOUR-PAGE PULL-OUT

16 WONDERFUL CAKES

Recipes from our LEILA C. HOWARD kitchen

● **Unusual recipes that give cakes just a little extra something are included in this special section. The "built-in" toppings on the cakes below are baked on the cake, not added later.**

THESE HAVE "BUILT-IN" TOPS

CAN-CAN NUT BREAD is a variation of a yeasty bread dough and ideal for morning snacks during the weekends, when the family is home. It is topped with chopped cherries and peanuts.

PINEAPPLE MACAROON CAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¼ cup pineapple juice (reserved from canned pineapple), ¾ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add egg-yolks and beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with the pineapple juice and milk. Pour into a well-greased ring-tin, spread macaroon topping over mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for 50 to 60 minutes.

Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ cup desiccated coconut, 1-3rd cup well-drained canned pineapple (crushed).

Beat egg-whites with pinch salt until mixture holds in peaks, add sugar gradually, beating until sugar has dissolved. Fold in coconut and pineapple.

COCONUT BUTTER CRUNCH CAKE

Two ounces butter, ¾ cup crushed corn cereal, ½ cup coconut, ½ cup brown sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 egg, extra 3oz. butter or substitute (melted), ¾ cup milk.

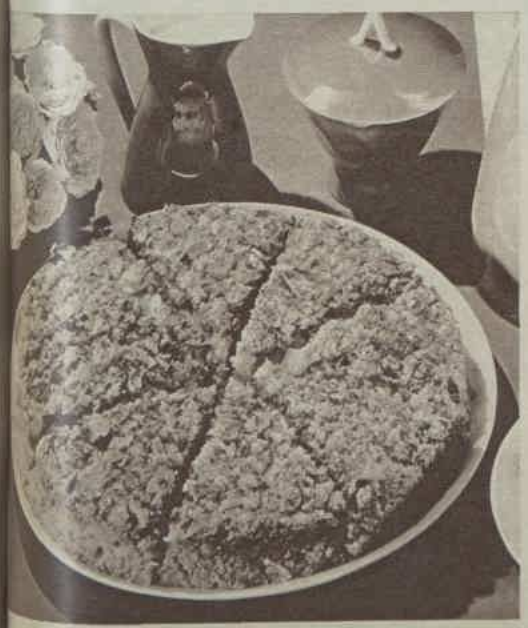
Soften and cream the butter and spread over base of a greased 9in. sandwich-tin, sprinkle over corn cereal, coconut, and brown sugar. Sift flour and sugar into a basin, add grated lemon rind. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients and add beaten egg, melted butter, and milk. Gradually stir in dry ingredients from sides of basin until all flour is absorbed and mixture smooth. Carefully pour over top of crunch ingredients and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve warm, cut into wedges.

MERINGUE JEWEL CAKE

Two egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1oz. chocolate (grated), 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, ¾ cup milk, 1 egg-white (stiffly beaten).

Beat egg-whites until stiff peaks form in a clean, dry basin, gradually add sugar, beating constantly until straight glossy peaks form. Fold in chopped walnuts and chocolate. Spread evenly over base and three-fourths up sides of a well-greased ring-tin. Prepare cake—Sift together the flour and salt. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Combine milk and vanilla and add alternately to creamed mixture with dry ingredients. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Carefully turn into meringue-lined tin. Bake in a moderately slow oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Do not underbake.

Remove from oven and loosen around edges, stand a few minutes then carefully turn out on to cake-cooler. Decorate top of cake with extra chopped walnuts.



COCONUT BUTTER CRUNCH CAKE has a corn cereal and coconut topping. This forms a delightful contrast to lightness of cake.

CAN-CAN NUTBREAD

One ounce compressed yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup butter or substitute, ½ dessertspoon salt, ¾ cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 cups flour, extra 1½ cups flour, ½ cup chopped candied cherries, 1 cup chopped peanuts, extra 1oz. melted butter, extra 1 cup chopped peanuts.

Soften compressed yeast in lukewarm water. Combine sugar, butter, salt, and scalded milk in a large mixing-bowl. Cool to lukewarm. Add beaten egg, vanilla, and softened yeast. Blend in the two cups flour and mix well. Cover and let rise in a warm place about 1 hour or until doubled in bulk. Punch down and add remaining flour and mix to a stiff dough. Turn out on to a lightly floured board and knead in the chopped cherries and peanuts.

Place in a warm clean bowl, cover and allow to stand again until doubled in bulk. Divide dough in halves and knead to a shape to fit into two greased loaf-tins. Fill into tins and let rise in a warm place until dough has risen to the top of tins. Glaze top of loaves with butter and sprinkle over extra peanuts. Bake loaves in a hot oven for about 25 to 30 minutes or until they sound hollow when tapped with the fingertips. Cool and serve warm, sliced, and thickly buttered.

In all the recipes in this section spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

BANANA LOAF

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons milk, 3 ripe bananas, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Sift self-raising flour, plain flour, and salt together. Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and egg-yolk, beat well. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in the milk, add alternately to creamed mixture with the sifted dry ingredients. Add bananas which have been well mashed; beat well. Stir in vanilla essence. Spread mixture evenly into paper-lined loaf-tin. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from oven and spread over prepared frosting. Return to oven, bake until cake is firm and frosting dry, but not too brown. Reduce heat if necessary during latter half of cooking time if cake becomes too brown. Cool in tin.

Baked-on Frosting: One egg-white, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup chopped walnut pieces.

Beat egg-white until stiff but not dry. Add brown sugar gradually, continue beating until well blended. Mix in half the walnuts and spread evenly over the cake. Sprinkle with remaining walnuts.

More cake recipes overleaf

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COTTON CANDY RING and April violet cake add glamor to a tea-table. The ring is delicately flavored with almond or grenadine essence. Recipes for both these cakes are given below.

SPECIAL OCCASION CAKES

APRIL VIOLET CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 eggs, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 12oz. flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla essence. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add lemon rind and juice, mix well. Fold in flour and baking-powder (sifted three times) alternately with milk. Fill into a greased star-shaped tin or an 8in. cake-tin. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Stand in tin 10 minutes before turning out. When cold, cover with following frosting:

Violet Frosting: Two egg-whites, 1¾ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon strained lemon juice, 3 tablespoons water, good pinch cream of tartar, few drops essence of violet, few drops violet food coloring.

Combine egg-whites, sugar, lemon juice, and water in a heatproof basin. Beat over a saucepan of simmering water for 14 minutes. During last few minutes of beating add the cream of tartar, violet essence, and coloring. Remove from heat, spread roughly over cake, decorate with fresh flowers.

MARSHMALLOW MAGIC CAKE

Cake: Six ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 eggs, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¾ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time and beat well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill mixture evenly into a greased 8in. recess-tin and a greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Marshmallow Topping: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pink coloring, walnut halves.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in a large saucepan and stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil and boil steadily 10 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool. When just beginning to thicken, add lemon juice and beat until thick and fluffy. Color pale pink. Join cake layers with a little marshmallow, placing recess in cake on top. Pour remainder of marshmallow into recess, coat sides. Place in refrigerator to set. Top with the following chocolate topping and decorate with walnut halves.

Chocolate Topping: Melt 3oz. cooking chocolate over boiling water and trickle over top and sides of cake. Chill before serving.

COTTON CANDY RING

Three cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, ¾ cup butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup milk, 4 egg-whites, ½ teaspoon almond or grenadine essence, pink food coloring.

Blend flour, sugar, butter, salt, and half the milk thoroughly, using an electric mixer if possible. Add remaining milk, unbeaten egg-whites, and essence, beat further 3 minutes. Divide mixture in halves and color one-half pink. Spoon mixtures alternately into a greased ring-tin and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes or until cooked through. Carefully turn out on to cake-cooler and allow to cool. Prepare frosting.

Candy Frosting: Two egg-whites, 1¾ cups sugar, 4 tablespoons water, few drops grenadine or almond essence, good pinch cream of tartar, pink coloring.

Place egg-whites, sugar, and water into a heatproof basin and place basin over a saucepan of hot water. Beat over simmering water for 14 minutes or until frosting is thick and glossy and all sugar grains have dissolved. Add essence and cream of tartar and quickly remove from heat and divide in halves. Color one-half pink with food coloring and quickly spoon both frostings on to cake in alternate spoonfuls. Spread with a knife to form attractive marbled effect. Leave until cool and set lightly on the outside before using.

Note: Grenadine essence has the flavor of pomegranates and gives a new and exciting touch to cake and dessert cookery. It is available from stores which specialise in cake-icing equipment.

PINEAPPLE ROLL

Two tablespoons butter, 1 small can crushed pineapple, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, ¾ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4 eggs (separated), ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, extra ½ cup sugar.

Melt butter and pour into a shallow jelly roll pan. Drain pineapple and reserve syrup, sprinkle pineapple over base of pan and top with brown sugar. Prepare cake batter. Sift flour and salt three times. Place egg-whites in a clean dry basin and beat until soft mounds form, gradually add the ½ cup sugar and continue beating until thick. Combine egg-yolks with extra sugar and vanilla and beat until thick and lemon colored. Fold into egg-whites, and lastly add sifted dry ingredients, folding gently through. Pour batter over pineapple mixture and bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Loosen edges and turn out immediately on to a towel sprinkled lightly with icing sugar. Trim edges if necessary and roll up, starting with end; cool. Slice and serve with pineapple fluff.

Pineapple Fluff: Combine ½ cup sugar and 1½ tablespoons cornflour in a saucepan. Blend in the reserved pineapple syrup made up to 1 cup with water if necessary. Stir over heat until thick and clear. Add grated rind and juice 1 lemon; cool. Beat ½ pint cream until thick and fold into pineapple sauce.

Note: For variation in flavor and color of the above recipe substitute well-drained canned fruit cocktail for the crushed pineapple and use the sugar syrup in place of the pineapple syrup in the sauce recipe.

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CAKES OF THE MONTH

DOLL DESIGNS

A CELEBRATION cake decorated to illustrate a fairytale or "dressed" as a beautiful doll will be popular with little girls.

Doll cakes can be decorated entirely with edible icing or can have extras such as overskirts, bodices, hats made from organdie, fine lace, or tulle. The doll can be elaborate china or the straight-legged 7in. to 8in. plastic variety available from chain-stores for about 2/6.

If the doll is to be used afterwards as a toy it is necessary to cut a section out of the cake in which to fit the legs. An alternative is to cut the doll off at the waist.

A light or rich fruit cake base is used. Special dome-shaped cake-tins are available, but the taller-style aluminium or china pudding-basins can also be used. With rich fruit mixtures care must be taken with the lining so that a smooth surface results on the cake. Extra thicknesses of paper can be tied to the outside of the tin or basin for insulation.

Almond paste, as well as the fondant covering, can be used, but it is not necessary unless the cake is to be kept for more than a few weeks. It may be necessary to build up the cake to make a neat fit round the doll's waist. This will depend on the diameter of the cake's base.

Measure length of doll's legs to be inserted into cake, and with a thin, sharp knife cut out a cone shape from cake. Trim so that doll fits snugly, but remove doll so that coverings can be manipulated and moulded easily over cake. Extra pieces or scraps of fondant can be rolled out and cut to shape of doll's bodice. Brush a little egg-white over doll and cake before applying fondant to make it stick securely.

The simplest forms of bodice are the strapless or sleeveless styles.

Extra decorations or finishes can be piped on with royal icing.

Fondant (and almond paste, if used) for skirt section of cake should be rolled out to a circle with a diameter about twice the height of cake. Lift carefully over cake and mould into place.

Cut out centre section to take doll's body. Insert body and mould fondant to fit snugly and neatly around waist.

Although not illustrated on either of the doll cakes on this page, the skirt section can be flared by lifting fondant out at intervals around the base of the cake instead of pressing it all down. Adaptations of this flared effect are the frilled period-style overskirts and extra fullness on bridal dolls.

Tulle overskirts, full-length or shortened, as the one illustrated at right, are cut in a circular pattern. A gathering thread is sewn around the waist to draw in tulle to required size.

Embroidery edging design on tulle is piped freehand with a soft royal icing and a fine No. 0 or 00 writing-tube. Exactness is not necessary, provided the work is fine and neat.

TULLE overskirt, bodice, and hat are edged with soft royal icing.

FRONT PANEL of dress has a lace motif. See diagram below for step-by-step directions.

Fondant or tulle collars or frilled bodice pieces can be added to give softness. Shoulder-straps and edgings of tiny piped dots or flowers in self or contrasting colors give a pretty effect. Dainty piping "gloves," fondant or tulle picture hats, flowered headbands, ribbon waistbands, hand purses, or bouquets, etc., all help to give a professional finish.

Design and decorations are piped out on to fondant skirts after they have been allowed to dry for several hours or overnight. Frilled scalloping or "petticoat" fronts are made by piping rows of frills with the side of the larger leaf or petal tube.

Extra design of extension "bridgework" around hem of skirt is piped with a No. 0 or No. 1 writing-tube in a series of built-out lines. This work needs a well-beaten, pliable royal icing to avoid constant breaking of lines.

Tatting lace decorations are deceptively simple and give a dainty finish. Each section of "lace" is piped separately on to waxed paper and, when dry, carefully lifted off and attached in a sloping or upright position to the fondant with fine piped lines of royal icing.

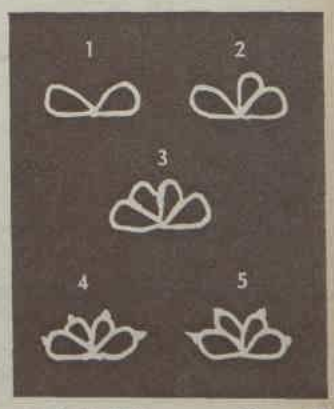
Sections of narrow satin ribbon can also be used as part of the decoration, inserted into slits in the fondant to give the effect of being threaded through.

The extra decorations on the board of the cake at left are sprinkled with green-colored coconut and two small baskets containing sprays of forget-me-not, hollyhocks, apple blossom, etc.

The method of piping these flowers, as well as basic recipes for cake mixtures, almond paste, fondant, and royal icing, have been given in previous icing features.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the above cakes can be bought from our Photo Sales Dept., 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, at a cost of 5/- each, plus postage.

Previous magazines which featured Cake of the Month articles can be obtained from Back Dates Dept. at the above address for 1/-, plus postage.



SKETCH shows step-by-step process in piping (tatting lace) for skirt of doll at left.

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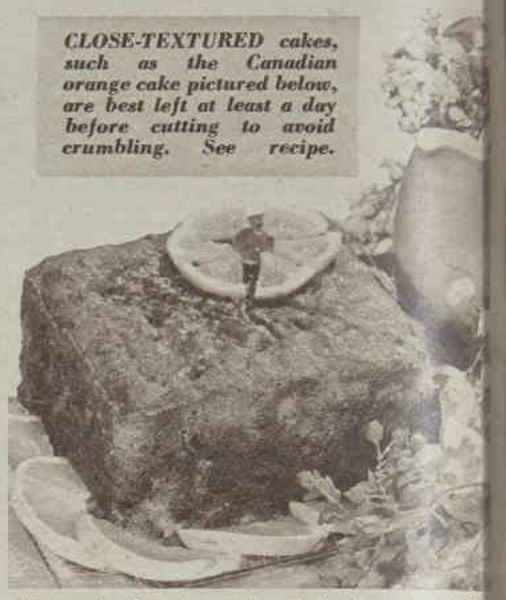
PRIZE RECIPES

● Orange and date flavors blend well in the home-style cake recipe which wins £5 in our popular weekly contest. Other cakes win consolation prizes.

EGGLESS nut and sultana loaf, traditional Easter simnel cake, fig-flavored marble cake, and a spicy cake with coffee frosting win £1 each.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure is used in all our recipes.

CLOSE-TEXTURED cakes, such as the Canadian orange cake pictured below, are best left at least a day before cutting to avoid crumbling. See recipe.



CANADIAN ORANGE CAKE

One medium-sized orange, ¾ cup butter or substitute, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¾ cup sour milk, ¾ cup chopped dates, ¾ cup chopped raisins, 1¾ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt.

Squeeze the juice from the orange and put remainder of the orange through a mincer or food grinder and add to the juice. Cream butter or substitute and sugar together in a bowl, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sour milk and orange juice mixture alternately with chopped fruits and sifted flour, soda, and salt to creamed mixture. Fill into a 6 or 7in. cake-tin lined with one thickness of paper and bake in a moderate oven about 1¼ to 1½ hours or until cooked through. Allow to cool in tin and store overnight in an airtight container before cutting. Decorate if desired with orange sections and cherries or ice with an orange- or lemon - flavored icing.

First Prize of £5 to Miss C. Jamieson, 43 Akala St., Camp Hill, Brisbane.

EGGLESS NUT AND SULTANA LOAF

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 cup chopped nuts and sultanas (mixed), 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water, 1¾ cups flour.

Melt butter. Place spice, sugar, nuts, and sultanas together in a basin. Add melted butter. Dissolve soda in boiling water and pour over the mixture. Sift flour and mix thoroughly with fruit mixture. Spoon into a greased loaf-tin and bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. R. King, 173 Chapel St., Glenorchy, Hobart.

EASTER SIMNEL CAKE

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch nutmeg, grated rind of ½ orange and ½ lemon, 4oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 4oz. sultanas, 2oz. chopped candied peel, 4oz. raisins, 6oz. currants, 2 tablespoons sherry, egg-white.

Sift the flour, baking-powder, ginger, cinnamon, and nutmeg, add grated rinds of orange and lemon. Cream butter or substitute with sugar in a basin, add eggs, beating well after each addition. Fold in dry ingredients and rinds alternately with mixed chopped fruits, lastly add sherry. Fill half mixture into a 7½ or 8in. cake-tin lined with two thicknesses of paper. Then add a thin layer of almond paste ¼in. thick. Place remainder of the cake mixture on top. Bake in a slow oven 2 to 2½ hours. Cool in tin and then turn out and remove paper. Brush over top of cake sparingly with egg-white and cover with remainder of almond paste. Brown lightly under the griller and decorate with crystallised fruits.

If preferred, place only a thin layer of almond paste around sides and top edge of cake, then ice over the almond paste with warm chocolate icing. Decorate with shredded coconut, making a nest in the centre of the cake. Place small imitation eggs or sugared almonds in the nest.

Almond Paste: Nine ounces sifted icing-sugar, 3oz. almond meal, 1 beaten egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Sift icing-sugar in a basin, mix in almond meal. Make a well in centre of ingredients and add beaten egg-yolk and sherry. Mix to a stiff dough and knead lightly. Divide in two and use as directed.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Nelson, "Clare View," Gerringong, N.S.W.

FIG MARBLE CAKE

Three ounces butter, 5oz. castor-sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¼ pint milk, 2 egg-whites, grated rind of one lemon, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon powdered cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 6oz. dried figs (chopped), 1 tablespoon black treacle.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar in a bowl until light and fluffy. Sift flour and salt together. Add a tablespoon of the flour to creamed mixture, then the milk. Mix well. Add half of the remaining flour and stir into mixture. Whisk whites of eggs until stiff, fold lightly into mixture with remaining flour, lemon rind, and juice. Turn two-thirds of the mixture into another bowl and add cinnamon, nutmeg, figs, and treacle. Stir in lightly until just blended. Put a dessertspoon of dark mixture and a teaspoon of pale mixture into prepared 8in. round cake-tin. Continue in this way until all the mixture is used. Make a slight hollow in the centre of the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour or until firm to the touch.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Baker, 28 Northcote St., East Brisbane.

SPICED COFFEE CAKE

One cup brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ cup milk, walnut halves.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add golden syrup and walnuts. Fold in sifted flour, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, and salt alternately with milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place into a greased and lined 8in. cake-tin and bake in a moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours. When cold cover with frosting and decorate with walnut halves.

Frosting: One tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 3 tablespoons powdered milk.

Beat butter until soft, gradually add icing-sugar. Add other ingredients a little at a time, beating until smooth. Spread over cake and roughen with a fork.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Taylor, 5 Albert Rd., Drouin, Vic.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about antiques and old objects in their possession.

● *English glass vase.*

THIS vase (picture left) is supposed to have been bought at the 1880 Exhibition in Sydney. It is hand-painted in an off-white color with a blue bird. The other one to the pair is similar in shape but has a different design. Could you give me some information about them, as I have never seen any like them?—Mrs. H. A. Woolnough, South Grafton, N.S.W.

The vases are made of glass which simulates porcelain. They were made in England about 1880 (Victorian era).

I have a small plate (picture right) which I think is Wedgwood. The blue background appears to be a slightly darker blue than some genuine Wedgwood. The only mark is on the back, a number, 93, which is indented into the white back. Could you tell me whether this plate is real Wedgwood or only a reproduction, please?—Miss D. Silvester, Brisbane.

Your plate was made in Austria between 1880 and 1900 and is a copy of a Wedgwood design. Genuine Wedgwood is always marked with the name "Wedgwood."

● ***Plate is Wedgwood copy.***

Late 19th-century chair

Could you please tell me what the markings on my chair mean? Under each arm and leg are the markings 558AD. Does this indicate the maker's markings or the period in which the chair was made? Also, I would like to know whether the chair would be spoilt if I had it converted to a rocking-chair. — Mrs. N. Hills, Cronulla, N.S.W.

The chair is late 19th century. The markings are trademarks. It would not spoil the chair to convert it as you suggest.

Victorian vase

I have a vase decorated with laurels and lions' heads. It was recently plated, but I think it dates back before 1880, when it was given to my late mother. The only mark I can see is R.578. Could you tell me its age, please?—Mrs. H. Palmer, Watsons Bay, N.S.W.

Your vase is Victorian and was made about 1875. During the Victorian era the manufacturers copied many of the antique designs and this is an example of one of their copies.

Chiming clock

I have three pieces about which I would like some information—a clock, a bronze figure, and some candlesticks. The clock is a chiming one, standing on a pink marble base. It has hand-painted flowers on the face and the hands are gilt. The figure could be bronze and it has the markings "Printemps" par Rancoulet. I also have some candlesticks which I think are bronze, with cherubs and pink marble bases.

Mrs. C. Erlich, Penshurst, N.S.W.

Your clock is French, and all of the pieces date from about 1895.

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BM396/62

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● One of the girls has brought home from the library a most interesting book on the origin of names. I hadn't realised, until I read this, that having a surname is a fairly "modern" thing to do.

THE book quotes an Elizabethan historian who says: "Every person had at the beginning only one proper name, except the savages of Mount Atlas in Barbary, which were reported to be both nameless and dreamless."

By the end of the thirteenth century, when the Henrys and Johns and Richards and Roberts and Williams made up 57 per cent. of recorded names, people began to realise that things would be less confusing if a surname was added to that one baptismal name.

But it was quite a time before they thought of making the surname a permanent one instead of changing it with every generation.

The author gives as an example the Fitz-Hugh family, where the succession ran like this: Akaris FitzBardolph, Hervey FitzAkaris, Henry FitzHervey, Randolph FitzHenry, Hugh FitzRandolph, Henry FitzHugh.

By this time they'd reached the thirteenth century and the modern and fashionable idea then was to let the sons carry the same surnames as their fathers.

Named after Grandma (to get her jewels)

ENGLISH parents of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries had another fine scheme for confusing people outside the family circle — it was quite a common thing to have two or more children in the one family called by the same christian name.

Suppose you had a mother-in-law called Elizabeth with a couple of castles and half a dozen coffers of jewellery to be left to her favorite descendants.

It would probably seem the most natural thing in the world to name your first daughter after her.

But in those days infant mortality was alarmingly high, and it was a fortunate family which reared half the children born to it, a **very** fortunate family which reared two-thirds.

So, with the castles and the coffers in mind, it would be a natural precaution to name the second daughter Elizabeth, too, because it would seem pretty unlikely that they would both survive the plagues and the fevers and the colds and the mishandlings and the epidemics that kept down the populations in medieval nurseries.

A truly cautious man, or a gambler, might insist on having his third daughter christened Elizabeth, too; that way he'd improve the odds on being able to flatter Grandma successfully.

I suppose it was this habit of doubling-up on Christian names that encouraged the English in their habit of giving nicknames—if you had two or three daughters named Elizabeth, you'd just have to think up nicknames like Eliza and Betsey and Beth and Libby and Tetsy.

Surely the Puritans must have been the people who thought up the WORST Christian names of all time.

This book has a collection of them.

Thomas Heley, the minister of Warbleton, called his children (born between 1583 and 1589) Much-Merceye, Increased, Sin-denie, and Fear-not.

His Puritan neighbors were probably using names like these:

More-Fruit, More-triall, Discipline, Joy-again, From-above, Livewell, Reformation, Free-gift, Sorry-for-sin, No-merit, and Postumus.

Fashions in names are an odd thing when you come to think of it.

I wonder why it is that when I was a child the world was full of Bobs and Dicks and Bills; nowadays they've disappeared and their places are taken by Roberts and Richards and Williams.

A rainbow's glory — for fingernails

I THOUGHT I must be imagining things when Diana's hands appeared on the table at lunchtime on Saturday.

The weekend, of course, is the only time she can wear nail-polish, because it is rightly banned at school.

But each nail was painted a different color — bright red on her little fingers, pearl-pink on the fourth fingers, a sort of pale mauve on the middle fingers, opalescent-white for the index fingers, and a coral tone for the thumbs.

"My feet are the same," she said, waving a bare foot proudly over the edge of the table.

"Heather and I are trying to see if we can start a new fashion.

"We're going to wear this everywhere we go and just see how long the idea takes to catch on."

Heather (a schoolfriend of Di's) came round during the afternoon, and one look at her hands proved to me that the women of her family had an even more adventurous taste in nail-polishes than we have.

Earring fashion flopped — odd!

I WISH them luck with their attempt to set a new fashion — I think it's an idea that often occurs to the young.

A schoolfriend of mine spent weeks and weeks trying to start a fashion for wearing odd earrings.

She was about 18 then, and she made the most fabulous collection of odd earrings from people who had lost one of a pair.

But she never managed to start an epidemic of odd-earring-wearing.

In the end she gave the whole thing up in disgust because well-meaning strangers were always pointing out to her on buses and trams that she must have dressed so hastily that she hadn't noticed that her earrings weren't a pair!

"Yes, I do think you should wear your dresses longer . . . about three years!"

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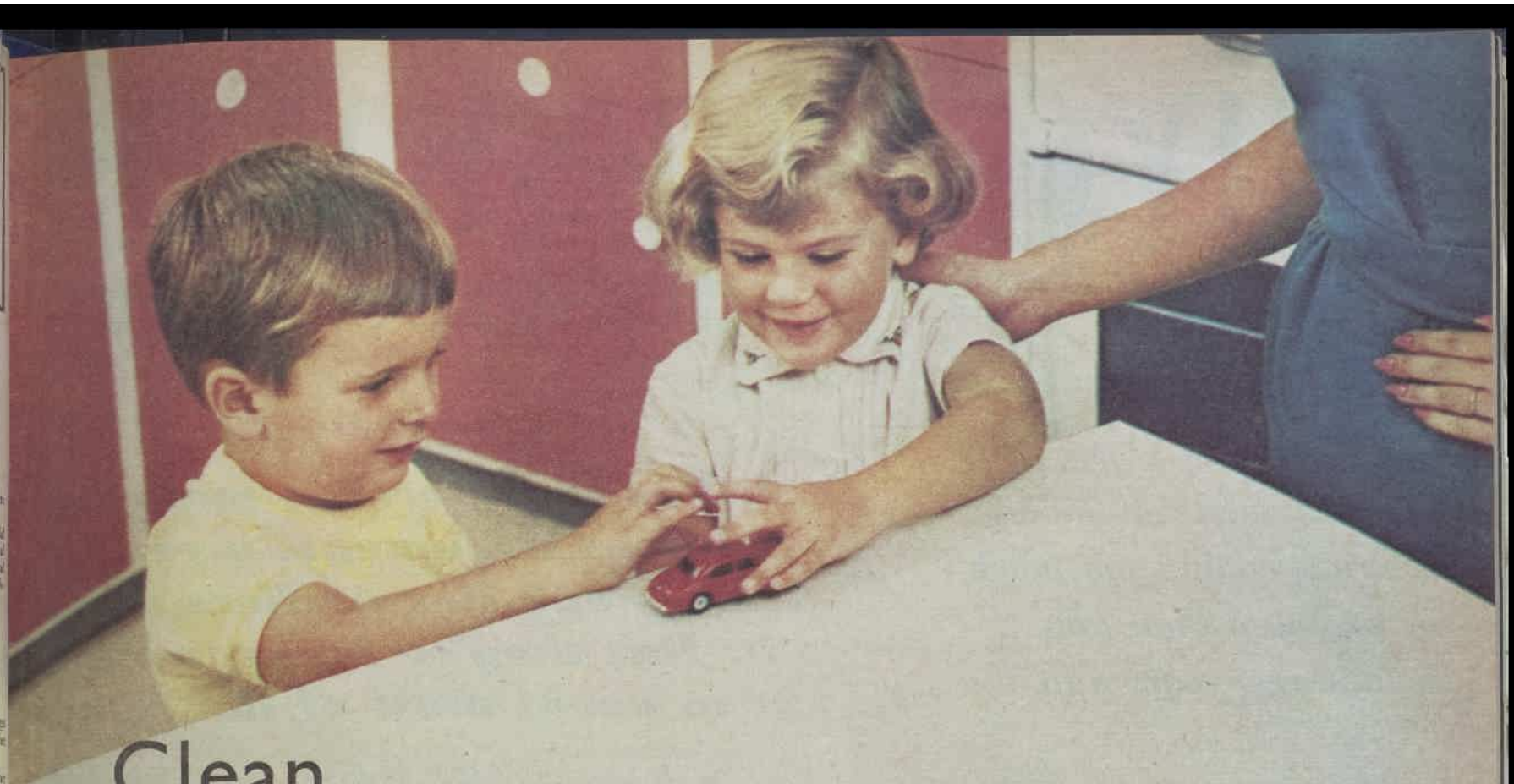

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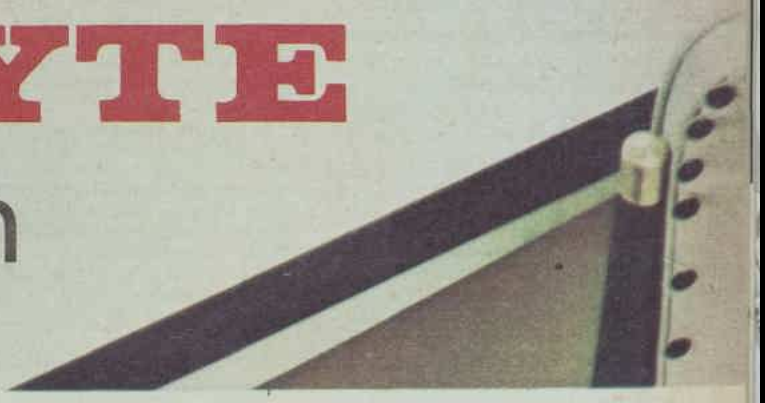

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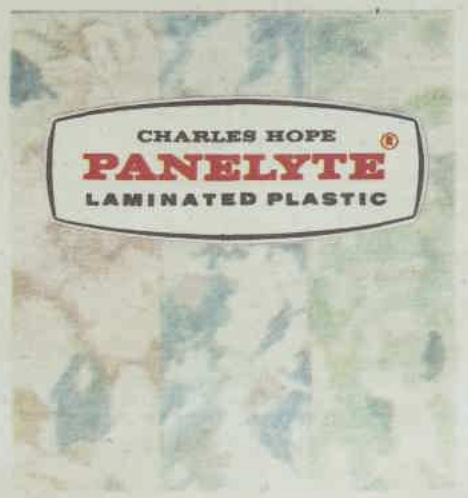

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WHY HUSBANDS disagree about

By JOHN SPRINGER

HE SAYS:

"I'm not made of money. You're spending too much —a lot more than you spent three years ago."

• Was there ever a marriage without arguments over money? Researchers doubt it. But they've found ways to avoid most of the fights.

"I paid my fiance's debts"

By "Look-before-you-leap"

● I am not yet 21 years of age but I feel about 101. I am writing my story so that perhaps I can prevent some other young girl from making the same mistake that I did.

I HAVE been engaged for two years. I got engaged against my parents' wishes — they wanted me to wait until I was a little older, but being young, headstrong, and in love I wouldn't consider waiting.

By going ahead without their consent I caused a lot of unhappiness at home.

There were nasty scenes and arguments between my fiance, my parents, and me which resulted in sullen silences for weeks on end.

We had been engaged some months when my fiance lost his job.

He was unemployed for week after week—months and months.

During this time he told me that he was looking for work, but, having average intelligence, I couldn't accept this.

It wouldn't have been too bad except for the fact that shortly before this he had bought a motor-bike and various articles for our future home—all on hire purchase.

He had even borrowed the money for the deposit on some things.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to see our things repossessed after the money that had been paid on them, so I could see no alternative but to pay for them myself. The motor-bike alone was several pounds a week.

I kept telling myself that tomorrow he would get a job—but tomorrow never came, and I went on paying and paying and paying.

During this time I had to keep it from my parents that he wasn't working, because I had too much pride to admit that possibly they had been right about him.

I had to try to look the part of a happy engaged girl, while all the time I just wanted to cry.

I had a fairly good job myself, and managed to get a little outside work to do at home to supplement my wages. However, there was never enough money.

I returned various articles I had in my glory-box to the shops from which they had been purchased. I even had to pawn my engagement ring for a short while.

Eventually I had to stop paying for the motor-bike, and in due course it was repossessed—which meant a loss of more than £100.

He loved his bike, and I thought that by losing it it might make him "wake up to himself."

But no — five more long months went by, during which time I thought I would lose my mind.

"Nagged him"

I don't think a night went by that I didn't cry myself to sleep.

Perhaps there are some very logical people reading this who will say to themselves, "Why didn't she break it off with him?"

Let me assure you, I tried. Several times I tried.

I argued with him to get a job, I nagged him, and then I would threaten to leave him.

But, as I said before, I kept thinking "tomorrow he will have a job," and so I stayed with him.

I went through complete misery with him, wrote letters to firms for him, and continued to pay out my wages for him.

Then, when I was nearly at my wits' end, I saw a job advertised.

I rang up for him and booked an appointment; then I caught a cab to his place, got him out of bed, made him dress and shave quickly, then caught another cab to the firm advertising the job.

He applied for it—it wasn't a fancy job, just steady work—and after five days, and out of 70 applicants, he was the one selected.

When I found out, I broke down and sobbed as I had wanted to do all the time he was unemployed.

He has been in this job now for several weeks, but still not a day goes by when I am not scared, really scared, that he will ring me and say that he has been put off, or else that he has walked out.

Sometimes I wonder if I will always feel this way.

There is still a lot of money owing to a lot of people, and I am still helping him, and slowly it will be paid back, and then, perhaps, we can marry and lead a normal life.

But I will never forget this nightmare that I went through and it will take a long time for me to gain back the trust and respect I had for him—if I ever do regain it.

There is no guarantee that he won't lose this job, too, and although the wages aren't very high — just respectable, really — I pray every night that he will never lose it.

Perhaps this will help some other girl who is thinking of becoming engaged and is still only very young.

Think well first. Is he in a good, secure job?

The amount of money isn't extremely important, just as long as it is regular.

Listen to your parents — it is just possible that they know a little more than you do.

In spite of all this, I am sure I will never leave him, as I don't think I could live without him.

● This is a real-life story. The writer wishes to remain anonymous.

THE very idea of a marriage "partnership" implies that a husband and wife will often differ about how their income should be spent.

So tiffs over money—or at least little cold wars—can be expected as long as men and women retain their personalities—and their faults.

But such disagreements can be kept within amiable limits. They need not grow into fights, or even become a major source of tension.

There are five basic causes for most of the serious money problems that confront a couple, and when differences of opinion flare up you can usually trace it to one of them.

1. Disagreement over the basic goals

HE may think it is important to live in an expensive neighborhood, to own an expensive car, and to wear expensive clothes so that everyone can recognise him as a success.

But she may think that they should keep expenses down and save for a rainy day.

Obviously, these two will disagree about most of the things they consider buying until they agree upon their main objectives.

This failure to agree on fundamental purposes often results when one partner fails to confide in the other.

A wife thought of renting a seaside cottage for the holidays and began saving for that purpose without discussing her plans with her husband.

Meanwhile, he was dreaming about a car-and-camping trip.

Of course, they could allow only a limited sum for the holiday, and when they had to reach a decision both strongly resisted giving up the plans each had quietly made.

Now, the whole thing could have been avoided if they had been working on a budget both had agreed on.

One advantage of drawing up a budget is that it forces you to agree on how to use your income.

Even if you are determined to spend in a way most people might consider foolish, the fact that you agree will help to keep your relations harmonious.

2. Man or wife ignorant of costs

IDEAS about the costs of everyday necessities can grow out of date quickly. For this reason, marriage-guidance experts say, creeping inflation may cause more financial tiffs than is generally suspected.

Here is a typical case:

A wife declares that she requires £200 a year to buy clothes for the family—her husband, herself, and two growing children.

Her husband remembers the time when clothes cost far less than £200.

What he overlooks, of course, is that prices of most things have risen steadily, and that an amount that was adequate only a short time ago is no longer sufficient.

The cost of supporting each member of the family also varies—and usually increases —year by year.

For example, it may cost more to feed your teenager for a day than it once cost to feed him, as a younger child, for a week.

Moreover, standards of living often improve slowly without our awareness.

Some families formerly ate meat only once a day, but now two, even three meals with meat may be expected.

By occasionally shopping together, a husband and wife can absorb a great deal of

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AND WIVES MONEY

SHE SAYS:

"Things cost more than they used to. If you did the shopping, you'd realise it. I spend nothing on myself!"

information about current trends.

Men who sometimes help with the household shopping are likely to be more understanding about today's costs than those who have not shopped for years.

3. Habits that "hang over" from childhood

A WIFE arranged to buy a suite of living-room furniture without consulting her husband.

He returned from work one evening and found his favorite easy chair gone, and an uncomfortable, very modern chair in its place.

A third person might say that the wife should have talked things over with her husband before making the purchase.

But she was convinced that her action was perfectly all right; her mother often bought things that way, and her father never seemed to mind.

On the other hand, her husband's parents discussed all their major purchases and he believed that his wife should have told him what she was doing in advance.

Here was a case in which both partners were convinced they were right, basing their arguments solely upon beliefs their parents had instilled.

Problems arising when a wife takes a paying job outside the home can often be traced to the same cause.

One husband may believe it is his duty to serve as the family's breadwinner, and that it would reflect on his manhood if his wife worked.

Another may think that his position as head of the house would be weakened.

Such convictions are usually deep-seated. In fact, researchers have found that a couple's normal relationship is often upset when the wife begins to work.

There may be quarrels over who should manage the extra income, and whether the husband should now do such household chores as cooking meals or washing clothes.

4. One partner lacks self-discipline

WE all have to be able to resist the urge to buy things we cannot afford.

If we cannot do so, we will soon find ourselves frantically in debt.

Of course, the way to avoid this condition is to learn to fight off temptations to overspend.

"One undisciplined person can cause more difficulties in a marriage than if both partners are irresponsible," a marriage guidance officer told me, "because husband and wife then are pulling in opposite directions.

"They are likely to consider each other as selfish or miserly.

"Two people who lack self-discipline might get along harmoniously.

"But ultimately they will face a crisis when they want something desperately, but cannot have it because they've used their cash and credit on things they could have done without.

"Marriage is a team game in which both members must play their part.

"Unless the husband and wife are disciplined to live within their allowances, their team will inevitably wind up on the losing side."

5. If either has unrealistic ambitions

THE wife of the caretaker of a large block of flats noticed the many toys that well-to-do tenants bought for their children.

There were dolls costing pounds, elaborate toy cars, rocking-horses, everything.

She decided that her own youngsters were entitled to similar toys.

Because she wanted things beyond her income, she kept her family perpetually in debt.

Newly married couples often have unrealistic ideas of what they can afford.

Some think that they should already have comforts that their parents enjoy after 25 years or so of marriage: a completely furnished home, a car, perhaps an expensive wardrobe.

If they are not realistic enough to know that newlyweds must forgo some luxuries, they may entangle themselves hopelessly in financial trouble.

It is necessary to know when an ambition is "realistic."

Roughly, home economists say that it is reasonable for you to want those things possessed by others in your income bracket.

For instance, if few of your equals own a car older than five years you would not be excessively ambitious if you wished to trade in your car when it reached that age—provided, of course, that you did not spend more than the average of your group for other major items.

HOW can you handle money problems with a minimum of friction?

Three suggestions should prove helpful:

- Try to determine whether your attitudes result from your own upbringing.

Try to realise that because income was handled a certain way by your parents, it is not necessarily the correct or only way.

This point is especially important if your parents were born in another country, because Australians often have a drastically different way of managing their incomes.

- Try to look at your problem objectively.

Ask yourself how most people in similar circumstances would handle it.

In a well-to-do family, for example, a wife might assume all responsibility for buying home furnishings; among low-income families a husband might wish to be consulted, because if money is spent on a sofa he will be unable to buy a suit.

For middle-income Australians (which means most of us) there is a fairly general pattern of money management.

Usually there is a division of responsibility: a husband and wife agree upon a general spending plan (not necessarily on paper) and then divide their income along the lines they decide upon.

Out of his share the husband may pay bills connected with the house (mortgage payments or rent, heat, light, necessary repairs) and the car.

The wife may have an allowance out of which she pays for food, clothing for herself and the children, home furnishings, and beauty treatments (if any).

Again, **how** responsibility is divided is less important than **the fact that you agree** upon the division.

A man who knows that money burns holes in his pockets may be relieved to give his pay envelope to his wife and let her pay all the bills.

A woman with no head for figures may want to be responsible only for buying the groceries.

- Be prepared to compromise.

In most disagreements about money, there are large grey areas in which neither partner is entirely right or wrong.

For this reason it's just as well to get together and talk the thing out until a satisfactory agreement is reached.

Neither gains an outright victory, but the understanding that is finally reached takes both viewpoints into account.

When both husband and wife show goodwill, mutual respect, and a little give-and-take (a requisite for the successful handling of any dispute), most money troubles can be straightened out and money quarrels ended.

Marriage-guidance officers firmly state that difficulties over money, in themselves, seldom, if ever, cause a marriage to break up.

True, couples on the verge of divorce usually disagree over money as well as over most other things.

But it wasn't their inability to agree about how to spend their income that caused the basic rift.

The average couple can take hope from this fact. For if your relationship rests on a solid foundation of mutual affection and goodwill, your tiffs over money, while probably inevitable to some extent, will never grow large enough to imperil the marriage itself.

A MOTHER'S STORY

A (new) song of sixpence

By Mrs. ELSIE PEARSON, Geelong, Victoria

I'VE read all those other mums' stories,
Dramatic . . . yes, tragic as well,
So how could you listen to this one
When there's really so little to tell?
When we married we'd nothing behind us,
Sixty pounds . . . or a sum nearabout . . .
So we purchased a second-hand bedstead
And a lounge with the springs poking out,
And a table that crazily wobbled
Till the cups and the plates danced a jig,
But though we were short on the banknotes
Our love for each other was BIG.
A honeymoon? Out of the question . . .
He came out of work that first week,
And I soon found you can't pay the grocer
With a comforting kiss on the cheek.
But we managed on casual labor
For one month and two months and three,
And then I felt sick in the mornings . . .
And everyone knew . . . except me.
Six months staggered by, then one morning
Came pain, and with face drawn and grey,
I heard the dread word "operation";
They took my appendix away.
The baby? Ah, yes, three months later
They took me back there once again,
But this time the baby was coming
And, oh, there was joy in the pain.
My heart, although frightened, was singing
Through the pain and the torment and all,
Till at last there was peace and rejoicing—
And a little king wrapped in a shawl.
Perhaps our son brought us good fortune,
For a job came along with more pay,
And a house; I admit it was shabby,
But our love shooed its drabness away.

The stork called again four years later,
This time in a pink satin bow,
Expenses weren't quite as alarming
With savings beginning to grow,
But I wonder now: How did I manage?
No fridge and no washing-machine,
No wall-to-wall carpets, no telly,
I sure didn't live like a queen.
But it's funny how love hides the patches
And covers a hole in the rug,
And yes, even baldness and wrinkles
Dismisses with light-hearted shrug.
Ah! The stork calls again; it's a daughter,
So the family Bible holds three,
There's Ronald and Juleene and Glenys,
And above them there's Dad and there's me.
So you see, it's not much of a story,
But we've built a new house now, you know,
On our very own bit of Australia,
With a garden beginning to grow.

And this year we're planning a wedding . . .
They haven't much money you say . . .
Ah, no! but it's loving that matters,
And we started the very same way.
So it wouldn't be fair to advise them
To save up their money and wait
Until they can purchase a cottage
And furnish it all up to date,
It wouldn't be fair to refuse them . . .
And besides I delight in the fuss
And I know that because they love truly . . .
With God's help, they'll manage . . . like us.

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Knitting for the over-six-months

● **Directions are on this page for three-piece set at right. More designs are overleaf.**

Materials: 12 balls Woolworths 5-ply Crepe; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 and set 4 No. 11 knitting needles; 5 buttons; length elastic.

Measurements: Coat—length from top of shoulder, 11in.; width at underarm, 24in.; sleeve seam, 6½in. Bonnet — width round face, 13in. Leggings — length of leg seam, 10in.

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in. on No. 9 needles.

PATTERN

1st Row: * P 2, w.bk., sl. 1 purlways, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Row: * K 2, w.fwd., sl. 1 purlways, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

Rep. from 1st to 4th rows once, then 1st and 2nd rows once. Work 6 rows in st-st. These 16 rows form patt.

Coat

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 44 sts.

Work 6 rows in g-st.

Keeping a border of 6 sts. in g-st. at end of row, work the 16 patt. rows 3 times, then from 1st to 10th rows once.

To Shape Raglan: Keeping patt. straight, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every alt. row until there are 20 sts. on the needle, ending at neck edge. Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at raglan edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 4 times.

Work straight at neck edge, but cont. dec. at raglan edge as before until 2 sts. rem. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, making 5 buttonholes, marking the position with pins on left front, the first in the 9th and 10th rows from beg., the 5th at neck, and the other 3 equal distance apart.

To Make Buttonholes: K 2, cast off 2 sts., k 2.

In Next Row: Cast on 2 sts. where cast off in previous row.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 77 sts. Work 6 rows in g-st., work the 16 patt. rows 3 times, then from 1st to 10th rows once.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 21 sts. rem. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 44 sts. Work 17 rows in g-st.

18th Row: K 1, * inc. once in next st., k 6, rep. from * to last st., k 1 (50 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of the 3rd and every foll. 8th row until there are 64 sts. on the needle. Work straight until 10th patt. row of 4th patt. from beg. is worked.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 8 sts. rem. (7 patt. from beg.). Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 35 sts. Work 6 rows in st-st., casting on 6 sts. at end of each row (71 sts.).

Now work the 16 patt. rows once, dec. 1 st. at each end of the last 4 rows. Cast off. Using No. 11 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up sts. all round outer edge of collar. Work 4 rows in g-st. Cast off loosely (wrong side).

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join sleeves to fronts and back, matching pattern, and noting that tops of sleeves form part of neckline. Sew side and sleeve seams. Sew on collar, beginning and ending 3 sts. from front edge. Work round buttonholes and sew on buttons.

Bonnet

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 88 sts. Work 10 rows in g-st., inc. 1 st. at end of last row. Change to No. 9 needles and work the 16 patt. rows 3 times, dec. 1 st. at end of last row.

To Shape Back: 1st Row: * K 9, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: * K 8, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Cont. in this manner with 1 st. less between dec. every alt. row until 16 sts. rem.

In Next Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Break off wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join back seam to end of second pattern from front.

Using No. 11 needles and with right side facing, pick up sts. round lower edge of bonnet.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, * wl.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: K. Cast off.

Make a cord and thread through holes for tie.

Leggings

Right Leg: Using No. 11 needles, cast on 80 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * wl.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Work 9 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 9 needles and, working in st-st., shape back as follows:

1st Row: K 16, turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 22, turn.

5th Row: K 28, turn.

Cont. in this manner, working 6 more sts. on every k row until the row k 58, turn has been worked.

Next Row: Purl.

** Cont. in st-st. on all sts., inc. 1 st. at each end of the 3rd and every foll. 10th row until there are 94 sts. on the needle.

Cont. on these sts. until work measures 8½in. (measured at short edge of work), ending with p row.

Shape leg by casting off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 50 sts. rem., then in every foll. 4th row until 42 sts. rem. Work straight until leg seam measures 9in. from beg., ending with k row.

Next Row: Purl, dec. 4 sts. along row.

Using the 4 No. 11 needles, work 10 rounds in k 1, p 1 rib, working 12 sts. on each of first and third needles and 14 on second needle (38 sts.).

Divide sts. for heel as follows: Knit first 10 sts. of round on to one needle, slip last 10 sts. of round on to other end of same needle (these 20 sts. are for heel).

Divide rem. sts. on 2 needles and leave for instep.

On heel sts. work 13 rows in alt. rows of purl and plain (always slipping first and knitting last st. on every row).

Turn heel thus: K 12, k 2 tog., turn, p 5, p 2 tog., turn, k 6, k 2 tog., turn, p 7, p 2 tog., turn.

Cont. in this manner until all sts. are worked on to one needle.

Knit back 6 sts. (thus completing heel).

Slip all instep sts. on to one needle again. With a spare needle k rem. sts. of heel, knit up 12 sts. at side of heel, with a 2nd needle k across 18 instep sts., with a 3rd needle knit up 12 sts. at side of heel and other 6 sts. of heel.

To Shape Instep — 1st Round: Knit.

2nd Round: 1st needle, k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd needle, knit, 3rd needle, k 2, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rounds until 11 sts. rem. on each 1st and 3rd needles.

Cont. without shaping until foot measures 2½in. from where sts. were knitted up at side of heel.

Slip last st. of 1st needle on to beg. of 2nd needle and first st. of 3rd needle on to end of same needle.

To Shape Toe—1st Round: 1st needle, k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 2nd needle, k 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1; 3rd needle, k 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k to end.

2nd Round: Knit.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rounds until 20 sts. rem. in round. K sts. of first needle on to end of 3rd needle and graft sts. **.

Left Leg: Work ribbing as given for right leg. Change to No. 9 needles and shape back as follows:

1st and Alt. Rows: Knit.

2nd Row: P 16, turn.

4th Row: P 22, turn.

6th Row: P 28, turn.

Cont. in this manner until the p 58, turn has been worked.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Work as given for right leg from ** to **.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Using flat seams, sew up back, front, and leg seams. Thread elastic through holes at waist.

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Jacket with sweetheart trim

● Knitted in a synthetic which can be put in the washing-machine, this jacket fastens at the neck with snap-fastener.

STOCKING - STITCH is used for the body of the jacket. Trim and neck-band are in moss-stitch.

Materials: 3 balls white "Peacock" Crimplene; 1 ball blue "Peacock" Crimplene; 2 prs. each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1 snap-fastener; length of ribbon.

Measurements: Coat: Length from top of shoulder, 11in.; chest 22in.; length of sleeve seam, 6in.

Abbreviations: W, white; b, blue.

Tension: 7½ sts., 1in.; 9½ rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and b, cast on 87 sts. Work 10 rows st-st. P 1 row on right side to mark hemline. Change to w. Work 5 rows st-st., commencing and ending with a p row. Work as follows:

1st Row: K 7w, * 1b, 11w, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 1b, 7w.

2nd Row: P 6w, * 3b, 9w, rep. from * to last 9 sts., p 3b, 6w.

3rd Row: K 5w, * 5b, 7w, rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 5b, 5w.

4th Row: P 4w, * 7b, 5w, rep. from * to last 11 sts., p 7b, 4w.

5th Row: K 3w, * 9b, 3w, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k 9b, 3w.

6th Row: P 3w, * 4b, 1w, 4b, 3w, rep. from * to end of row.

7th Row: K 3w, * 3b, 3w, rep. from * to end of row.

8th Row: P 4w, * 2b, 3w, 2b, 5w, rep. from * to last 11 sts., p 2b, 3w, 2b, 4w.

Cont. with w in st-st. until work measures 7in. or required length to armholes. Shape armholes by casting off 1 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next 5 rows. Cont. without shaping until armholes measure 4in. Shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and b, cast on 50 sts. Work 10 rows st-st., p 1 row on right side to mark hemline. Work as follows:

Next Row (wrong side): Using b, m-st. 7, join w, p to end of row.

Next Row: K 43w, m-st. 7b, being sure to twist yarns around each other on wrong side of work when changing colors.

Rep. last 2 rows. Rep. 1st row. Work Fair Isle patt. as follows:

1st Row: K 7w, * 1b, 11w, rep. from * to last 7 sts., m-st. 7b.

2nd Row: M-st. 7b, p 10w, * 3b, 9w, rep. from * to last 9 sts., p 3b, 6w.

3rd Row: K 5w, * 5b, 7w, rep. from * to last 21 sts., k 5b, 9w, m-st. 7b.

4th Row: M-st. 7b, p 8w, * 7b, 5w, rep. from * to last 11 sts., p 7b, 4w.

5th Row: K 3w, * 9b, 3w, rep. from * to last 23 sts., k 9b, 7w, m-st. 7b.

6th Row: M-st. 7b, p 7w, * 4b, 1w, 4b, 3w, rep. from * to end.

7th Row: P 3w, * 3b, 3w, rep. from * to last 17 sts., p 3b, 7w, m-st. 7b.

8th Row: M-st. 7b, p 8w, * 2b, 5w, 2b, 5w, rep. from * to last 11 sts., p 2b, 3w, 2b, 4w.

9th Row: K 43w, m-st. 7b.

10th Row: M-st. 7b, p 43w.

Rep. last 2 rows, and when work measures 7in. or required length to armholes, cast off 3 sts. at armhole edge of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of next 5 rows. When armhole measures 2¾in. m-st. the 7 border sts. and leave on a spare needle for neckband, cast off 3 sts., p to end of row.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until dec. to 24 sts. When armhole measures 4in., cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working each row from the end to the beg.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and b, cast on 48 sts. Work 10 rows st-st., p 1 row on right side to mark hemline. Change to w and work in st-st., commencing with a p row for 2in., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row until inc. to 64 sts. When sleeve seam measures 6in. or required length above hemline, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 5 rows. Cast off rem. sts. loosely.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using No. 12 needles, work the 7 border sts. of right front in m-st., pick up and k about 60 sts. around neck, then work the 7 border sts. of left front in m-st. Cont. in m-st. for ¾in. Cast off in m-st.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew back facing along lower edge and sleeves. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew a snap-fastener at neck edge. Sew on ribbon bow.

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Nicotinamide	25 mg.
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Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.
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Manganese	1 mg.
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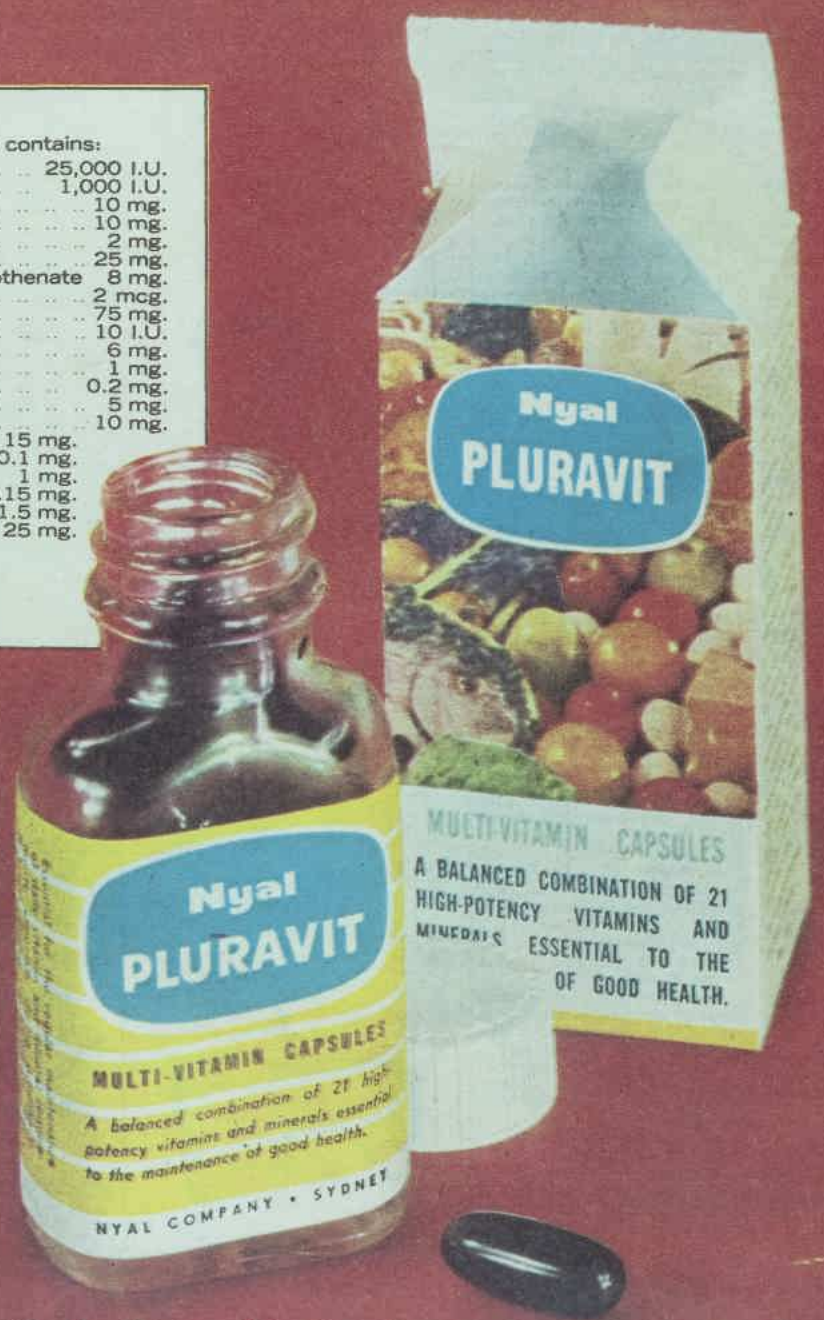

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PRAM SET IN SOFT MOHAIR

● "Grown-up" effect is achieved with the use of mohair instead of traditional baby wool.

COAT will fit 20 or 22in. chest sizes. Set takes 7 or 8 balls of yarn, 4 buttons, and ribbon.

Materials: 7 (B 8) balls Patons Mohair Brushed Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; 4 buttons; length of ribbon.

Measurements: Chest, 20 (B 22) in.; full length, 11in.; sleeve seam, 6½ (B 7) in.

Abbreviations: "Inc," pick up loop which lies between next 2 sts., place on left-hand needle, and knit through back of loop.

Tens'on: 11 sts. to 2in. on No. 8 needles.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 36 (B 40) sts. Work 4 rows in g-st. Keeping a border of 6 sts. in g-st. at beg. of row, cont. straight in st-st. for 53 rows, making buttonholes in the 45th row from beg. and foll. 10th rows 3 times (4 buttonholes).

To Make a Buttonhole: K 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog., work to end of row.

Cast off 3 (B 4) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in next and foll. alt. rows twice, 30 (B 33) sts. Work 6 rows without shaping.

7th Row: Knit.

Keeping a border of 6 sts. in g-st., work 3 rows in st-st. Rep. last 4 rows once.

15th Row: Knit.

Work 2 rows without shaping.

18th Row: Cast off 12 (B 13) sts., k to end of row.

19th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 14 (B 16) sts. rem. Work 2 rows without shaping. Shape shoulder by casting off 7 (B 8) sts. at armhole edge in next and foll. alt. row.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, omitting buttonholes.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 60 (B 66) sts. Work 4 rows in g-st., then 52 rows in st-st. Cast off 3 (B 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 48 (B 52) sts. rem. Work 6 rows without shaping.

7th Row: Knit.

Work 3 rows in st-st. Rep. last 4 rows 3 times.

Shape shoulders by casting off 7 (B 8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 30 (B 34) sts. Work 4 rows in g-st.

5th Row: K 1, * "Inc," k 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., "Inc," k 2 (40 sts.). (B) K 2, * "Inc," k 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 (44 sts.).

6th Row: Purl.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of the 1st and every foll. 6th row until there are 52 (B 56) sts. on needle. Cont. straight until sleeve measures 6½ (B 7) in. from beg.

Cast off 2 (B 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 30 sts. rem., then in every row until 14 (B 16) sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 60 sts. Work 2 rows in g-st.

3rd Row: K 2, "Inc," k to last 2 sts., "Inc," k 2.

4th Row: K 2, p to last 2 sts., k 2. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows 3 times.

Keeping a border of 2 sts. each end in g-st., work 6 rows without shaping. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Using a flat seam, sew shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on collar, commencing and ending 3 sts. from front edges. Sew on buttons.

THE HOOD

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 28 sts. Work 2 rows in st-st.

3rd Row: * K 1, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to end of row (42 sts.). Work 2 rows in st-st.

6th Row (wrong side): Knit.

Work 3 rows in st-st.

Rep. last 4 rows until work measures 12in. from beg., ending with 2 rows st-st.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row (28 sts.).

Work 2 rows in st-st.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Fold hood in half, and using flat seam sew up back seam. Turn back hem 1in. wide round front and slip-stitch on wrong side. With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, pick up 56 sts. round back of hood

1st Row: Purl.

Work 8 rows in st-st. Cast off. Fold band in half and slip-stitch on wrong side. Sew on strings.

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HOME FOR A YOUNG FAMILY

● Home Plan No. 203 is another of the houses being built at Kingsdene Estate, Carlingford, N.S.W., by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes, for the Homes Fair opening in May. Designed by architect John P. Ley, it is the ideal plan for a young family.

SPECIAL feature of this plan is the large family room next to the kitchen and utility area, designed so that children playing can be supervised by mother as she works.

The house is built of timber and stained a deep mahogany. The roof—a low-pitched gable — is of corrugated asbestos cement. Sashless sliding plate-glass windows, the exposed posts of the carport, and a 2ft. 6in. eave overhang, give Plan No. 203 a slightly oriental atmosphere.

The interior of this home is particularly attractive — the ceilings are a feature throughout, with heavy exposed beams polished to a rich brown.

A path leading to the front door and round in front of the living- and dining-rooms (see floor plan) is paved with face bricks, and this paving extends inside the house to give an unusual floor surface to the foyer and fireplace recess.

A feature wall of clinker bricks (bricks which don't form properly in the kiln and have distinct variation in size and color) adds interest to the large living-room.

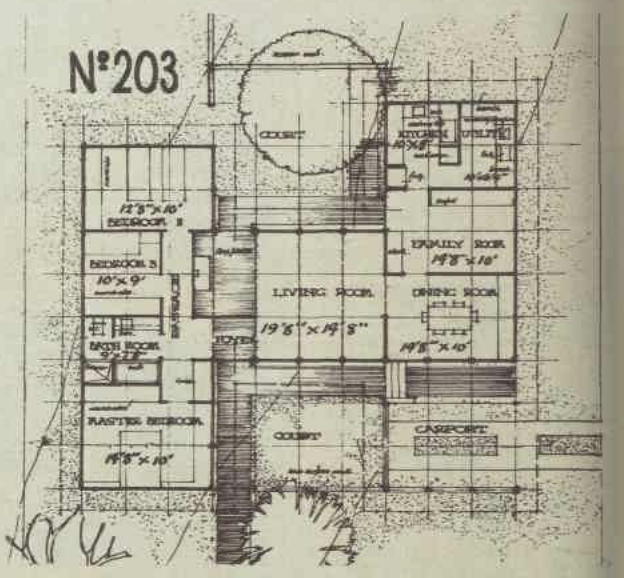
Three large bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, and the master bedroom has a built-in dressing-table, bench, and bookshelf along one wall.

The family-room has a built-in desk and a large storage wall for sewing equipment, children's toys, etc.

The compact bathroom, with vanity bench and basin, shower, bath, and toilet, has an unusual floor surface of exposed aggregate (gravel set into concrete).

An attractive kitchen, with wall oven, white laminated plastic bench-tops, and stained timber cupboard doors, overlooks a paved back courtyard.

PERSPECTIVE sketch shows low-pitched gable roof with overhanging eaves, and central paved courtyard.



FLOOR PLAN shows large family room with built-in storage space, and face-brick floor in foyer and fireplace area.

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WARNING: a wrong choice now could mean foot trouble for life

This message is brought to you by PADDLE in the interest of your child's foot health

A WORLD AUTHORITY ON FEET recently made a startling statement. He estimated that 8 out of 10 people today suffer from some form of foot trouble. There is no doubt that, in many cases, this trouble had its beginning in childhood as a direct result of wearing ill-chosen, poorly fitting shoes. Shoes that only *appear* to fit, shoes that lose their shape with wear, can lay the foundation of foot weakness that will cause a lifetime of trouble, discomfort and expense. During the years of foot development good shoes are vital.

THE PADDLE STORY ... and what it means to your child's proper foot development ...

Naturally, as a Mother, you are concerned about your child's health and welfare. Then think carefully about the shoes you buy for your child.

WHY PADDLE SHOES ARE SO GOOD. When you choose Paddle shoes you're choosing shoes with a unique foundation for quality. 90 years' experience! 90 years of progress! 90 years of study and research into the anatomy, the growth and needs of children's feet. That's the Paddle story — unmatched in the history of Australian shoemaking.

FRACTIONAL FITTINGS AND A LOT MORE. The renowned fitting properties of Paddle shoes are the result of many things. An applied knowledge of children's feet, scientifically designed lasts, use of the finest-grade materials, skilled craftsmen and rigid quality control.

DETAILED MANUFACTURE. There are actually up to 200 individual operations in the making of a pair of Paddle shoes. This detailed manufacture, this devotion to quality, ensures that Paddle shoes fit beautifully, *never* lose their shape, provide correct grow-room and give the longest-possible wear.

INVESTMENT IN FOOT HEALTH. Whether your child is a toddler or a teenager, Paddle shoes are your wisest choice. They are an investment you make for your child — an investment in foot health and comfort, both now and in the future.

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EB640. Black Patent. Sizes 7 to 10½, fittings C, D, E. 11 to 9, B, C, D.

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KK635

HINTS FOR YOUR GARDEN

● These hints from readers on garden care will help make you green-fingered in no time. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

PUT that leaking garden hose to good use. Plug the nozzle end and punture the hose with a sharp nail at regular intervals along its length. You now have a good irrigation pipe for watering the lawn. Raise the hose off the ground with forked sticks for best effect.—Miss Anne Fletcher, 130 Albert Street, Geelong West, Vic.

★ ★ ★

SAVE all tins and use them to bury beside shrubs in hot weather. Remove the top and bottom and bury them level with the plant, being careful not to disturb the roots and leaving centre unfilled. Water in the tins will go right down to the roots without running away on the surface.—Miss A Lee, 5 Clarence Street, South Perth.

★ ★ ★

FOIL milk-bottle tops are excellent for frightening away birds from lettuce, etc., in the garden. Make holes in the bottle tops and thread with black cotton. Criss-cross from sticks placed around the garden. The tops sway in the breeze and are most effective.—Mrs. M. Locke, Box 52, P.O., Hanwood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

SOMETIMES lemon or orange trees seem to remain the same size without bearing fruit no matter how much fertiliser, spraying, and other care is given. I was told to put a pound of washing soda around my tree and flood it with water. It has had a wonderful response.—G. M. Hart, Box 196, Atherton, North Qld.

★ ★ ★

SAWDUST placed around precious seedlings will disable snails, as they will not be able to return to their shells.—Mrs. R. Westen, 4 Stockdale Street, Dickson, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

TO protect that prize crop of strawberries from birds, try laying glass jam jars horizontally on the ground and gently place the heads of fruit inside. Be careful to guard against fruit becoming burned in very hot weather if bed is exposed to direct sunlight.—Mrs. O. Peters, c/o Post Office, Rokeby, Tas.

★ ★ ★

A HINT a professional gardener gave me many years ago—clip your dead roses and dead wood off as they die. He said it is practically all the pruning they need. I find it goes for other shrubs and plants as well.—Mrs. M. L. Raines, Fourth Road, Perkshire Park, via Riverstone, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IF hydrangeas droop after being in water a short time, add a dessertspoon of powdered alum to them and they will last much longer.—Mrs. M. Raphael, 8 View Street, Maylands, W.A.

★ ★ ★

SAVE all egg-shells, crumble, and put around carnation plants. It works wonders.—Mrs. G. Vigilante, 14 Lillian Street, Clayton, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MAKE ordinary cotton gardening gloves water- and soil-resistant by simply brushing over with a thin coat of paraffin wax.—Mrs. J. C. May, 105 Alt Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

DO not stake boughs of overladen apricot trees. When it is windy, staked boughs become rubbed and often the bark is injured. Take strips of leather and stout pieces of wire, and, protecting the tree with the leather strips, interlace the boughs in the centre of the tree about one-third of the way up limbs, taking wire from one side to the other.—Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Rogers Street, Goodwood Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★

HANG discarded nylon stockings in washhouse or garage and use for storing bulbs which have to be lifted each year. A quick glance shows you the type, and it is easy to see when bulbs are starting to shoot. It also stops any mould forming through dampness.—Mrs. E. Jennings, Road Mail Box 198, Boyup Brook, W.A.

★ ★ ★

TO clean indoor plants and make them shiny, rub the leaves with a cloth dipped in a solution of half milk and half water.—Mrs. Nola Rattenbury, 4 Hannan Crescent, Ainslie, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

TO rid garden of cabbage moths, boil rhubarb leaves and spray plants with liquid. This keeps away the moths.—Miss C. D. Watts, 14 Pine Street, Rydalmere, N.S.W.

If you have a hint to pass on to other readers, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

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MILLIONAIRES' WEEKEND

● Now and then even millionaires like to get away from it all, relax, and put their feet up. So they jet to an African nightclub, retreat to a Venetian palace, or go rustic at a camp shack with an escalator down to the lake.

TO keep up with the Very Rich one must speak their language. A palace is a bungalow. A jungle is a cosy little clubhouse. And a mansion is a country cottage.

President and Mrs. Kennedy have their secluded Glen Ora retreat in the Middleburg hunt-club country of Virginia. Queen Elizabeth has Balmoral Castle in Scotland, and Sandringham House, where she can slop about in baggy tweeds and a silk headscarf.

Africa is currently a popular place to get away from it all. There, communing with the lions and gazelles, one may encounter expatriate U.S. film star William Holden, part-owner of the Mount Kenya Safari Club in Nanyuki, East Africa.

Indeed, going "back to the jungle" is such a rage that one foreign-language record firm reports a boom in sales of records teaching Swahili.

Between long runs on Broadway, Mary Martin and her husband, Dick Halliday, find solitude and the companionship of neighbor Janet Gaynor on their seven hundred acres in the jungles of Brazil.

For sheer splendor and variety of real estate, it would be hard to match the holdings of two such homeless wanderers as those poor little rich girls Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton.

Barbara Hutton Mdivani Haugwitz-Reventlow Grant Troubetzkoy Rubirosa von Cramm drifts from one sumptuous hideaway to the next, usually escorted by one or more handsome young gentlemen companions to whom she reads her own poetry until the pink of dawn.

Occasionally she alights in her Japanese-style dwelling at Cuernavaca, Mexico. Now and then she stops briefly at her three-storey Arabian mansion, "El Kasbah," set smack in the middle of Tangier's teeming native quarter.

"El Kasbah" is actually five old houses converted into one sweeping palace, completely refurbished by a resident decorator. Yet it is more noted for its terraces and magnificent view of Tangier than for its decor, "a marriage of modern Moroccan with Miami baroque," according to a recent visitor.

The visitor reports that, far from being resentful of their neighbor's opulent presence, the impoverished natives earn their livings by escorting tourists through the quarter to see "El Kasbah."

Tobacco heiress

Doris Duke, darling of the tabloids and heiress to the Duke tobacco fortune, travelled and married in search of fulfilment.

Home base for the restless Miss Duke is the 2500-acre family home at Somerville, New Jersey, where Rutgers University supervises the country's poshest piggery (with air-conditioning, private stalls, deodorant atomisers).

In 1937, when married to James Cromwell, Miss Duke built her Shangri-La estate on Diamond Head, in Hawaii.

A fountain was imported from Damascus, the bathroom inlaid with jade, the walls lined with Persian tiles. Orchids sprouted everywhere.

Doris' suite was done in white alabaster with touches of mirrors a la Taj Mahal.

But while schools of tropical fish darting in and out of white coral on one wall of the dining-room might have been relaxing, it was not enough to keep Doris settled in one spot. Now she, too, aimlessly wanders the globe.

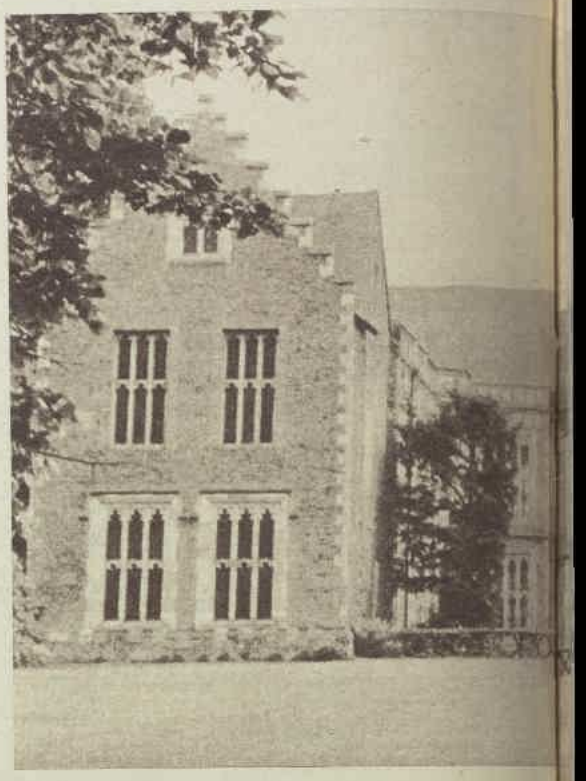
Once as nomadic as the next heiress, Peggy Guggenheim seems to have found a true and abiding love—art.

A twice-divorced expatriate member of the copper-fortune clan, she has made her marble palace abutting Venice's Grand Canal a haven for her Tibetan dogs and impoverished artists.

Gondoliers have made a fortune ferrying guests, supplicants, and the curious to her squatty, white-walled Palazzo Venier dei Leoni.

Behind a 12ft. fence topped with barbed wire is housed two million dollars' worth of modern art, some of it dating back to the early days of World War II, when Miss Guggenheim went off on a wild shopping spree in Paris, buying paintings at a rate of one a day.

As the collection grew, Peggy was forced to convert servants' quarters and the basement laundry room into galleries — which rather crowded an artist or two in residence down below.



One chap lived in the cellar for years turning out canvases.

"It was a great relief when he finally left," Peggy writes. "He used to drive the servants crazy by walking (barefoot) all over the house, tracking paint throughout the palazzo."

Building a pavilion in the courtyard (to house the paintings, not the painters) has solved some of the space problem.

Between opening her collection to the public three times a week and running her salon for intellectuals, Peggy complains:

"I'm going mad. I can't even pluck my eyebrows without thousands of people staring at me."

A thrifty move

A monument to frugality is the 16th-century mansion "Sutton Place," which oil magnate Jean Paul Getty bought in England.

Anyone struggling to balance a budget can sympathise with the financial frustrations of this Richest American.

Getty, whose fortune in oil and real estate is cautiously estimated at a billion dollars, was ordered by his auditors to economise.

Faced with a mounting pile of 100-dollar-a-day hotel bills, Getty made what he considers his thriftiest move to date — he bought the Duke of Sutherland's 400-year-old, 34-bedroom manor, plus 187 acres of backyard for 1,800,000 or 1,120,000 dollars (depending upon which report you care to credit).

"Think of the money I'll save on tips alone," Getty pointed out. "And I can put up my business associates out there far cheaper than I could at a hotel."

Getty already owns a hideaway on the Persian Gulf, another in Italy, and a house in Los Angeles he reportedly has not visited since 1951.

When he bought "Sutton Place," he hired a beautiful Englishwoman to supervise the interior decoration and refurbishing, then, to save taxes, turned it into a limited corporation.

Two thousand guests at his house-warming party saw his 500,000-dollar art collection and inspected the indoor swimming-pool, covered tennis and squash courts, nine-hole golf course, and seven large reception rooms.

None, however, saw the resident ghost of Anne Boleyn, who was wooed at "Sutton Place" by Henry VIII. They married and Henry later had her beheaded.

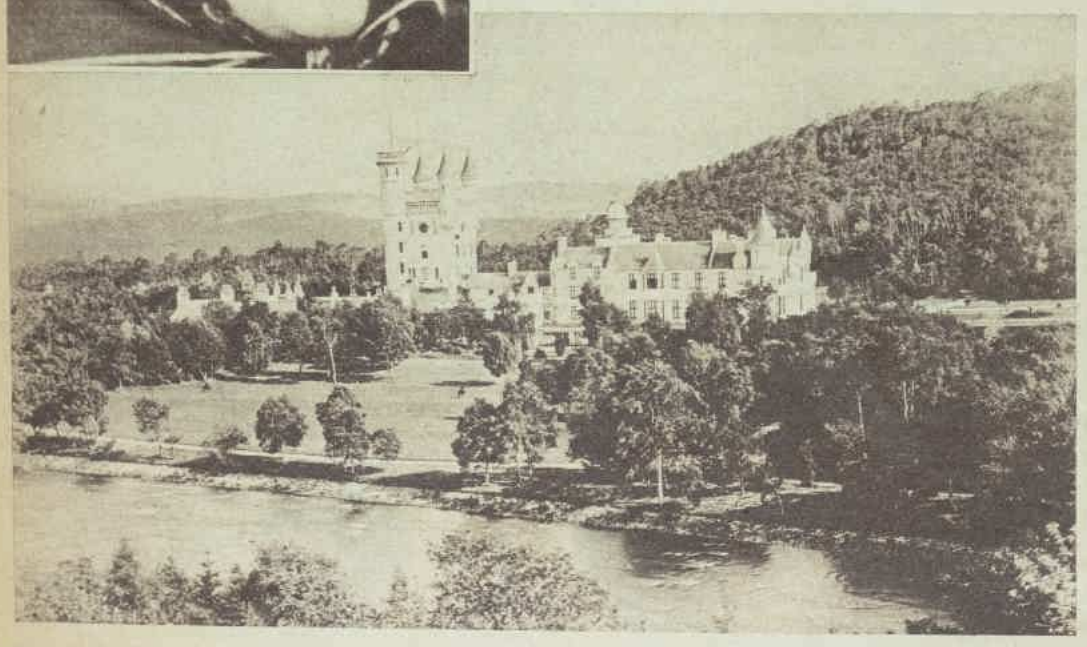
With frugal foresight, Getty co-billed the party as a "coming out" dance for the debutante daughter of his friend Captain Ian Constable-Maxwell. The two hosts split the 30,000-dollar cheque.

But an aide estimated that from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m., while the party was in full swing, Getty's oil interests alone had netted him about 57,000 dollars.

Apparently Getty's economy drive hasn't been as successful as hoped. Recently he had to put his servants on a five-day week and in their absence does the cooking himself—"mostly pancakes and corned beef hash"—in his own kitchenette.

A further economy gesture was the installation of a coin-box-operated telephone at "Sutton Place." The phone bill

● Queen Elizabeth (left) wears comfortable, informal clothes for walking, shooting, and fishing on holidays at Balmoral Castle (below), her huge estate in Scotland.



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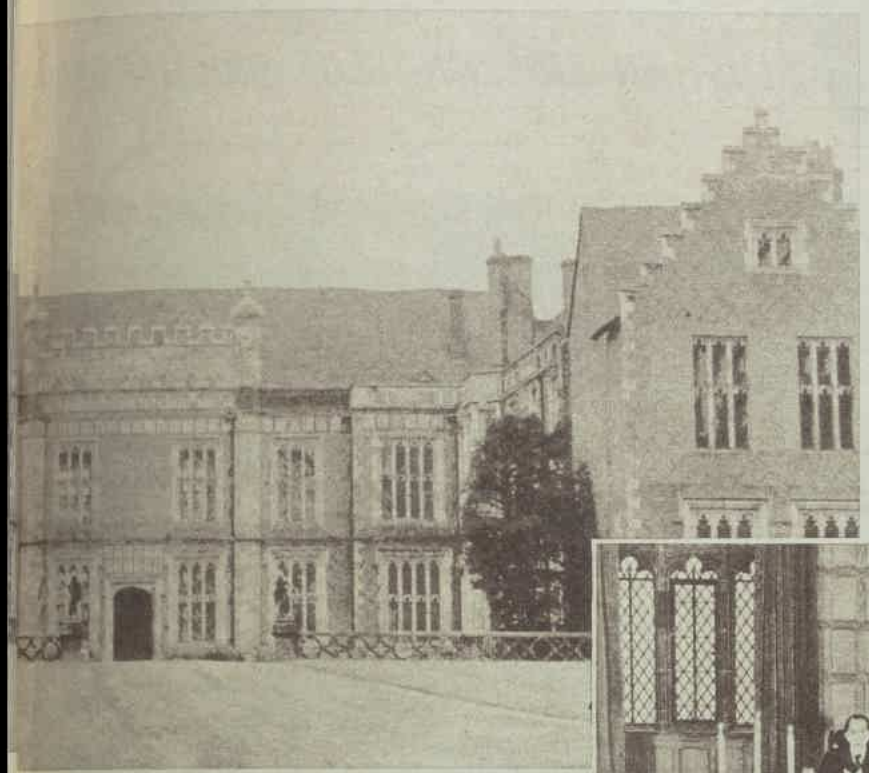
RETREATS



● *"Sutton Place," former home of the Duke of Sutherland, saves hotel bills for the Richest American, Jean Paul Getty, who now lives in England. He bought the 34-bedroom manor as an economy measure.*

● *Bachelor Jean Paul Getty (above) invited 2000 guests to his house-warming party at "Sutton Place," where he lives alone except for the servants and Anne Boleyn's ghost. At left: He dines in solitude, in the baronial hall.*

was getting out of hand, Getty complained, with a call to London costing 1/3.

Guests, workmen, and servants use the pay-phone, situated next to the office of Getty's secretary, who gives out change.

Hangar full of planes

Some American millionaires enjoy far simpler hideaways where they can indulge in hunting, fishing, and roughing-it outdoors.

Oilman Clint Murchison keeps a hangar of planes handy for quick trips to his ranch and hunting preserves in the Mexican mountains, where he and his wife once entertained the Duke and Duchess of Windsor "with the minimum of fuss."

"My husband told me from the beginning there would be no curtsying or backing out of the room or anything of that sort," said Mrs. Murchison. "And there wasn't."

Murchison confides that his absolutely favorite hideaway is a modest house with eight beds in a room "so a group of us boys can talk oil all night."

The "girls" favor togetherness, too. A group of Texas oil wives visited the exclusive Jamaican Round Hill Hotel, where, hot and exhausted after their long trip, they ran down the beach and plunged into the surf fully clad.

Refreshed by her dip, one of the ladies fell to washing her diamonds.

"I can't bear dirty diamonds," she explained.

● *Doris Duke has a white alabaster suite in her weekender in Hawaii. Home on the farm in New Jersey, the pigsty is air-conditioned.*

● *William Holden, U.S. film star, is part-owner of the Mount Kenya Safari Club, a hunting lodge (Hollywood style) in Nanyuki, East Africa.*

Cereal heiress Mrs. Marjorie Merriweather Post May roughs it at her rustic retreat, "Camp Topridge," in the Adirondacks, which has its own escalator down to the lake.

But her favorite holiday home is "Mar-a-Lago," at Palm Beach, which cynical observers describe as the best example of the famous resort's "early Bastardian Spanish period."

It has its own golf course outside, and enough room for another inside, a million-dollar inlaid dining-room table, and a boudoir which could be compared to Versailles.

One "Mar-a-Lago" visitor went away marvelling that the "cottage" had gold everywhere except on the front door. This was quickly remedied. On his next visit the door had been hung with an assortment of gold cupids.

"Shot wrong architect"

The late Harry K. Thaw, who shot to death his wife's lover, architect Stanford White, bestowed the most damning tribute.

After gazing at the Arabian Nights Palace for several seconds, he turned to a friend and said: "My God, I shot the wrong architect."

Undaunted, Mrs. May continues embellishing her property. An auditorium for entertainment and square dancing (her recent passion) was one project.

Gerald B. Lambert, the man who gave the world "halitosis" anxiety and sent sales of his mouth-wash soaring, built a fantastic getaway at Palm Beach, a happy compromise for Mrs. Lambert, who wanted a cottage right on the ocean, and her husband, who preferred a lake site.

They bought a narrow block at Boynton Beach overlooking both lake and ocean. The only small problem was a State highway slap in the middle of it.

The house was built under the road, a blend of modern and Pompeiian, with 15ft. of insulation to smother the roar of the traffic overhead.

● *Barbara Hutton. Her favorite retreat is an Arabian Nights palace with bizarre decor, set in the native quarter of Tangier. Her home in Mexico has Japanese decor.*

Mrs. Lambert lived entirely in the ocean half and her husband in the lake half, in his-and-her apartments with separate sets of bedroom, dressing-room, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, and servants' rooms.

Continued on page 67

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From page 65

Millionaires' weekend retreats

● *Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis (above) turned an old destroyer escort into his floating palace, Christina (above left). It was his answer to his brother-in-law's schooner, and he spent three million dollars on the conversion.*

IN following the Odysseys of the Very Rich, no travelogue would be complete without a tribute to two wandering Greeks, shipping tycoons Aristotle Socrates Onassis and his constant rival and one-time brother-in-law, Stavros Niarchos.

Their billion-dollar rivalry has provided constant entertainment and elegant hideaways for their playmates—from Sir Winston Churchill to Greta Garbo.

In a progressive game of one-upmanship, Niarchos bought his wife a house in Paris (not particularly habitable but charming) for 400,000 dollars.

Onassis rented for his wife, Tina, (now Lady Blandford) the Chateau de la Croe on the Riviera for one season. A few years later Niarchos bought the chateau.

Niarchos sailed the seas in his Creole, a 190ft. three-masted schooner of 697 tons. Onassis retaliated by buying a Canadian destroyer escort which he converted into the Christina at a cost of nearly three million dollars.

Christina carries its own amphibian plane and a motor-boat complete with refrigerator. At the touch of a button the mosaic swimming-pool becomes a dance floor.

How to stop worrying

There is a lapis lazuli fireplace, a spiral staircase, a kidney-shaped bath with gold dolphin taps, an extensive library (including "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living"), a fortune in art hanging on the walls, and beneath the glass-topped bar a small fleet of ancient and modern ships which can be moved by a magnet across a painted sea.

Christina carries a French chef as well as a Greek chef to feed the crew — or just in case "Ari" gets a craving for stuffed grape leaves in the middle of the night.

Niarchos was somewhat peeved when Onassis bought a large interest in the Monte Carlo casino. So he salved his ego by buying the 3000-acre island paradise of Spetsopoula, off Greece, and brings in guests by yacht for house and hunting parties there.

The island has been stocked with game birds and wild animals, including a herd of wild goats, which, according to a guest, keep getting bored and go swimming off to neighboring islands.

● *Mary Martin washes the cares of civilisation out of her hair at her jungle hideout in Brazil.*

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3 oz. grated tasty cheese
Salt, pepper and mustard

Mix TOTO according to the directions on the packet, but using 2 level tablespoons TOTO to ½ pint milk. Add salt, pepper and a pinch of mustard, add grated cheese and egg yolks, blend through thoroughly, allow to become quite cold, then fold through the stiffly beaten egg whites. Place into a greased souffle dish and bake in a moderate oven 375 deg. for 45 minutes. Serve immediately.

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ST239/62

WILDFLOWER PANEL

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● You can obtain the stamped needlework of this beautiful panel of wildflowers on an 18-inch square of cream linen (shown on opposite page) with embroidery cotton and working instructions for only 10/-.

SEND the coupon (below the color picture) with a cheque or postal note to "Wildflower Panel," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Because the linen on which the design is stamped is 18in. square, this needlework has a variety of uses.

You can frame it under glass for a wall panel or picture in a square, oblong, or oval frame, hem it in a square or oblong for a traycloth, back it with similar or contrasting linen for a cushion-cover, or embroider four or more for a set of oblong, circular, or oval dinner-table mats.

The plan below identifies the ten wildflowers in the panel.

Keep this and the following list of stitches for each flower as a guide when following the working instructions which you will receive with the stamped needlework and embroidery cottons.

WARATAH

Centre and two centre petals: Satin-stitch.
Curled petals: Sloped satin-stitch.
Centre open petal: Long and short satin-stitch.
Outside open petals: Long and short satin-stitch and sloped satin-stitch.
Veins and stem: Stem-stitch filling.

SUN ORCHID

Petals: Divided satin-stitch.
Stems: Stem-stitch.
Leaves and centre petal: Sloped satin-stitch.
Cup and top petal: Satin-stitch.
Dots: French knots.

GERALDTON WAX FLOWER

Petals, centre, stamen, and buds: Satin-stitch.
Leaves: Sloped satin-stitch.
Stems: Stem-stitch.

LESCHENAULTIA

Petals: Long and short satin-stitch.
Centre: Lazy-daisy stitch.
Flower cup and stems: Satin-stitch.
Leaves: Sloped satin-stitch.

BORONIA

Outer petals and buds: Satin-stitch.
Inside petals: Long and short satin-stitch.
Stems: Satin-stitch.
Centres: Lazy-daisy stitch.

FLOWERING GUM

Flowers: Stroke-stitch.
Leaves: Divided satin-stitch.
Buds and centres: Satin-stitch.
Dots: French knots.

FLANNEL FLOWER

Petals and leaves: Divided satin-stitch.
Veins, tips, and stem: Stem-stitch.
Centre: French knots.

LILLY PILLY

Stems and veins: Stem-stitch.
Berries: Satin-stitch.
Centres: Lazy-daisy stitch.
Dots: French knots.

WATTLE

Flower: Satin-stitch.
Stems: Stem-stitch.
Leaves: Stroke-stitch.

KANGAROO PAW

Outline and long stamens: Stem-stitch.
Curled back edge and Cups: Satin-stitch.
Stamens: Lazy-daisy stitch.
Stems: Stem-stitch filling.

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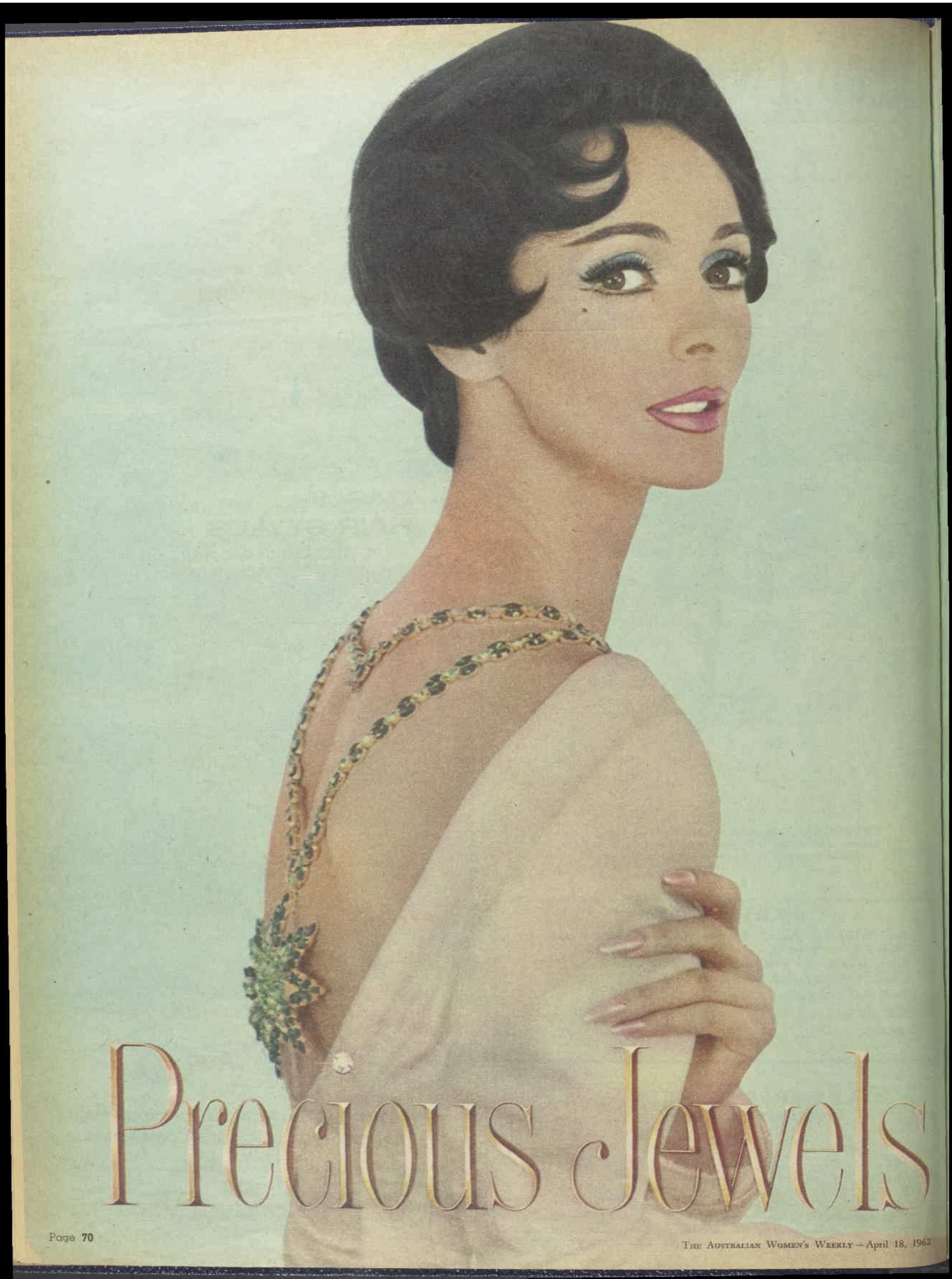

Precious Jewels

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Regal Amethyst for your eyes, Precious Opal for your lips

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● *Tropical fruits which can be grown in warm, frost-free areas are pineapple, banana, cherimoyer (custard apple), guava, and cyphomandra (tree tomato). Pineapples and bananas grow from suckers, cherimoyers from seedlings, while cyphomandras and guavas grow from cuttings.*

TROPICAL FRUIT

● Protection from frost, a warm north-facing corner, plenty of water and fertiliser are the ingredients for growing tropical fruit.

UNLESS you live in Queensland, where pineapples, bananas, mangoes, papaws, custard apples, avocado pears, jak fruits, and granadillas grow well, full success with tropical fruits requires patience and persistence.

Most tropical fruit will grow as far south as Sydney along the coast, in the sheltered corners of Adelaide, and in the middle and north coasts of Western Australia.

In most cases the soil selected should be deep, well drained, fertile, and contain ample humus to satisfy heavy feeders like papaws, mangoes, and bananas.

Bananas, particularly, need rich soil and fertiliser, especially when the fruit is setting. Otherwise you'll get strange purple flowers and nothing else. The hardy plantain types do best away from the tropics.

A word of warning about papaws to the beginner gardener. A male and female tree are needed to ensure cross pollination. Until the plants flower, no one can tell one from the other. Male trees have flowers on long tassels, female trees flower close to the trunk in clusters. Put in six plants and you're bound to strike the right combination.

To avoid disappointment, consult your nurseryman as to the best varieties for your particular location.

● *Strawberry guava (Psidium cattleianum) can be grown anywhere, including the southern States. The purplish-red fruits are deliciously sweet and will grow quite big with careful cultivation. They are prone to fruit-fly attack, so will need spraying.*

● *Persimmons bear fruit in summer as soon as two years after planting, but be careful which variety you buy. Some types require at least two trees planted together if they are to fruit at all. Modern grafted varieties are self-fertile, and one tree is enough. These varieties include Tanenashi (pictured here) and Dai-Dai Maru. Planting in southern States is best left till cooler weather.*

Are you a shirt-nik? Believe every outfit can be built around a blouse? You're so right, when you start with a beautiful, beautiful blouse by Lady Pelaco! Here's one of the new Autumn-Winter collection in soft-to-touch "purr-suede" fabric. You'll love the look of yourself in one of the glowing "bon-bon" shades to be found in "basically beautiful" blouses by Lady Pelaco

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Oranges and lemons

● Juicy citrus fruits do well in almost every part of Australia. Every large garden should have at least one citrus tree.

● The cumquat Fortunella is the most decorative of the citrus family. The small, well-shaped bushes are often grown in large pots (as in this picture at Mrs. Arthur Davis' garden, Cammeray).

THEY do well in a wide variety of soil conditions and are evergreen with shiny, fragrant leaves.

They add to the spring display with clouds of fragrant white blossom, and best of all provide fresh fruit during winter, when other fruits are scarce. The colorful orange-and-yellow fruit are very decorative in winter when your garden can do with some brightening up.

Planting time in N.S.W. and Queensland is usually April or September-October. In inland districts, where frosts are often late, August or September is usually regarded as best. In southern Victoria citrus trees are generally planted in early autumn. Western Australia planting time is similar to N.S.W.

● Mandarin (Citrus nobilis) is the easiest to grow of all citrus fruits, but the bushes are subject to white wax scale, easily controlled by spraying and brushing. Good varieties are Beauty of Glen Retreat, Ellendale, Emperor.

When buying trees make sure the wood is smooth and dark green, the leaves full and clean, showing no yellowing or curling. Puckered or shrivelled wood is a sure sign that trees have been too long out of the ground or have been grown in tins too long and have become pot- or tin-bound. Such trees rarely do well.

Distance apart is important. For garden purposes, 20 feet apart gives the trees room to breathe, plenty of nutrition or moisture space, and allows room for weeding or growing

● Grapefruit (Citrus grandis), so called because the fruit clusters together on the branches. Good varieties for the home garden are Marsh's Seedless, Nutsu Mikan (which is sometimes called the Japanese grapefruit), Thompson, Ruby, and a hybrid type, Wheeney.

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...for blossoms in spring and fruit in winter

cover-crops until the trees are bearing.

Digging close round citrus trees should be avoided; this causes cutting of the shallow surface-feeding roots and is usually followed by shedding of the immature fruits. Trees growing in very shallow soil will also drop their fruits. Other causes of fruit-dropping are "wet feet" (caused by bad drainage), drought, cold or hot winds, and faulty pollination of the flowers, as well as pest attacks.

Pests and diseases are very common. One of the most serious pests in coastal New South Wales is the gall-wasp, which causes large lumps on young wood. These should be cut out and burned, as they are full of eggs which may hatch out and cause even worse infestations, spreading widely to other gardens.

Thrips, aphids, caterpillars, weevils of several kinds, and the smelly bronze bug also cause considerable damage to flowers, young growth, and fruit. Scales of many kinds can ruin crops

GARDENING

or kill trees if allowed to breed unchecked. White oil is the standard control for most scales, and DDT for leaf-eaters, aphids, thrips, and some weevils.

The planting technique for citrus is similar to that of roses. First, break up the soil thoroughly and sweeten with lime. Dig a hole wide enough to take the roots without cutting or bending. Mound the soil in the bottom of the hole and spread the roots out and down. Half fill and tap soil back firmly with foot. Fill the hole with water, and when it has drained away refill with the balance of soil.

Never allow the roots to become dry while planting. If necessary, keep the tree in a bucket of water till ready.

Give the plants a week or two to become established, then apply a good dressing of animal manure or fertiliser, being careful not to disturb the new roots.

Other citrus fruits grown in Australia include:

Citrus aurantifolia, the lime. The two principal varieties are Tahiti and East Indian.

Citrus medica, the citron, which has long, pointed fruits, used mostly for cooking and candying.

Citrus aurantium, the bitter Seville orange used for marmalade.

Pumeloes and **poormans,** similar to grapefruit, but with a bitterer flavor.

● *Oranges (Citrus sinensis) will grow easily everywhere, provided they are given enough water. The popular varieties are Washington navel (the deeper colored fruit in the picture) and Valencia (foreground). Valencia is most popular and particularly grown for juice.*

● *Lemon (Citrus limonia) is undoubtedly the most useful and popular citrus fruit in the home garden. Good lemons bear all the year round. Variety pictured is Lisbon, large and juicy, but with enormous thorns. Others are Villa Franca, which bears in summer; Meyer, which is less susceptible to frost, thick-skinned, and bears very young; and Sweet Rind (Eureka).*

TUNA CASSEROLE

INGREDIENTS

1 packet Kraft Dinner
1¼ cups cooked peas (approx. 1-lb.)
1 can Greenseas Tuna, 6½ oz. chunk style or 7 oz. solid pack
1 tablespoon chopped parsley (optional)

SAUCE

1 oz. butter
2 tablespoons flour
1¾ cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
pinch pepper

METHOD

Cook macaroni in 3 pints boiling salted water for 7 minutes, drain.

Sauce. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and cook for a few minutes. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly; bring to the boil. Add cheese from envelope in the packet, salt and pepper. Stir until cheese melts.

Add macaroni, peas, tuna and parsley (if used). Reheat and serve immediately, or pour into a casserole and heat in a moderate oven (350°F. Gas, 375°F. Electric) for approx. 20 minutes, or until heated through. 6 servings.

Tuna, macaroni and cheese combine in this Kraft Kitchen recipe to bring you a really special Lenten Dish that's so very satisfying, with a bow to your budget as well. It's so simple to prepare too . . . just like the many exciting new recipes you'll discover in the colourful "Quick-Smart" Cookbook, specially prepared by the Cooks in the Kraft Kitchen.

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opened. He had derided the project through the countryside and had written a letter to the country paper. The very idea of female education was laughable, he'd said. Why educate a needle and thread? Why educate a bar of laundry soap?

Miss Lenox took this in her own way. She did not answer him directly, but entered the battle in a hundred little ways. It soon became known in the village, for instance, that Sylvan Glade, unhappy, was making some move toward friendship? Could it even be that Miss Lenox had chosen him, an unknown, to act as peacemaker?

He unfolded the letter and read it.

Continuing . . . LAST RESORT

from page 39

Charles Shotwell, Esquire
Bought of
Sylvan Glade Female Academy
12 Tickets, Sylvan Glade Musicale
and Tableau at 25c—3.00 dollars
Two months overdue
Please remit.

Ursula Lenox

He stared. He had never bought any tickets at any time from anyone. And he had never heard of any musicale. The sum, three dollars, was terrifying. His cash on hand was six cents. If Sylvan Glade was putting out friendship feelers, it was doing it in a mighty funny way.

Dry-mouthed from shock, he went out to the landing and down the stairs to the second floor to discuss it with Mr. Rice, the senior tutor. He didn't much care for Mr. Rice, but this was an emergency.

The second-storey hall was about 12 feet wide and floored with scuffed planking. To Mr. Shotwell's left, as he walked up it, was the paint-blistered door to the dormitory; beyond it at the moment the 23 miscellaneous scholars were having their bedtime study hour, so all was reasonably quiet. To his right, dingy signs said "Library" and "Botanical Gardens," and between them was Mr. Rice's door. Here Mr. Shotwell knocked and was asked to enter.

Mr. Rice, in a gold brocade dressing-robe and flowered bedroom slippers, was lolling by a rosewood desk, smoking an enormous meerschaum pipe depicting Diana pursuing a hind. He was an arrogant, oily little man, a few years older than Mr. Shotwell, and had the advantage of a large independent income from elderly parents somewhere in the south. He made no move to rise as Mr. Shotwell entered.

"I saw your letter, your Sylvan Glade letter, in the mail basket," he said blandly. "I assume she wants her money, but how did you know, how in the world did you happen to make a beeline here to me?"

Mr. Shotwell, bewildered, said simply, "I just wanted to discuss it."

Mr. Rice began to talk fast. "I was in the village store a couple of months ago. Miss Lenox came in and said she wanted to leave some tickets with the storekeeper for sale. I took a dozen off her hands and told her the money would be along a little later. When she left I explained to the storekeeper I was taking them for you and he wrote your name on the list. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"But why?"

"On a generous impulse, I guess. Anyway she was certainly grateful."

An idea came to Mr. Shotwell. He had never seen Miss Lenox—he rarely left the grounds—but he had heard she was very beautiful. Could it be that Mr. Rice had bought them to make a hit with her, and, too stingy to pay for them, had simply fobbed them off on Mr. Shotwell? However, this was a disgraceful thought, and Mr. Shotwell put it quickly from his mind.

"But why me?" he asked. "Why me?"

"I was too modest to take the credit myself," said Mr. Rice. He fumbled in a drawer and came out with a little packet of tickets. "Here you are. I'm sorry they slipped my mind. They're a little old now, I'm afraid."

Dazed, Mr. Shotwell accepted them. "But I don't have three dollars."

"Well, that's the way it goes," said Mr. Rice in dismissal.

There was only one thing to do now, Mr. Shotwell realised. Ask Mr. Paggett. This was not a pleasant prospect. Mr. Shotwell stepped into the hall, and closed the door behind him.

Up out of the back stairwell and down the hall came an apple-cheeked little boy in an ankle-length nightgown. His name was Tippy Somers, and his father owned two steamboat lines. In one hand he carried a chunk of cornbread; the other hand he held loosely clenched. He had, of course, been raiding the kitchen, a very serious offence.

Mr. Shotwell opened the clenched hand. It contained blackberry jam. Not in a jar, or even a paper—it was just a handful of blackberry jam. "I'm hungry, sir," said the boy.

"Naturally," said Mr. Shotwell gently. "Now to bed with you."

HE continued down the hall and down the stairs to the first floor. Mr. Paggett's quarters were at the rear of the downstairs corridor. The great door was massive and black and embellished with sprays of floral moulding. Mr. Shotwell knocked and entered.

The room he entered was the office. To his left was a door leading, he knew, to Mr. Paggett's bedroom, to his right a door leading to Mr. Paggett's personal store-room. Mr. Shotwell had been summoned to this office endlessly and on the most trivial pretexts, as had the whole menage, for Mr. Paggett enjoyed authority, and this was his throne-room. It was a big black cave of a room with ebony panelling and an ebony desk. Behind the desk sat Mr. Paggett. He was a chubby man with gimlet eyes and a fixed, gluey smile. He simply stared at Mr. Shotwell and waited.

Choosing his words with extreme care, Mr. Shotwell told his story. He owed Miss Lenox three dollars for some tickets to a Sylvan Glade musicale and, as the bill was two months overdue, she had written to him, asking him to remit. He carefully left out any allusion to Mr. Rice. While he disliked the senior tutor, he couldn't bring himself to involve a colleague. Mr. Paggett owed him some back salary; in fact, about two-thirds of his salary for the past four years was still unpaid. He was not asking for the total amount, Mr. Shotwell emphasised; he was just asking for three dollars.

Mr. Paggett's frozen grin grew terrible as he listened. "Miss Lenox a friend of yours?" asked Mr. Paggett.

"I've never seen her. The tickets were bought on impulse."

Mr. Paggett looked incredulous. He laid a calfbound ledger on the desk. This, Mr. Shotwell knew, was the Book of Rules and Regulations. It was battered, much thumbed, and divided into two sections, "Pupils" and "Tutors." Like the typical rulebook of other boys' schools, it was unbelievably harsh and complex. For the pupils there were laws for every moment of their existence—sleeping, rising, eating, praying, reciting, laws covering not only their deportment at school but laws that went on vacation with them and reached into their very homes. For the tutors the laws were as varied and severe. Having

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STOP FOR BUSHELLS — GO REFRESHED

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laid the book on the desk, Mr. Paggett pretended to ignore it.

He paused a moment with relish, then said, "This institution shall not be held financially responsible for any personal obligation of tutor or pupil. Rule seventeen." In a flat voice, Mr. Shotwell said, "I guess that means I don't get the three dollars."

"If we break one rule, we break them all," said Mr. Paggett sternly.

Mr. Shotwell struggled with this one for a moment and gave it up. "I'm a little weary," he said. "If you'll excuse me I think I'll go to bed."

"Just one thing more," said Mr. Paggett. "I'm afraid you've committed a rather grave offence. By your negligence you've damaged our reputation. Rule twenty-four says if any tutor, by harmful conduct, shall cause injury to the reputation of the school, he shall be penalised according to the gravity of the offence and fined according to the discretion of the headmaster. I hereby fine you five dollars."

Mr. Shotwell felt an emotion almost a stranger to him—anger. Politely he said, "But I haven't five dollars, and you know it."

"That can be taken care of," said Mr. Paggett briskly. "We owe you a little back salary. Very well. We'll deduct five dollars from it and debit your account. Five dollars is five dollars, so naturally we'll have to charge you a little interest, too."

AGAIN the big cloud of words, the words that meant nothing to Mr. Shotwell except that everything was costing him more and more money, faster and faster. He started to answer, changed his mind, stopped, and hastily said goodnight.

Back in his attic, he sat among his pipettes and retorts and crumpled foolscap, with his head bowed and his hands over his eyes. He was no longer angry at Mr. Paggett, nor at Mr. Rice, for that matter. But he was in deep distress over the misunderstanding with Miss Lenox. He was a tutor and a scholar. That was all he was and all he wanted to be. It was strange how the great outside world could search him out, could send its tentacles after him, into the school, up two flights of pine stairs into this hidden garret to constrict him. The most important thing, the only important thing, was to clear up this matter with Sylvan Glade. But it had to be done honorably, without shaming the school or Mr. Paggett or Mr. Rice.

In Mr. Shotwell's chosen world, the field of physical sciences, there was usually an answer to every problem. In the world of men, he realised, there were terrible problems with no answers.

There was a soft rap on the door, and before he could answer the door opened and two boys entered.

The boy in the lead was Dawkins, a youth of fourteen with the set, square face of a man of forty. His father owned an iron foundry, and he was the school's mathematical wizard. The youth behind him was Allingham, aged fifteen, slender, soft-spoken, and courtly. Allingham had a top brain that was satisfied with mediocre grades. He had grown up at boys' schools, effected drowsiness, and was as hard as nails. His father owned a mill village in New England.

What startled Mr. Shotwell most was their clothes. By now it was almost midnight, the great school beneath them was dark and asleep, but from their cinnamon waistcoats to their newly varnished boots they were dressed with the utmost formality. Each, as he entered, handed Mr. Shotwell his visiting card.

Mr. Shotwell wondered what Paggett's penalty for such a visit at such an hour might be—boiling in oil? Courteously he offered them seats, and courteously they declined.

"We can't really stay," said Dawkins easily. "We just want you to know the whole dormitory appreciates your decency to little Tippy Somers this evening. You've never acted unjustly to any of us, and we want you to know we realise it."

A remarkable thought came to Mr. Shotwell. These were boys who rarely even saw their fathers. It came to Mr. Shotwell that he, in a way, was actually a special sort of father to each of them. He made his face very wooden and listened.

"There's a rumor in the dormitory you're having a bit of trouble with Mr. Rice," said Allingham. "Would you like us to stone him some dark night? We might not put him out of action, but we'll do our best."

"What a hideous idea," said Mr. Shotwell.

It was not only hideous but entirely within the realm of possibility, Mr. Shotwell realised. In boys' schools all over the country the carnage between pupils and tutors was almost unbelievable. Stones and fire and canes and flying glass were ordinary occurrences. Many a tutor went to the hospital in this unending war.

"In these days we have to stone," said Allingham indignantly. "In these days pupils everywhere are gibbering savages. When I started out in Georgia, a pupil could carry a pistol; but most schools have a rule against that now, blast them."

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"We'll have no mayhem at Paggett's," said Mr. Shotwell quietly. "But thank you."

Dawkins took out a red morocco cigar-case and offered it to Allingham. Gracefully Allingham chose a cigar. With a murmur of apology, as though at an oversight, Dawkins proffered the case to Mr. Shotwell. With only the slightest hesitation, Mr. Shotwell, too, selected a cigar. Dawkins followed suit and lighted them up. The action had been carefully planned, of course, but there was no impertinence in it whatever, only companionship. They were making the tutor equal to his pupils. The cigars were black and greasy and vile, but they puffed them, even Mr. Shotwell, in contentment.

There were more rules being broken this instant, by this situation, than Mr. Paggett himself could have counted. After a moment of silence, they nodded amiably and left.

Except that Mr. Shotwell awoke in the morning haunted by three dollars, the next day started no differently than any other school day at Paggett's; and school days at Paggett's, like the days at other boys' schools, were staggeringly severe. The tutors were up first and at 4.45, while it was still dark, were sounding their handbells up and down the dormitory corridor. The student body collectively rolled from bedclothes, dressed, washed, and marched off in the blue-grey predawn to prayers in chapel. Then, just as day was breaking, started the first two-hour class. All this was before breakfast. That was the beginning. From warm bedclothes, for seven straight hours, pupils and tutors had no break whatever.

Actually, there was no dawn at all this day, for the rain started during the night and continued, slashing intermittently across the roof slates and soaking into the magenta brick and rotten window-sills. There was not a fog in the dank corridors, but there was the next thing to it, and classes and meals were held in feeble lamplight. It was just after noonday dinner that Mr. Shotwell received a summons to Mr. Paggett's office.

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Continuing . . .
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from page 77

The headmaster, sitting behind his desk, watched Mr. Shotwell approach. His gluey smile was fixed and glazed in the lamplight. When Mr. Shotwell stood warily before him, he said, "About our difference of opinion last night. Let's let bygones be bygones. Anybody can make a mistake, so I won't even demand an apology."

Again came the cloud of meaningless words. Mr. Shotwell waited. "My baby sister is getting married down in Louisville," Mr. Paggett said, "so I'll be gone for about ten days."

"I didn't know you had a baby sister," said Mr. Shotwell, fascinated.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes, indeed," said Mr. Paggett impressively. "I want you to take over as headmaster while I'm gone."

MR. SHOTWELL said, "Well, I don't know, it doesn't seem quite proper. Mr. Rice is the senior tutor."

"I don't want Mr. Rice; I want you," said Mr. Paggett. "I'm going by steamboat. A village dray will be around for my trunks about two o'clock tonight. There might be a bit of a clatter as they load up. I hope the commotion doesn't wake everyone. I'll ride down to the village landing on the seat with the driver."

Now the delayed impact of the thing hit Mr. Shotwell, and he was numbed. Acting as headmaster at Paggett's, even as temporary headmaster, was a tremendous recommendation.

"I'll put the word out to the house staff immediately," said Mr. Paggett. "And announce it to the school at supper."

About three-thirty next morning, Mr. Shotwell, on his bearskin pallet, was awakened by a knock at his attic door. He lighted a candle. Monongahela, the school cook, stood on the threshold.

"They ain't nothing for breakfast," said Monongahela.

"You mean in the pantry? Then use the storeroom."

"Nor the storeroom."

They went down into the sculleries. Pantry and storeroom were indeed empty — the great bags of dried peas and beans, the mouldy flitches of bacon, the barrels of brined beef, the tough little holiday hams, even the snacks of tapioca and oatmeal, all had vanished.

Mr. Paggett hadn't gone to any wedding. He'd simply gone, decamped. And he had taken the food with him because food was salable anywhere, easily converted to quick cash. He was gone and he'd never be back. He was gone for good.

"All right," said Monongahela crossly. "I've ast you three times. What about breakfast?"

"He didn't bother with that loose rice in the bin in the kitchen," said Mr. Shotwell. "He took the molasses barrels, but left a half crock of blackberry jam. That's not much jam, but we can stretch it a little with hot water. We'll have delicious boiled rice with a little delicious watered jam poured over it."

"And at noon?"

"More of same, I'm afraid."

"And for supper?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

"That means more of same, eh?" said Monongahela. "Ugh."

Early morning went quietly. Breakfast caused a little comment, but not too much. Mr. Shotwell, headmaster, established himself in Mr. Paggett's office. At a convenient moment he summoned Dawkins and Allingham. Before him, on the desktop, were the school ledgers.

"Gentlemen," he said and told them the whole story.

They listened impassively. "So the beggar absquatulated," said Allingham at last. "Well, it's good riddance."

Mr. Shotwell handed the ledgers to Dawkins. "You're our mathematical wizard. I know nothing whatever about bookkeeping. Would you audit these for me and give me a report?"

"With pleasure" said Dawkins wickedly.

They left, and he sought out Mr. Rice. The hour was at noon, just before dinner, and Mr. Rice's proper station was in the halls, monitoring the building. Always, however, just before a meal, he could be found in his room fortifying himself with secret food from the village store. Now, as he answered Mr. Shotwell's rap, he had a mouthful of crackers and cheese, and there was the forbidden odor of ale about him. Mr. Shotwell said, "There's something I've delayed telling you. I suspect Mr. Paggett will never be back—never." Mr. Rice stopped chewing. "He has cleared out and taken our food with him."

When Mr. Rice made no answer, Mr. Shotwell said, "I must talk to you. I must come in and talk to you."

"Talk here."

"This is not the proper place. It's a very confidential matter." Mr. Rice merely stared. "It's this," said Mr. Shotwell. "I understand you have a sizable independent income. Would you buy us a little food?"

"No, Headmaster, I won't."

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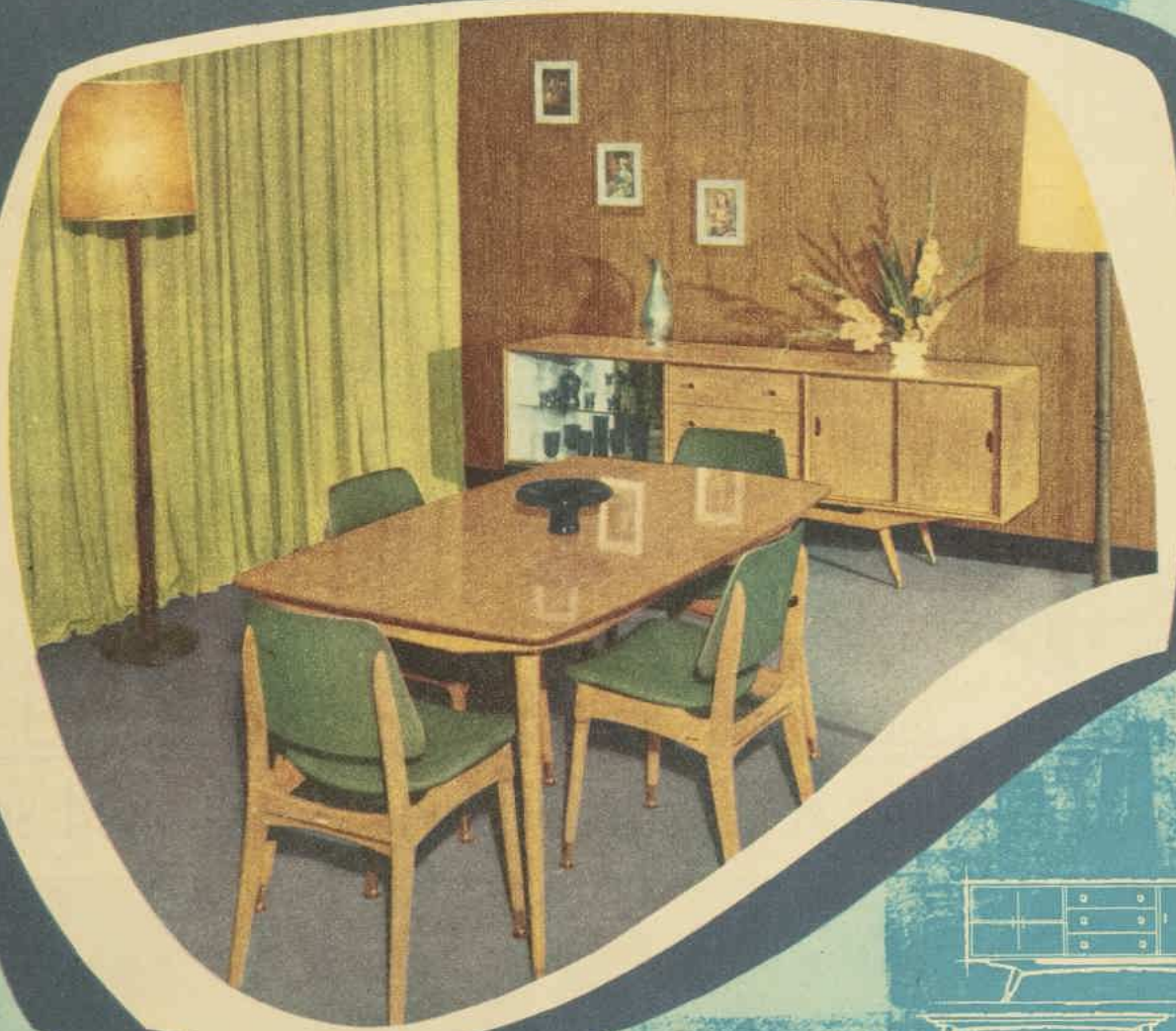

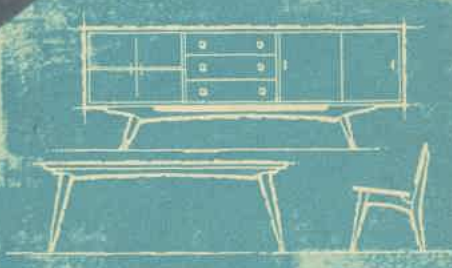

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Continuing . . . LAST RESORT

from page 78

said Mr. Rice. "Why should I?" As Mr. Shotwell turned to leave, Mr. Rice said, "Furthermore, I'm afraid I must resign."

He watched Mr. Shotwell expectantly, with amusement. Mr. Shotwell turned to stone. "Resign? What would we do? We can't get along without you. Please reconsider."

"I'll think it over," said Mr. Rice, now openly enjoying himself. "I'll think it over."

At noon the pupils ate their rice and watered jam like troupers, coached, Mr. Shotwell suspected, by Dawkins and Allingham.

It was mid-afternoon before Dawkins and Allingham came into his office, carrying the ledgers. They placed them on the desk, and Dawkins said, "Whew!" Mr. Shotwell waited.

"The school is making money," Dawkins reported. "Hand over fist. It should be as solvent as the Bank of England, but it isn't. Paggett stole from himself like a maniac. Things are in a terrible muddle."

"But the school is making money?" said Mr. Shotwell. "It's a good proposition?"

"It's a wonderful proposition," said Dawkins. "I wish I owned it myself."

Mr. Shotwell tucked the ledgers under his arm. "I'm going to Sylvan Glade to get us some food," he said. They gaped at him mutely. "Miss Lenox will be glad to help us," said Mr. Shotwell, "if I present it to her properly." They could see he was trembling a little and sweating.

. . . . .

Sylvan Glade Academy lay in a sun-dappled little hollow canopied with giant staghead oaks. A brick wall, knee-high, separated the school lawn from the dusty road, and was crossed by an arch of brick steps, a stile. Here and there on the grass, dotting it with white and yellow and lavender linen, sat young ladies from eight to eighteen, reading, sketching, embroidering, displaying lady-like deportment. Beyond them was the brick academy, strawberry-pink with white stone trim. Everything — sunlight, girls, building — seemed scrubbed and faintly scented. Mr. Shotwell, wretchedly self-conscious, crossed the stile, walked up the walk, and wandered into the building.

At the end of the hall a sign said "Administration," and here he entered a small sunlit office. A woman about Mr. Shotwell's age sat writing at a desk, a battery of inkpots and pens before her. At each end of the desk was a tall rack of pigeonholes, giving Mr. Shotwell the impression of looking at her through an open box. She was quite a beautiful woman, he observed—black hair, snowy-white skin, and serene indigo eyes. He introduced himself and asked for Miss Lenox. She was Miss Lenox. Pleasantly she asked him to be seated.

He pulled up a chair to the desk edge and faced her through the frame of pigeonholes. He could sense that she liked his looks and was being genuinely friendly. After a minute she said, "I'm ashamed."

"Of what?" he asked politely.

"Of the letter I wrote you. But, you see, I have to keep my books balanced. I didn't expect you to walk over—and in the middle of one of your schooldays — to pay me. You could have left the three dollars at the village store at your convenience."

"I didn't come to pay you," said Mr. Shotwell. "I don't have it."

There was a painful silence. She studied him thoughtfully. When the silence became almost unbearable, she said, "At least you bought them. You were the only one at Paggett's who cared enough for Sylvan Glade to buy them."

"I didn't buy them," said Mr. Shotwell, showing strain. "Mr. Rice bought them, then foisted them off on me."

"Oh!" she said. A touch of hoarfrost came between them. "Are you here for a reason, may I ask?" she said mildly. "Or are you just out for a little ramble?"

"I'm here for a reason," said Mr. Shotwell. Tautly he tried to get down to business. "Mr. Paggett has decamped and will never be back."

Instead of being overwhelmed, she said, "Why do you say never? How do you know never?"

"Because he has taken all our food."

"Not all, surely. Certainly you don't mean all."

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"Hi, Mrs. Wilson . . . Hi, Mrs. Bell . . ."

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m. on Fridays. Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m. Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m. Wednesdays; Brisbane's Channel 7 at 8 p.m. Thursdays.)

Seeing Joan Wilkins really threw me! She looked so young!

Helen!

Joan Wilkins! I haven't seen you since business college. Have you time for a chat?

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*Pink Palmolive is not yet available in every area.

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Continuing . . . LAST RESORT

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This was the moment, and when it came to him Mr. Shotwell knew he couldn't face it. A fierce pride surged in him, a pride for the school, even for Mr. Rice, even for knavish old Mr. Paggett. He could humble himself, but he could not humble his colleagues and the school.

"Not all, actually," he said. "Not exactly all."

"Of course not," she said, soothing him. "Men exaggerate."

"Take a look at these," said Mr. Shotwell, handing her the ledgers. "They've just been audited, and the auditor has made a summation."

She went through the pages like an expert. "Well," she said at last, "you're quite right—Mr. Paggett won't be back. He has been embezzling from the owners. By the way, the school is a goldmine, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Shotwell. "That's just what I—"

"The school is a goldmine because of you," she said. "I know all about you. I probably know more about you than you do yourself. You are known from here to Boston as one of the most brilliant and humane tutors in the profession. You wouldn't consider a position here? . . . No? I thought not. Well, here's what I'll do. I'll get in touch with my owners in Philadelphia and they'll get in touch with Paggett's owners in Cincinnati—these people all know each other—and I think I can absolutely guarantee you'll be the new headmaster."

FROM THE BIBLE

- *"For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."* *(Authorised Version)*
- *"It was not to judge the world that God sent His Son into the world, but that through Him the world might be saved."* *(New English Bible)*

— John 3:17.

"But I'm headmaster now," said Mr. Shotwell, dazzled by all this guile and manoeuvring.

"In name only, I'm afraid."

Desperately he brought the conversation back to the point of his visit. "We are in a serious emergency, Miss Lenox. Our people in Cincinnati will help us, of course, but you know what that means. First they must have meetings, meetings, meetings, and goodness knows when relief will actually arrive. In the meantime we must have food. As you imply, I am without authority to get it independently anywhere locally. So I've come to you. I've shown you our ledgers. You know we are a paying proposition. You yourself have said we are a goldmine. Will you help us?"

"No," she said.

He could hardly believe his ears. Through dry lips, almost inaudibly, he asked, "Why not?"

"Because I feel you're making a mountain out of a molehill," she said gently. "I'm thinking only of you. Little difficulties strengthen the character. Tonight when you go to sleep, when you're not so upset, you will thank me."

Mr. Shotwell fumbled the ledgers to his chest and stood up. "How did I get in here?" he asked. "I forget. How do I get out?"

When he returned to Paggett's, Allingham and Dawkins were standing in the lower corridor. As he passed them he said tonelessly, "She turned me down." They looked interested, but made no answer.

Supper came and went. The pupil's faced their meal cheerfully enough, but seemed somehow unable to eat it.

Late in the evening, as Mr. Shotwell was locking the doors and windows, he encountered Mr. Rice engaged in the same procedure and had further brief conversation with him. Mr. Rice said, "I've been thinking it over, Headmaster. Your school is falling to pieces. I'm going to have to resign."

"No," said Mr. Shotwell. "Please, no. That would be our death blow."

"If you put it that way, I'll think it over," said Mr. Rice.

He was deliberately harrying Mr. Shotwell, and Mr. Shotwell knew it, but Mr. Shotwell had greater problems than self-defence.

When the building was locked for the night Mr. Shotwell headed up the stairs for bed. Little Tippy Somers was standing in the dark, on the second-floor landing, waiting for him.

"Roots, herbs, berries, and bark," said Tippy.

"What's that?" said Mr. Shotwell, baffled.

"Indians eat 'em, and so can we," said Tippy. "Let's don't eat any more rice."

Mr. Shotwell patted him affectionately on the head and walked past him.

"But, anyway," called the little boy up the stairwell, "we'll all stand behind you."

Mr. Shotwell's eyes became misty. Alone in his attic cubbyhole, he undressed to his drawers and put on a shabby dressing-robe.

He was brushing his teeth when the first knock sounded on the door. His visitor was a slender youth of twelve, a boy named Botsford. He stood in the doorway, timidly, not entering.

"A little idea occurred to some of us," he said in a rush of words. "About the food. Now, it's no disgrace for a school to be short of food. We don't mean that. We just wondered if we could help."

"How?" asked Mr. Shotwell hopefully.

"By foraging," said Botsford, warming to his subject. "Whole armies exist by foraging, don't they? We'd have to go out at night, of course, and we'd promise not to drag the school into it if we were caught."

Mr. Shotwell thought of the fat countryside, then put the image from his mind. "March right down those stairs to bed," he said sternly.

It was about a half hour later when Allingham and Dawkins came. They entered entirely at ease, but not impertinently.

They raised their eyebrows in silent question.

"Things couldn't be any worse," answered Mr. Shotwell.

"Allingham has a little idea," said Dawkins.

"Let's hear it," said Mr. Shotwell.

"We'll do it by letters," said Allingham. "Letters to our fathers, and we'll sign your name, so you can always say they're forgeries and slip out of it. The letter will run something like this, 'Dear Mr. Jones, Paggett's is instituting a new course, a course in horsemanship.' That'll make them sit up, because horsemanship is a necessary social grace. 'Each student subscribing will be expected to buy his own horse and general gear, which, because of our privileged channels, will cost him only a hundred dollars. If you wish your son to join the others, please remit by return post,' and so forth. There are twenty-three pupils here. That's twenty-three hundred dollars. That'll buy a lot of weevily oatmeal."

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. . . On chilly winter days

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Continuing . . . LAST RESORT

from page 81

Mr. Shotwell was entranced. After a moment he asked, "Would you do such a thing to your own fathers?"

"Of course not," said Dawkins, offended. "I would write the letter to Allingham's father, Allingham would write it to Tippy's father, and so on. Allingham's father is a complete stranger to me."

"No," said Mr. Shotwell severely. "First, because it takes up too much time; and second, because it's not ethical. I mean it's out of the question because it's not ethical."

Later, as Mr. Shotwell was dropping off to sleep, Monongahela came. He hammered on the door and called through the keyhole. "Jam finished. Hardly enough rice for breakfast. Just thought I'd tell you."

A little after ten next morning, Mr. Shotwell was discoursing to a class on electricity. It was a solemn class. The rice was gone, and everyone knew it; and now that it was gone, everyone wanted it back. Mr. Shotwell was in the act of demonstrating a Leyden jar when Monongahela stuck his head in the door and beckoned.

Mr. Shotwell joined him in the corridor. "Who do them people think they are?" said Monongahela indignantly. "Bringing all that stuff and dumping it in the middle of my kitchen. How do they expect me to move around."

"What people?" asked Mr. Shotwell.

"Them Sylvan Glade people. They just come in a big wagon."

Mr. Shotwell broke into a lope. In the kitchen the flagstone floor was piled with food — flour, meat, vegetables, fruit — in boxes, baskets, barrels. Miss Lenox had changed her mind.

Twenty minutes later Miss Lenox herself arrived. She came in a glossy black carriage and stopped by the carriage block by the big front doors. Mr. Shotwell dashed from the building to greet her. It was a different Miss Lenox. She stared at him dewy-eyed, all sympathy and eagerness. For a moment they enjoyed just looking at each other.

"You saved Paggett's," said Mr. Shotwell gravely. "And if I live to be a hundred and ten, I'll never let anyone forget."

She flushed. "You must come around and visit us," she said faintly. "Our schools should be friendly." He was too overwhelmed to answer. She handed him a note. "A little pupil of yours, Tippy Somers, brought this around this morning. I wonder if you remember writing it?" It was in a childish script.

Dear Miss Lenox: First I must tell you how I enjoyed our little chitchat yesterday as it is always a pleasure to talk to a lady of beauty and refindnement.

I am writing this to throw myself on your mersy. I am not asking you again for a loan of food insomuch as I have alreddy done same and have been no doubt justly refused, but is it too much to ask Sylvan Glade to save us its old mutton bones, beet tops and potato peelings, old buffalo lap robes —for stewing—cabbage stalks, chicken heads and feet, and so on? My fine pupils are starving. I don't mean just hungry, I mean actually starving.

Your Respectful Servant
Charles Shotwell
Headmaster, Paggett's

She grinned. Mr. Shotwell grinned back. It was his first good grin in about ten years.

He was still smiling when he entered the building and encountered Mr. Rice in the hall. "Mr. Rice," he said cheerfully. "Would you step into my office a moment."

In the office, with Mr. Rice before his desk, he said, "Mr. Rice, you're discharged."

Blinking a little, Mr. Rice said, "What?"

"Fired. Dismissed. Pack up your luggage and get out."

"But you can't do that," said Mr. Rice persuasively. "In the first place you're not really headmaster; and in the second place the school can't get along without me."

"If you think I'm not headmaster," said Mr. Shotwell mildly, "just cause me a little trouble. And about getting along without you, we're certainly going to try. You're a good teacher, but that's it."

MR. RICE seemed to disintegrate. "No. Please."

"Why not?" said Mr. Shotwell paternally. "You're a man of independent means."

"That's just it," said Mr. Rice. "My money comes to me through trustees. I'm considered unreliable. I drink a little ale in my room—and I won't do that any more—but I'm not unreliable."

Mr. Shotwell meditated. "We've always found you reliable enough, but the simple truth is we don't like you."

"I can be very likeable," said Mr. Rice loudly and desperately. "Just watch me and see!"

"Very well," said Mr. Shotwell amicably. "You are now rehired."

"A funny thing," said Allingham at bedtime that night in the dormitory. "I must be going crazy. I like Mr. Rice. It came over me all at once at supper."

Botsford, from his upper bunk, said, "I wish you'd tell me again about how you and Dawkins got us back into the land of the living."

"Tippy had to take the note," said Allingham, "because he's the baby, and women like babies. Then the note had to be a nitwit note, because pupils are supposed to be nitwits, and the whole idea was that she should realise that it came from us, the pupils. I worked two hours writing it. It's not easy misspelling words like 'mercy' and 'already' and 'refinement.'"

"Especially 'refindment,'" said Dawkins. "That was the hardest of all for him to put down. Because Mr. Allingham himself, as he will be glad to inform you, is Paggett's most scintillating example of 'refindment.'"

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Continuing . . . I AM WATCHING YOU

from page 41

I've met since the letters started coming, so whoever is writing the ghastly things would never connect us in a million years."

I had to agree that this was true. No one in a million years would ever connect Mrs. Rufus Bonsell III, of Park Avenue, Bar Harbor and Cannes, with Mimi Page, of Hammond College, Ohio. Ours had been one of those rare exceptions, a hospital friendship that had survived convalescence. I was spending a long weekend in February with my brother in New York when I got pneumonia and went to the hospital. Laurel had the room across the corridor from mine.

We got together over crossword puzzles which she couldn't solve and I could, and went on from there to my pneumonia; to her miscarriage; to the night nurse we liked, the day nurse we didn't; to her origins, which made for gay and colorful conversation, and to mine, which did not; and from there to my meeting her husband, who never missed a visiting hour and hovered over her with a tender concern which I would have found unnerving.

He also, to my intense discomfort, remarked from time to time that I was "frightfuly good" for Laurel. Until she'd met me, he said, she'd considered all career women dull and smug and was convinced they in turn would disapprove of her or any woman who wore expensive clothes and jewellery that had been purchased for her by a man, even if that man happened to be her husband.

Though I suspected the invitation to dinner at their home that followed close upon our release from the hospital was more Rufus Bonsell's doing than Laurel's, I borrowed my sister-in-law's black velvet dinner dress and went.

Their house was not at all what I'd expected, in view of Laurel's cavalier attitude toward all things cultural and old and her passion for all things new. It was old and elegant and terribly dark. The hallways had about them the odor of ancient leather bindings and dust.

The library where we were served cocktails before dinner was so heavily hung with old masters it was difficult to direct one's eyes or conversation toward the other guests—a spindly professor of Greek who I supposed was the plum Laurel had plucked for me, and two couples whom I never managed to sort out properly, as the younger of the men was married to the elder woman and vice versa.

When we went into the dining-room I discovered what I should have guessed right away—the house didn't belong to Laurel at all but to Rufus' mother, a tiny wisp of an old lady.

She sat at Rufus' right at dinner and appeared somewhat vague about names and faces and the time of day, remarking with the arrival of the meat course that in her day lunch had been a light meal, that it had in fact been considered poor taste—this with a sly glance in Laurel's direction—to serve anything heartier than fish or fowl, especially to guests.

Rufus goodnaturedly reminded her that this was not lunch but dinner, to which she replied, looking directly at me, "And who are all these strange people?" When I told her I had met Laurel in the hospital she abruptly lost interest, and Rufus, always the gentleman, addressed his attention to me.

I could see, though, that his interest was really centred at the far end of the table, where Laurel and her friends were discussing last year's Bermuda races, which I gathered they'd all attended, and this year's Kentucky Derby, which I gathered they all expected to attend. Listening to their idle chatter, dotted with unfamiliar names and only vaguely familiar places, I decided that hospital friendships were for the sick.

Had it not been for the somewhat bizarre conversation later with Laurel in her bedroom, where I had gone after dinner to repair my face and my flagging spirits, I doubt that I would have have made the effort to remain friends.

Laurel and the two women guests caught me exploring Laurel's bathroom, which I surmised from the pink walls, the marble tiles, the built-in radio, and the sunken bath, was the one room in the house Laurel had made over to her liking.

I relinquished the bathroom to Laurel's friends and joined her in the master bedroom, where, moaning that her illness had left her terribly weak, she collapsed on the canopied bed. Sighing, she asked me if I, too, found everything a terrible effort. I replied that I felt better than I had in years, but, catching a glimpse of her woebegone face reflected in the mirror before which I powdered my nose, I added contritely that having pneumonia could hardly be compared to the emotional wear and tear of losing a baby.

AT that she laughed shortly, a small, harsh sound that seemed to come from someone else, and said: "If a baby were all I had to lose I'd be in fine shape."

In the mirror I saw her reach for a cigarette and I waited for her to go on, but just then her friends emerged from the bathroom. They were talking about a dress someone had worn to something the night before which obviously had cost more than her husband made in a year.

Laurel joined in the conversation so lightheartedly I thought I must have imagined her distress. However, when the others departed to rejoin the men downstairs, Laurel somewhat nervously asked me to stay.

"Put your feet up," she commanded, motioning me to the chaise-longue. "It's wonderful for the nerves. Not that you seem to have any. Is that what a career does for you?" She jabbed out her cigarette and, without waiting for me to answer, exclaimed: "Nerves! I'm sure that's why I lost the baby. They can say what they like, but they don't know . . . I'll not try again until this horrid business is cleared up, I can tell you that."

She sighed. Suddenly she walked over to her dressing-table and, with a key taken from a porcelain pin-box, opened one of the drawers.

"These," she said, holding out a small packet of letters enclosed in a rubber band, "will explain better than I can. Besides, if I were to tell you what's in them you wouldn't believe me."

Automatically I held out my hand to receive the packet, but something in my look must have betrayed my astonishment and my reluctance, because she smiled ruefully.

"They're not what you think," she said. "I only wish they were. A love affair I could put a stop to. Even blackmail I could deal with better. But these—well, I told you I've been married before and that my husband died . . . They"—she indicated the packet which I now held—"have to do with that. At least I think that's what they have to do with, though, as you'll see, it's hard to tell."

She sank back on the bed again and lit a cigarette, blowing nervous little puffs of smoke at the ceiling as I opened the letters.

There were four of them and they were numbered. I opened the first. It was typewritten on plain white typing paper. There was no salutation, no signature, and it was only three sentences long. It said: "I am watching you. You killed your first husband. You will kill the second." It was postmarked Asheville, North Carolina, and had been mailed about three weeks ago, probably

To page 86

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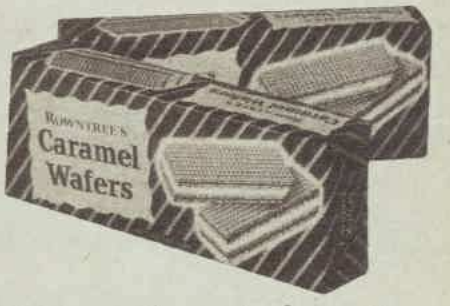

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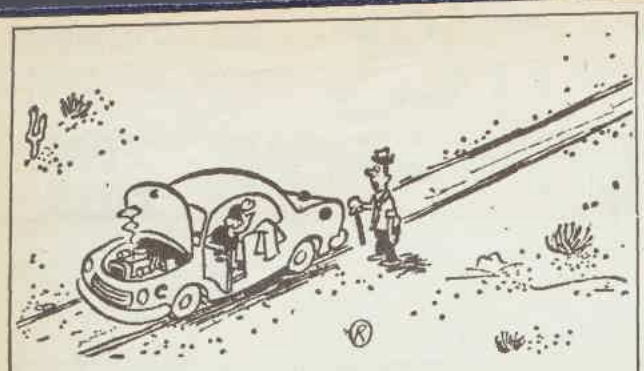

"You were right — we don't get twenty-eight miles to a gallon."

a few days before Laurel went to the hospital.

"It's obviously some crackpot," I said, returning it to its envelope.

"That's only the beginning," Laurel said. "Read the others."

Not in the least wanting to, I complied. The others, like the first, were brief and began with the same sinister phrase: "I am watching you."

"I am watching you. You are evil. You carry death in your heart" . . . "I am watching you. Leave your husband before it is too late" . . . "I am watching you. I know your wicked scheme. Cease before it is too late."

"Someone obviously doesn't like you," I said, and attempted a laugh that was meant to be light and teasing but somehow wasn't.

from page 84

"But who?" Laurel cried. "Not that I haven't made a few enemies in my time, but only small ones, the way any woman who is attractive and lucky enough to marry well and happily makes enemies of women who are neither attractive nor lucky. But this isn't rivalry or jealousy. It's hatred, pure hatred . . . Someone wants to ruin my life, Mimi. Why?"

"No one can ruin your life," I said matter-of-factly. "Why don't you show Rufus the silly things and put an end to it?"

"I knew that was what you would probably say," Laurel said wearily, "but it isn't as simple as that. Perhaps if I'd shown him the first one as soon as it came . . . But now he'd wonder why I hadn't, and the truth is, Mimi, I was afraid to. I still am. Rufus is terribly jealous of my first hubsand. I was crazy about Oliver, and he knows it. The fact that I love him just as much in a different way doesn't seem to make any difference. He can't hear Oliver's name without going into a funk. Maybe if I just knew who were behind this, if they really are crazy or if—"

She hesitated, her voice trailing off with uncertainty, and then, taking a deep breath, said, "You see, actually they have struck a nerve. There was something I never told the police, something I never told anyone. Not because I had anything to hide. It was just that I couldn't bear to think about it. I can't bear to think about it now," Laurel said, and covered her face with her hands. "We had a terrible quarrel, Oliver and I. On the night he died we quarrelled."

This was the first intimation I'd had that there'd been anything unusual about her first husband's death. I was thoroughly confused and said so.

"I forgot you didn't know," Laurel said, "though actually there's no reason why you should; only the local paper carried the story, and it was a small one. They tried to call it suicide, but I've never believed it. In spite of the quarrel, I've never believed that. Oliver just wasn't the type. I'm sure it was just too much to drink and carelessness."

LAUREL dabbed at her eyes with a chiffon handkerchief. "We'd been to a party. Oliver had a couple of drinks before we went, and too many more after we got there . . . He was drinking entirely too much, and I hated what it was doing to him and to us. When we got home I told him so. Of course, it was the worst time to do it, but if I'd waited until the next day I would have forgiven him and put it off.

"He couldn't stand criticism. He was furious. He stamped out of the house and into the garage. The garage was connected with the kitchen. We always shut the kitchen door behind us. There was nothing unusual about that. It was habit. I heard the door shut and I heard the car start up. I was so angry and defeated I didn't care where he went or what he did. I pulled the covers over my head and went to sleep.

"The maid found him the next morning. He had forgotten to open the garage doors. It's not a very pretty story," she said shakily, "but I had learned to live with it, and now — well, now I can't think about anything else. Whoever is writing these can't know about the quarrel—it's just a hunch with them. But I know about it and that's what makes the thing such torture!"

"I still think you should tell Rufus," I repeated, but Laurel shook her head.

"Not until I know who is behind it. Aside from his jealousy, he'd react just as you did. He wouldn't understand why the letters should upset me so and then I'd have to tell him about the quarrel . . . That, coupled with the letters, would be enough to give pause to even the most devoted of husbands. And then, if his mother should ever get wind of it . . ."

She shrugged. "I know she appears hazy, but she has her lucid moments, and when she does she makes no bones about how she feels about Rufus' unfortunate marriage. He could have married a princess and she'd still think he'd married beneath him . . . Not that there is ever any real unpleasantness — there just isn't any pleasantness. If she should hear about these letters — well, you can just imagine."

I could well imagine. "Then there's nothing for it," I said, "but to ignore them. Burn these, and any others that come, before you open them."

"I wish I could," she moaned, "but I can't. It's as though someone were casting an evil spell. I've got to find out who and why. I'll never have a moment's peace until I do."

"In that case," I said, having no idea what I was letting myself in for, "why not hire a private detective?"

. . . . . .

The air seemed to be thinner now, lighter. The station waggon slithered around a particularly sharp curve, and the driver, a weather-beaten fellow wearing dungarees and a shirt open at the

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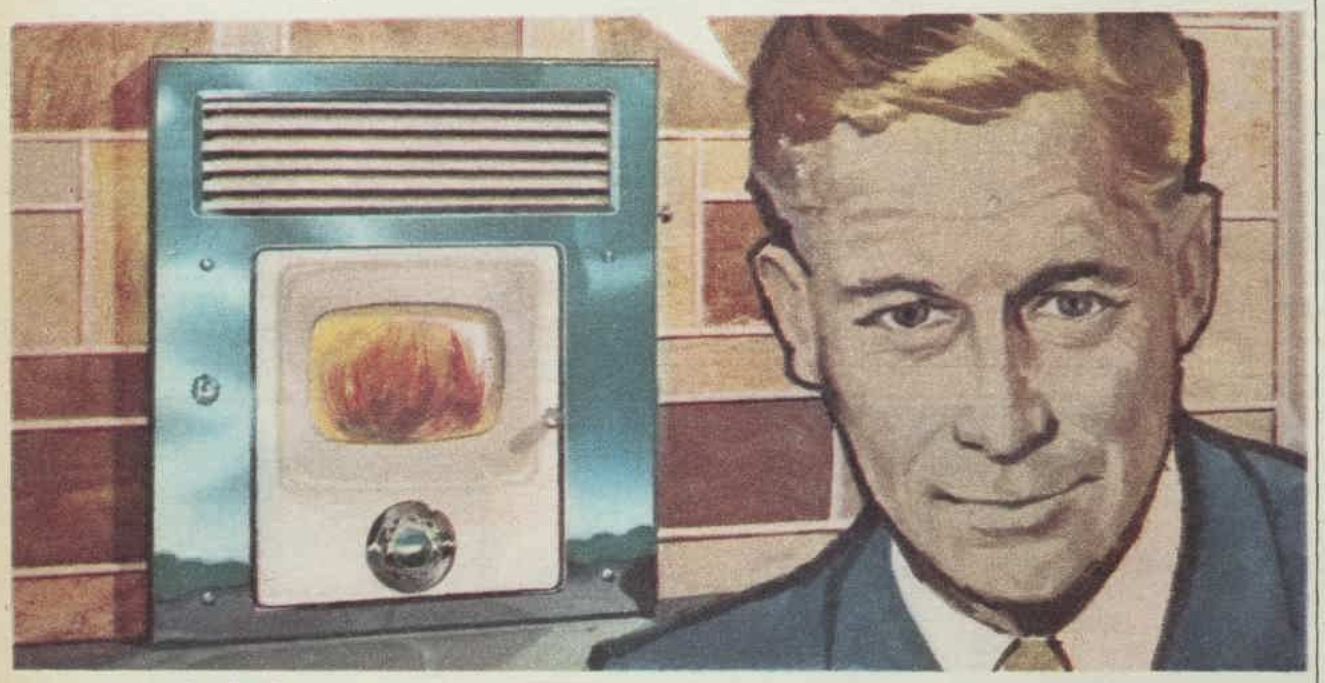

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Continuing . . . I AM WATCHING YOU

throat, remarked that we were almost there.

These were the first words he'd spoken since introducing himself at the airport. Having categorised him as a sort of handyman, I expected his speech and voice to have a local ring, but his voice was deep and surprisingly gentle for one so ungentle in appearance.

Shamefacedly I remembered Mr. Austin's parting injunction: "Assume nothing about anyone." Trained to assume, to pigeonhole data, I was going to have to watch myself. In fact, I was going to have to watch myself in more ways than one.

Already, with the scent of pine invading my nostrils, it was hard for me to believe that I was here for anything more involved than a week's holiday, and Mr. Austin's detailed briefing seemed as unreal and as sinister as a witch's brew . . .

"Make friends, but hold everyone suspect. You are probably looking for an unbalanced personality, but we can't be sure. There still may be a shakedown in this somewhere, in which case you are looking for someone altogether different. You can't tell. You don't know. Remember that, and stick to facts.

"Someone at that inn has at some time had some connection with Mrs. Bonsell. Find out who that someone is. Don't try watching the mails or spying; you'll only be found out. These people are crafty, especially the crackpots. You can find out what you need to know by making friends and listening. People like to talk about themselves. Just keep your eyes and ears open and trust no one . . ."

SUDDENLY we lurched around yet another curve and there, not two hundred yards away, nestled into the side of the mountain we'd been climbing, was the inn. It was late afternoon and a brassy sun, already half-hidden by the mountain range across the valley, turned the stones of the long, low building to a color that was almost pink.

It was not what I'd expected and I caught my breath, letting it out in a sigh of delight, and the man beside me said: "I knew you'd like it. I could tell as soon as I saw you." He sounded as though it mattered to him that I like it.

Wondering if he took such a proprietary interest in all the guests, I said somewhat primly: "I should think most people would like it."

"There's a difference," he said. "I could tell you were going to more than like it."

"I'm not even sure you're right," I said dubiously, remembering how truly I felt about mountains, and inns that cater to the idle rich. "How can you tell?"

"How can I tell?" he asked himself thoughtfully, as though he'd not considered the matter before. "With each one it's different. With you it was the eyes" — he removed his foot from the accelerator and began slowly to apply the brakes—"the eyes and," he added, tapping his chest with his fingertips, "a feeling I got here when I saw you."

As the car came to a stop his eyes met mine—dark brown, serious eyes in a lined and serious face. He could be any age, any age at all, and then he smiled and I knew he couldn't be more than thirty-four or five at the most. It was a crooked, boyish smile, at once shy and personal, and its warmth went right through me.

Alarmed, I dropped my eyes and hoped he was indeed the handyman and that he knew his place better than I seemed to know mine.

We stopped at a side door and he gave the horn a staccato toot. Before I had time to extricate myself from my seat, the inn door flew open and a young girl catapulted out, dived into the back of the car, and foraged among the packages there.

"I hope you remembered my bubble gum," she chattered, "and Daddy's tobacco. Daddy says please bring in Miss Page's bags, because he's gone up the trail to look for Mrs. Collins, because Mr. Collins thinks she's lost. He said we need more wood for the fire tonight, and would you saddle Pegasus for Miss Page if she wants to ride before supper."

"Anything else, ma'am?" He grinned indulgently, and I thought relievedly: Well, that settles that. He is the hired man.

We went through the side door and down a hallway, the child leading the way and the man following with my bags, and emerged into a raftered living-room which ran the width of the house. Windows on one side looked out on pine woods.

from page 86

Though in a hotel, this room would undoubtedly be called a lounge, it was neither too large nor too abundantly furnished. The stone of the fireplace was the same stone of which the building was constructed and reflected a pinkish tinge from the fading sunlight that came through the windows.

There were books and magazines on the tables, and on one a half-finished jigsaw puzzle, on another water-colors and a painting of something that might have been a face. A young couple wearing jodhpurs and riding boots were sprawled at opposite ends of a cavenous sofa arguing hotly about the propensities of someone named Mame, who I guessed from the emphasis on gait was a horse.

A pretty, plump, blond woman also wearing jodhpurs rose from a small desk in a corner and greeted me with an outstretched hand. "I'm Peg Brockton," she said, "and this" — with a hand on the child's shoulder — "is my daughter, Chip. Garth, of course, you've met." She smiled in the direction of the hired man, who was absorbed in scrutinising the foreign labels on my luggage.

"I'm giving you a room on the first floor," she continued, "because you wrote that you'd been sick and that will save you the stairs. It needs

To page 88

"Mind if I help, dear?"

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Continuing . . . I AM WATCHING YOU

from page 87

new curtains and a comfortable chair, but it gets lots of sunlight and has a desk . . . You did say you were working on your thesis, didn't you? And the bed is excellent. Still, if you don't like it, there are others. The season hasn't really started yet, and we've lots of room."

As she spoke she opened a large black registry book which lay on the desk and pushed it toward me. It was no ordinary registry, I saw. Beneath the space allotted for name and address there was a question which leaped out at me like a jack-in-the-box.

"What," I read, "is your purpose in coming to the inn?" My pen hung uncertainly over this astonishing impertinence, and Mrs. Brockton, evidently aware of my hesitation, said: "You don't have to answer it, but Smoky — that's my husband — and I find it helps us to know straight away how to treat everyone."

Numbly I wrote two words—"to rest"—and noticed that the couple registered just above me, Mr. and Mrs. Farley Collins, of Chicago, had had the same idea.

Not so the others who shared the page with us. A Mr. and Mrs. William Rogers proclaimed in a childish scrawl that they were honeymooning. A Miss Clelia Cavendish wrote in a delicate script, "I only wish I knew," and beneath this delightful bit of honesty and in the same delicate hand appeared the name Dorothy McCarthy, whose presence there was explained in the simple words "registered nurse."

"For instance," Mrs. Brockton said as I handed the book back to her, "if you are here to rest you may not want to go on the moonlight ride tonight. We always ride out on the full moon, but no one will urge you, since we know that you are convalescent."

"I wouldn't count on that." The man Garth spoke up. "A slow horse and a full moon are among the most restful things I know of."

His glance was coaxing. Paying court, I thought, to the unattached female guests was undoubtedly another of his uses. I heard myself saying eagerly that I wouldn't miss the ride for anything and felt myself flushing like the utter fool I was beginning to think I must be.

MRS. BROCKTON, asking me to call her Peg because everyone did, showed me to my room. Cocktails, she said, would be served in the living-room at six-thirty. Dinner was at seven.

Garth followed her in with my suitcase and typewriter and followed her out again when she left, but their voices drifting back to me as they went down the hall were gay and companionable and not at all the voices of mistress and servant.

I would have preferred to skip the cocktails in favor of a long, hot bath and a chapter or two of the new book on the Dead Sea Scrolls I'd brought along, but I'd been sent here to mix and mix I must. Again I experienced that overwhelming sense of unreality, of absurdity.

Thoughtfully I unpacked my meagre wardrobe. Except for one dress I'd purchased "just in case" — of what, I can't imagine, as it was a slinky, highly fashionable silk and not my type at all—I'd brought only one good little black number, skirts, sweaters, blue jeans, and the riding boots and jodhpurs Laurel had lent me.

I intended to put on the little black number, but found myself standing in front of the full-length mirror in the slinky silk. I decided that, while it might not be my type, I could, with a little manoeuvring of hair and accessories, become its.

I am small, and it gave me height; and that particular shade of green made me appear more of a blonde than I actually am. My hair, which I usually wear in a braid around my head, I arranged in a loose bun at the nape of my neck, and the jade earrings Paul had given me that long-ago spring in Cairo looked as though they'd come with the dress.

Feeling only a little foolish and extraordinarily confident, I made my way back to the living-room, where the other guests, judging from their voices, had already had at least one cocktail. A tall, bony man, looking so like Chip that I knew he must be her father, came forward to greet me.

"Sorry I wasn't around when

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Continuing . . . I AM WATCHING YOU

you came. I'm Smoky Brockton — Peg's husband, they call me — and you're Miss Page, the lecturer."

He held out a large, calloused hand in which mine was briefly crunched and asked what I'd like to drink. Taking a quick inventory, I noticed that most of the gathering were drinking highballs, and I said I'd have the same. My inventory had also told me that the hired man was not among those present, and I wondered a little crossly why I'd expected him to be.

Peg had said the season had not yet really begun, and if the assembled handful represented the total number of guests, the place must be virtually empty. Peg, disengaging herself from an elegant, sad-eyed couple over by the fireplace, introduced me around.

Bill and Fran Rogers were the young couple, the honeymooners I'd seen earlier sprawled on the couch arguing about Mame. They were still arguing aggressively — not horses now, but tennis. They paused only long enough to say how do you do and were at it again. He was short and square, she tall and willowy, opposites in every way, but Peg, in a reassuring aside, confided that for all their wrangling they were very much in love.

The name Preston Brown rang a bell, as did the face that accompanied it. I remembered I'd seen him on a television panel once discussing freedom of the Press, and knew that in spite of his absent air, his balding pate, and overmeticulous speech, he was a very capable newspaperman.

THE elegant, sad-eyed couple to whom Peg had been talking turned out to be a Mr. and Mrs. Collins, the only ones whom Peg introduced using only the surname. It seemed odd, especially since she told me they'd spent their honeymoon at the inn some twelve years ago.

However, they were a rather formidable pair, she beautiful, he handsome, and both exuding that detached, authoritative air which I have come to associate with either the very, very rich or the very, very poor.

I was trying to remember the name of the woman who had so honestly declared herself in the register as not knowing what she was doing here when a young, round-faced, round-eyed woman whom I judged to be about twenty-five bounced up to Peg to say that Miss Cavendish had sent word that they were not to wait for her; she'd not be down for dinner. Peg and the young woman exchanged a meaningful look and Peg said: "Oh, dear, and she seemed so well at lunch."

"She was," the young woman said crisply, and turning to me said, "Am I ever glad to see you! Everybody here is in pairs. Or was. Except, of course, Mr. V.I.P."

A smile and a toss of her head indicated Preston Brown across the room. "And he might as well be. He and his ego make two!" She laughed engagingly at her own joke and offered a cigarette. "I'm Dotty McCarthy, R.N. Stands for Really Nobody. And you're Mimi Page, B.S.?"

"Stands for Bored Spinster," I said, but at that moment I didn't mean a word of it. The green dress, the highball, and the holiday atmosphere were beginning to take effect. I liked it here.

The dining-room was large and there were too few of us to scatter at separate tables without its seeming dismal. I found myself at a table for six with the Collins' and the three Brocktons. Chip, combed and brushed and wearing a dress, looked less like her father, more like a little girl, and insisted that we say grace.

After which Mrs. Collins asked if I was from New York, and on learning that I was from Ohio said wistfully that she'd spent one of the happiest summers of her life in Ohio. Whereupon Mr. Collins said he supposed that was the summer she'd gone in so heavily for amateur theatricals. It was, she said reproachfully, the summer she'd been carrying their first-born. Mr. Collins flushed and subsided behind a large glass of milk, and Peg, brightly, cheerfully, said:

"Such a perfect night for a ride. I do hope you two are coming."

She addressed the Collins', and he said that he was coming, and she, looking reproachful, said she had planned to write to the children, but, of course, anything he wanted to do she would do, too. Gladly.

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At the next table Dotty McCarthy, seated beside Preston Brown, burst into peals of laughter at something either he or she had said. Mr. Collins, looking wistful, said: "That girl has the most remarkably cheerful disposition. And it can't be easy," Mrs. Collins said to Peg. "What is it really with Miss Cavendish? Is she an alcoholic?"

Peg responded rather coolly that she found Miss Cavendish a very charming and cultured woman and had never inquired into the nature of her indisposition.

"She's queer as queer," Chip piped up. "But I like her. She has parakeets in her room. Four of them. They go everywhere she goes. She says she can't live without them."

The arrangement with Mr. Austin was that I was not to communicate with Laurel, but would each night write him a detailed report of my observations. But when I returned from the moonlight ride, my limbs aching, my heart in a delicious turmoil such as it had not known for years, I could not think of one thing I wished to communicate to Mr. Austin.

I put on my bathrobe and dutifully sat down at the desk Peg had so kindly provided for my "thesis," but the only letter I could devise was the one I would have liked to send and could not.

To page 90

"This suit can hold forty-two snowballs."

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Continuing . . . I AM WATCHING YOU

from page 89

"Dear Mr. Austin," I would write, "this is a beautful place, the people are wonderful, and I am in no frame of mind to suspect anyone of anything, having become somewhat infatuated with the hired man, which should convince you of my utter stupidity and incompetence in dealing with this matter . . ."

I leaned back and let the pen drop from my hand while my wayward gaze wandered to the window. High in the sky rode the same moon that only a few hours ago had lighted our way along the mountainside.

Right up to the last minute I'd been afraid Garth wasn't coming after all. I hadn't seen him since he brought my bags to the room, and as we waited outside in jodhpurs and heavy jackets for the horses to be brought around, my eyes strained hopefully toward the stables.

But, it was Smoky who led the horses out, and just as I was telling myself that actually it was just as well, that actually I was behaving like a slightly depraved schoolgirl with a crush on the riding master, Frau Rogers asked loudly where Garth was.

Halfway into my saddle I paused to hear the answer, and my horse, impatient at the delay, stepped forward, spilling me to the ground. Smoky helped me back into the saddle, inquiring anxiously how long it had been since I'd been on a horse, a question I was saved from answering by Fran's plaintive: "Smoky, you still haven't told us where Garth is. Do we wait for him?"

"He'll join us at his place," Smoky said, and in a moment we were off at a slow walk which I could only pray would be the pace for the evening.

I had expected Garth's place to be one of the small houses I'd seen at the rear of the inn which I'd assumed housed the hired help, but we rode on past these without stopping.

Ahead of us, about a quarter of a mile up the mountain, I saw a light. I asked Preston Brown, who had elected to ride beside me, if that was where Garth lived. He said it was and I waited for him to enlarge on this, but he somehow got launched on French politics and could not be distracted.

Garth, mounted on a horse that looked as if it might have been retired from a circus, was waiting outside his cabin, but the light that I had seen was still burning, and through the window I caught a glimpse of yellow walls and a blue fireplace. Ah, I thought, an artist! and experienced a certain smug sense of satisfaction, as though I'd have guessed it all along and this explained my interest.

Smoky, I suppose in view of my earlier fiasco, suggested that, as the trail from here on to Brewer's Rock was difficult and Garth was familiar with it, he ride alongside me rather than the less experienced Preston Brown. Muttering discontentedly, Mr. Brown dropped behind, where he and Mr. Collins brought up the rear.

By moonlight Garth looked even more remote and rough-hewn than he had by daylight, and needing the reassurance of his voice, which I remembered as neither rough nor remote, I said:

"I got a glimpse into your house back there. I like your color scheme."

He said, "I grant you it's cheerful."

"Yellow walls. Most men gravitate to yellow," I pursued, "but the fireplace took imagination. Wherever did you get the idea for a blue fireplace?"

"It needed painting," he said, "and they had some blue paint at the inn."

Artist, indeed! Biting back an urge to laugh, not at him but at myself, I remained stiffly silent.

Presently he said: "Disappointed, aren't you?"

"Disappointed?" I queried crisply, as though I'd not the slightest idea what he meant.

"Women like men with imagination," he said. "They think it makes them better lovers, and maybe it does. I wouldn't know."

I felt that he smiled, which piqued me even more than his words had. "Nonsense!" I exclaimed hotly, and added in what I hoped was my most composed classroom voice, "Imagination is one thing, resourcefulness another. I find them both admirable. You, obviously, are resourceful."

"I am that," he said, still sounding as though he smiled. "And you are disappointed, aren't you?"

Something in his voice demanded an answer, but I had none ready. I felt that my discomfort was a palpable thing growing in the silence between us, until surely he must feel it, too, and come to my rescue.

The others were far enough ahead of us or behind us so that while we could faintly hear the sound of their horses' hoofs we were alone, and all at once he reined my horse to a standstill next to his. Through the shadows that the moon cast, his eyes sought mine in a long, searching look which I did not even attempt to evade.

My heart pounding uncertainly, I wished he would speak, prayed he would say something urbane and definite like how far away the stars seemed or how cold the moon, anything to remove us from this sort of cosmic intimacy, to shatter this illusion of closeness—of revelation, almost. Because if he didn't intend to speak I was sure he intended to touch me.

I wondered anxiously, breathlessly what I should do to prevent it and knew with humble certainty that I would do nothing. But he didn't touch me. He said: "They tell me you are a schoolteacher."

Though only a few minutes ago I'd been telling myself this was just the sort of thing I longed to hear, I suddenly wanted to cry.

"Oh, yes, I'm a schoolteacher," I said somewhat wildly. "I'm also a spinster. Did they tell you that, too?" I said, thinking: Which explains everything, I suppose — all this silly moonlit fluttering on a mountaintop.

"Archaeology?" he said, sounding oddly wistful. "Travelling. Digging up history. Is that what you do?"

"Mostly I just teach," I said brusquely. I was done with romanticising!

"I'm glad you're a schoolteacher." He spoke slowly, ponderously, as though he wanted to be sure that I heard and believed him.

"My mother was a schoolteacher, and a girl I knew once. And I'm glad you aren't married. I am especially glad about that," he said, and suddenly I felt as though he had touched me, not in the way that I had expected, even wanted, perhaps, but in his own way, and my heart felt light again.

To be concluded

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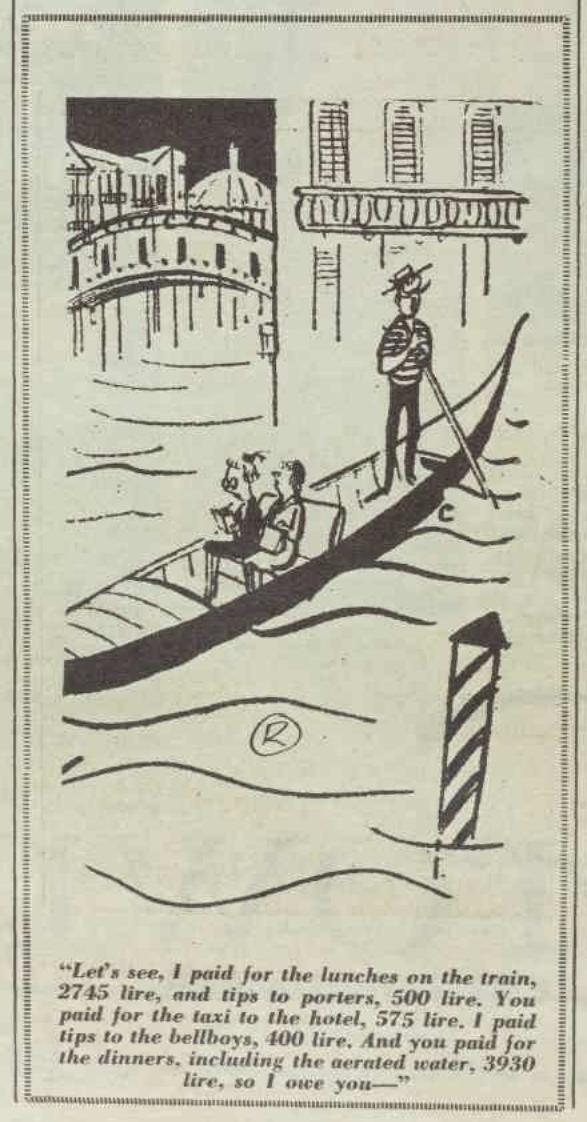

"Let's see, I paid for the lunches on the train, 2745 lire, and tips to porters, 500 lire. You paid for the taxi to the hotel, 575 lire. I paid tips to the bellboys, 400 lire. And you paid for the dinners, including the aerated water, 3930 lire, so I owe you—"

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Continuing . . . AND NEVER FORGET

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Jenny moved round the kitchen.

"Mike Lawton doesn't climb mountains any more on account of an accident he had," she said. "But he's still an authority. He's just back from a lecture tour in the States. He was in New York only a week ago. And who d'you think he met?"

"Don't tell me. Let me guess. He met Margot."

"He did," Jenny said. The fact that Jenny's husband, Tom, had once been in love with Margot—what man hadn't?—in no way detracted from the Blanes' newly wedded bliss. But there was still that cross-your-fingers-and-go-carefully look in Jenny's eyes whenever Margot's name came up.

"Tom brought Mike Lawton home for a drink last night. He knows so few people around here. He mentioned Margot. She told him this was her home town, I gather."

Jenny's voice was carefully casual. She was spearing cocktail sausages on little sticks. "He said he would like to meet Margot's sister."

They always did, Rose reflected wryly. And always, she would wait for the faint surprise in their eyes—the scarcely veiled disappointment. Some of them stayed to talk to her about Margot. They were the gently rejected suitors.

Rose wondered sometimes what would happen if one day she fell in love. If he had not met Margot, what would happen when he did? There would surely be the little dread, the silent fear, always in her heart.

She would dream sometimes, a shade childishly, that Margot married a millionaire and stayed on in America. But that wouldn't do, either. She had a sister's genuine affection for Margot. There were only the two of them now, sharing the small house not too far from London.

"We really ought to sell up and take a flat in town," Margot said now and then. "Be nearer my work. And you could easily get a job in town."

But it was one of the points on which Rose dug her heels in.

"I like it here," Rose would insist. She worked in the office of a local solicitor and was near enough to their home to cope with the chores and even with the rambling old garden.

So Margot had taken a tiny flat in town; her salary justified it. She still had her share in the house. That way she had the best of both worlds; plus a job that took her abroad quite often. That was why she was now in the States.

Rose sighed a little, sitting up in Jenny Blane's bedroom and running a comb through her hair; powdering her small and not unattractive nose without much enthusiasm.

From downstairs there drifted the sound of guests arriving. I'm not a party sort of person, Rose thought. It was a relic of her childhood. She could still hear her mother's voice, a little tired: "Rose, dear, of course you must go to the party. You were both invited. Margot and you."

She still endured something of the misery of that pale, skinny, mousy-haired child who had gone to the party with her lovely little sister. Margot had always loved parties.

Rose was carrying a tray of savories when Jenny introduced Mike Lawton, the man who wanted to meet Margot's sister. She was standing in the doorway, wondering how to get herself and her tray into a small, modern room that was already filled to capacity. Somebody was standing beside her on the fringe of the crowd. "It's a cheerful bedlam, isn't it?" He had a deeply pleasant, essentially masculine voice.

Rose smiled, the tranquil smile that revealed nothing of her inner feelings. Shyness was such a stupid affliction.

"Oh, you have met, you two. I'm so glad." That was Jenny, a little flushed from playing hostess for the first time in her married life.

"But we haven't been introduced," the man said.

"Rose, my sweet, this is Mike Lawton," Jenny babbled. "He met Margot in New York, you know. Rose Pendleton, Mike."

She had taken the tray from Rose's hands and was already edging her way through the crush toward her Tom, who was coping with the drinks.

"They're a nice couple," Mike Lawton said.

He was a tall, lean man. Angular, almost. How old? Rose wondered. Twenty-eight? Thirty? It was hard to tell.

He had the sort of tan that comes from wind and weather rather than from idling in the sun. He had a determined chin and oddly penetrating eyes. It was the thing you noticed about his eyes; their penetrating quality rather than their color. He looked tough, but not in the derogatory sense of the word. His mouth had an unexpected gentleness, Rose thought. A hint of something that might become tenderness some time, for somebody.

"They're a nice couple, these young Blanes," he repeated.

"Yes," Rose agreed readily. "Yes, indeed." She found herself liking Mike Lawton spontaneously, without reservations. Even that was no warning. But she reminded herself that he knew Margot.

"You haven't made the traditional comment," she said. And her smile still had the tranquillity that revealed nothing.

"And what is that?" he asked.

"'So you're Margot's sister.'"

"And you haven't asked me the thousand-dollar question," he returned.

"Which is?"

"Have I ever met the Abominable Snowman," he said solemnly.

"And have you?"

"Not in person." He grinned and looked suddenly younger. Not more than twenty-seven, she thought.

There was an ease between them, the sort of ease which exists between old friends. Yet they were not old friends, merely new acquaintances.

But not for long. By the time Mike Lawton drove her home in his rather elderly car they were friends. It began as easily as that. And there was something unique in their friendship in that, although he had met Margot, he didn't talk about her.

Contrarily she suddenly found herself wanting him to talk about Margot, wanting to assess his feelings for Margot.

When he mentioned Margot at all it was with a certain quirk of humor about his pleasant mouth. And that, Rose reflected, was something new.

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big decision Not too big. If she picks Kellogg's* Honey Smacks, she can have Sugar Frosties* next week. And Coco-Pops* the week after. Three nourishing, tender-hearted cereals, with the sweet, crisp taste that says: "The Best to You Each Morning".

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Continuing . . . AND NEVER FORGET

from page 91

The men who knew her sister rarely talked about her with humor. The men who were in love with her. And what man, having met Margot, wasn't?

They talked about everything on earth, except Margot, she thought. Mike had a lively intelligence, a sense of humor that was alert but never unkind. They talked about the places he had seen and the places she longed to see. The mountains he had climbed and the ones she hoped to climb. "By the funicular," she would add wryly.

He told her — his voice matter-of-fact — about the accident that had ended his climbing days.

"It was a fall of rock. Nobody's fault — and mercifully nobody was hurt badly. But my knee took a crack that grades me C3 as far as climbing is concerned."

"I'm sorry," she said quietly.

"Are you? I don't know that I am — now," Mike told her slowly.

She was grubbing up weeds in the garden when he had next appeared at her home. She still wore old gardening gloves, battered and earthy. She put a hand to brush back a wisp of brown hair, and a fair amount of the good earth transferred itself from the glove to her faintly flushed brow.

Mike took out a spotless handkerchief and touched her forehead lightly. And she was suddenly still. Because the knowledge was there in her heart. The knowledge of how she felt about Mike Lawton. How she would always feel about him.

"Climbing wasn't the be-all and end-all of my existence," Mike was saying soberly. "It was just something I could do well and enjoyed doing." He added, the smile touching his mouth: "You promised me a cup of coffee if I came along and helped with the weeding."

They had known each other little more than a week when the letter came from Margot.

"Rosie, dear," Margot wrote, "I forgot to mention it before, but I met a man just a little time ago — nothing unusual in that, I know — but this man happened to be on his way to take up a job in our dear little home town. You may even have met him by now. He is quite a lad. Mike Lawton, ex-mountaineer and what-have-you. I'll be interested to know if you've run up against him."

I HAVE run up against him, Rose thought. And the impact has done something to my heart. She knew a small, sick feeling of dread, because Margot was still interested in Mike Lawton.

She told him about the letter when they were out in his elderly car. He had pulled up in the valley, where the road crossed a small, swift stream. They were standing on the bridge, watching the tumble of water between moss-grown stones.

"I had a letter from Margot this morning," Rose said. And her voice had an oddly flat sound.

"Your sister Margot is quite a girl," Mike announced after a barely perceptible pause. "She is enjoying the States, I'd say."

Rose gazed down into the tumbling water, not seeing it, and not hearing the sound of it. She was listening for whatever she might learn from Mike's voice. But there was nothing there but that faint suggestion of humor.

When she turned it was to meet the oddly penetrating gaze. And her own faltered; because it seemed he must see right down to the small, nagging ache in her heart. Because this time it mattered. It mattered a lot — how Mike felt about Margot.

"Let's go." He took her hand, holding the fingers firmly in his own. "There's a path up the hillside. Let's try a spot of mild mountaineering."

There were no mountains in this part of the world. Just gently rolling hills. Even so, by the time they reached the top he was limping a little. And she thought of the accident again; the accident that had ended his climbing days. She thought of something he had said: "I don't know that I am sorry—now."

Now? she wondered. Because he had met Margot? Or because he had met Margot's sister? The wondering was still with her naggingly.

At the top of the hill they threw themselves down upon short, springy turf. They were laughing, a little breathless. And in a moment Margot was forgotten. At least I have this moment, Rose thought.

There was the green valley below; a lark in the clear blue sky, singing. And Mike's nearness.

She lay back, her eyes half-closed, her fingers still curled within Mike's. She could see the lark, a small black dot in the clear blue sky.

That's the way my heart feels, she thought. Singing.

She watched the lark coming down, still singing. And then its suddenly silent, stone-like fall to the ground. That's the way my heart will feel, she thought. One day soon. When Margot comes back. But not yet. Please, not yet.

Mike's fingers moved about hers. He was leaning on one elbow, looking down upon her. She knew, in that moment, that he would kiss her.

He did. And with the kiss she forgot Margot again. Her heart was like the small, gallant bird, back in the clear blue sky, singing.

It was always like that in the days that followed. In the long summer evenings, Mike would come down to the house, helping her to pull up the ever-springing weeds in the old, walled garden, and seeming to enjoy it.

AT the weekends they would go out in his elderly car. Or they would walk over the gentle hills. There would be the touch of Mike's fingers over hers, the feel of his arm about her shoulders. But sometimes she would think of Margot, and the dull dread would re-awaken in her heart, so that she would draw away from him a little, trying to ignore the faintly questioning look in his eyes. Thinking only that soon —any day now—Margot would be back.

She was alone in the garden when Margot's next letter arrived.

"Rosie, dear," Margot wrote, "get ready to kill the fatted calf. I shall be home next week. The tour has been highly successful from a business point of view. By the way, have you come up against Mike Lawton? I would rather like to meet him again."

Rose folded the letter and thrust it into the pocket of her gaily flowered skirt, the brand-new skirt put on for Mike. She didn't work on Saturday mornings. Mike did sometimes. To-day he was coming for lunch.

She began to cut roses for the table. Next week Margot would be home. The thought beat a frightening little tattoo upon her emotions. Next week she would know how Mike really felt about Margot.

Rose carried the flowers into the kitchen and began to arrange them in an old china bowl, her hands trembling a little. She didn't hear Mike's car stop at the gate; didn't know he had arrived until he was there before her.

"Hello, sweet Rose! I got away early. Can I help?"

She looked up, the troubled emotions there in her eyes for one unguarded moment.

"Am I too early?" He sounded suddenly like a little boy, uncertain of his reception. Mike, the sure, the confident!

"You couldn't be too early, Mike."

"I'm glad. Can I do anything to help? Not that you really need help. Ah! The Cordon Bleu smell! Or is it the roses?"

The smile was back in his voice. But his eyes were still on her face, questioningly.

She looked down again at the roses, keeping her hands occupied, pricking her finger and not noticing.

"I've had a letter from Margot. She's coming home next week."

There was a short silence. Then: "Why," Mike asked, "aren't you happy about that?"

He had moved and was standing close behind her, not touching her. Her shoulder

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● **Psychologist: a man who, when a beautiful girl enters the room, watches everybody else.**
— Patterson

● **My idea of an agreeable person is one who agrees with me.**
— Dr. Samuel Johnson

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AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting April 11

ARIES
MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ Rushing into something without checking the facts is likely to be a costly experience. In any matter of importance, move step-by-step, making sure of your ground all the way.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Don't follow the crowds or frequent busy places; you may lose some of your possessions or you could become involved in an accident. If you leave your home, make sure you lock up carefully.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

★ The more people you meet, the more fortunate your week. You will talk to all kinds of people and some conversations will be very important. Those around you stimulate your own ideas.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ If quiet and reserved, you now find yourself mixing with old friends and new in a lively, enthusiastic way. You surprise the man in your life by the change. All this brings a new outlook.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

★ The more new territory you can explore this week the better. Should you meet strangers in a place never before visited they could become a permanent and interesting factor in your life.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, navy. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ A small adventure could have big results. You might be precipitated into the arms of a stranger, or be called upon to help an attractive member of the opposite sex in an emergency.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grn., mauve. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ If a teenager, you may admire a sporting, film, or television hero from a distance. If a little older, you may be planning your wedding or you receive an offer of marriage.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ You'll be the one to settle details and make necessary arrangements, and you'll be most efficient. You should be able to manage people with skill and keep them working harmoniously together.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, silver, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ A mild gamble with a calculated risk could pay good dividends. Since your luck is in, you may be able to repeat the process, but beware of risking gains once too often.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, rose. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ Your surroundings will be a big factor in your plans. Whether you decide to paint the kitchen or whether you go on a fishing trip, you'll be influenced by what is around you.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, brn., orange. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Although daylight hours will be active and interesting, the real climax comes in the evening. You may attend a large gathering, or discover how glamorous moonlight and roses can be.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ You may feel that matters on which you have set your heart are standing still. Don't let a feeling of frustration take possession. Consider this an interval for relaxation and recreation of temporary interest.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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F7513.—Two-piece suit with slim skirt in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Three-quarter sleeves, 2¾yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7206.—Elegant three-quarter-sleeved suit has fringing on front. Sizes 32 to 42in. bust. Requires 3 to 3¼yds. 54in. material, 1¾yds. 36in. lining material. Price 4/9.

F7527.—Fashionable slim-line suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Three-quarter sleeves, 2¾yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F7562.—Little girl's frock has straight front panel, machine-pleated skirt. Sizes four to ten years. Requires 1⅞yds. to 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F7113.—Sheath frock with scoop neckline. In teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires: Short sleeves, 2yds. 54in. material or 3⅛yds. 36in. material; three-quarter sleeves, 2¼yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

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Continuing . . . AND NEVER FORGET

from page 92

felt suddenly stiff. And Mike was waiting for what she would say.

"Part of me is happy," she managed at last. "And another part — perhaps the least commendable part —isn't."

"Go on," Mike urged gently.

She had to go on. "I do love Margot," she said, her voice flat. "She is my only sister. But you wouldn't know what it can do to a woman's ego when she suffers a total eclipse." She tried to make a joke of it, and failed miserably.

"It's always been like that with Margot and me," she added quickly.

Only now, for the first time, it really matters. She was suddenly a little angry. Angry with Margot for being so beautiful. Angry with Mike for being a man. Angry with herself for being just Rose. "It isn't only the way Margot looks. It's the things she can do."

Gently Mike said: "There's something Rose can do that Margot can't."

She groped after humor again. "If you mean I cook like an angel, Margot can cook like the archangel himself. Only —"

"Only the archangel doesn't have to cook?" Mike put in in that unexpectedly gentle voice.

He knew. Everybody knew, she thought. She was remembering a snatch of conversation overheard in her childhood ("Poor little Rose. She can never hope to compete with her sister. She has a sweet disposition, but—")

She moved her hands, making a pretence of arranging the roses in the old china bowl.

"Once upon a time that was the way I felt," Mike said. And there was something new in his voice. "Only in my case it had to be a brother."

She still had her back toward him, but she was listening.

"There were just the two of us," Mike went on. "Roddy was the bright one. And maybe 'bright' is too mild a word. Rod was brilliant. At school he carried off all the main prizes and won every scholarship worth winning. And that wasn't enough."

It sounds enough, Rose thought.

"Rod was head prefect, captain of the cricket eleven, holder of the cross-country running record. There wasn't a thing I could do that Rod couldn't do a hundred times better."

Some half-knowledge, elusive, touched Rose's consciousness for a moment. Rod? she thought. Rod?

"Rod went on to Cambridge, and I figure I knew, as early as that, that he would eventually be hailed as one of the country's outstanding younger scientists," Mike said.

She had it, then. The elusive something. Even she, to whom science was a mystery, knew the name of Dr. Roderick Lawton. She had never for a moment connected him with Mike.

"I also knew that I'd be lucky to scrape through grammar school and land a job in some office," Mike was saying. "I couldn't compete. I was poor Mike, the dim one."

She thought of his lively intelligence, his never unkind sense of humor.

"Even though I'd had it all my life," Mike added, "I never got used to it. It threatened to give me an outside complex—until the day of the kitten on the roof."

She was conscious of the scent of the roses, rising headily sweet; of Mike's voice coming from so very close behind her.

"That was the day we moved house," he said. "We moved from a two-by-four bungalow into a tall, Victorian house, all gables and skylights and what-have-you. And there was the kitten on the roof.

"We didn't know how it got there. But it let us know—pretty emphatically —that it couldn't get down." There was a smile in Mike's voice.

"We had to do something about it, and Rod, being the natural leader, decided what." He paused for a moment. "It wasn't until Rod was lowering himself through the roof window while I hung on to the rope we had rigged up for his safety that I realised something was wrong."

What? Rose thought. What? It was taking the twist of a fairytale, and she was a child again, avid to hear the end.

"Rod was looking the way I'd never seen him look. He was more than white. He was green. He was still hanging on to the window frame, and his eyes were closed. I thought he looked as if he'd pass out. So—somehow—I hauled him back again."

MIKE said slowly. "Rod was no coward. But in a lifetime of knowing him there was something I'd never known about my brother until then—Rod just had no head for heights. I mean—physical heights," Mike added with a hint of a smile.

"And the kitten?" she asked. Because it still had a suggestion of the fairytale.

"I climbed out and along the roof and grabbed the kitten. There was nothing to it, except that I got scratched for my pains. But it was worth it. You see, I knew then that there was something I could do that Rod couldn't," Mike said quietly. "I could stand heights. That was when I knew I'd take up climbing."

Something he could do superlatively well, she thought. She knew the rest, the end of the fairytale. Mike had found his salvation. Even the fact that he climbed no longer could not take that away from him.

Rose knew a warmth of feeling because he had told her. But it hadn't helped. There was still dragging, bleak dread in her heart. Next week Margot would be back. And there was nothing she could do that Margot couldn't do better. Besides, Margot was so beautiful. And could she know yet how Mike really felt about Margot?

"Your sister Margot is a stunner," Mike said slowly. "Orchidaceous. I can admire an orchid. But it doesn't touch my heart." He reached over her shoulder and touched the roses gently. And his voice deepened a little. "I'm a rose man," Mike said.

She turned then. And his lean, strong hands framed her face.

"There's something you can do that Margot could never do. Don't you know it, my darling? You can make my heart beat faster," Mike said. And there was the tenderness about his mouth.

Her face felt warm beneath his hands, and the fear slid away from her senses.

"My darling," Mike said, "there's something I've wanted to say to you. I can say it in words of one syllable. But sometimes I've been afraid—you didn't want to hear it. Sometimes you've seemed—to go away from me."

Because of Margot, she thought. Because of the disturbing knowledge that one day soon Margot would return.

"I want to hear you say it first," Mike went on in his gently deep voice. "I want to hear you say it—now."

She could say it now. In words of one syllable.

"I — love — you, Mike," Rose said softly.

"I love you," echoed Mike. His eyes were steady, very sure. "My dearest, don't ever doubt it. And never forget— I'm the Rose man."

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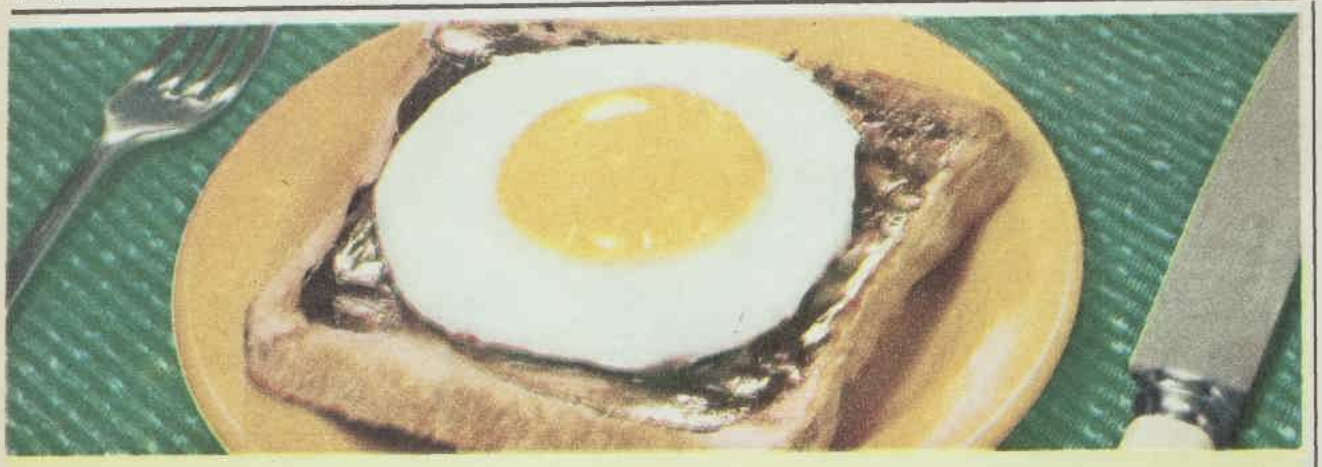

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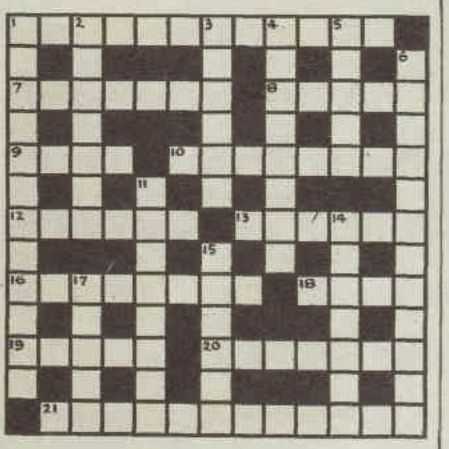

ACROSS

1. Red can be tall and can be a stage performer too (6, 6).
7. Their occupation is utterly base (7).
8. Encounters me with a broken set (5).
9. Human beings with unfitting article at the end of a prayer (4).
10. He is certainly not in the red. On the contrary, the red is in him (8).
12. Banish on Ed's lip (6).
13. Occur, a very soft sign in a layer (6).
16. Exert power on each other (8).
18. A venerable historian (4).
19. Encumber as in a quagmire (5).
20. Flower, the end of which is mine (7).
21. We do this when we fight for something in earnest (5, 2, 3, 2).

DOWN

1. The barber knows it means everywhere, though the front part is not mentioned (4, 3, 5).
2. Lingers on the way (7).
3. Reed is eagerness to obtain (6).
4. Jugurtha was such a King (8).
5. Such happening starts level (5).
6. Strange men are in the centre of this alienation (12).
11. Get no art in a figure with four angles (8).
14. First in importance (7).
15. The cashew-nut tree (6).
17. Be in a little bird for an Asian country (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

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